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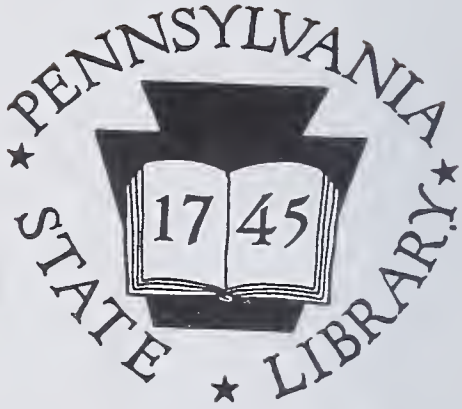

THE

WORKS

OF

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

A NEW EDITION,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

WITH

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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☞ *The IDLER having omitted to distinguish the Essays of his Correspondents by any particular signature, thinks it necessary to inform his Readers, that from the ninth, the fifteenth, thirty-third, forty-second, fifty-fourth, sixty-seventh, seventy-sixth, seventy-ninth, eighty-second, ninety-third, ninety-sixth, and ninety-eighth Papers, he claims no other praise than that of having given them to the Publick.*

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THE

IDLER.

NUMB. I. SATURDAY, *April* 15, 1758.

Vacui ſub umbra
Luſimus. HOR.

THOSE who attempt periodical eſſays ſeem to be often ſtopped in the beginning, by the difficulty of finding a proper title. Two writers, ſince the time of the *Spectator*, have aſſumed his name, without any pretenſions to lawful inheritance; an effort was once made to revive the *Tatler*; and the ſtrange appellations, by which other papers have been called, ſhow that the authors were diſtreſſed, like the natives of *America*, who come to the *Europeans* to beg a name.

It will be eaſily believed of the *Idler*, that if his title had required any ſearch, he never would have found it. Every mode of life has its conveniencies. The *Idler*, who habituates himſelf to be ſatisfied with what he can moſt eaſily obtain, not only eſcapes labours which are often fruitleſs, but ſometimes ſucceeds better than thoſe who deſpiſe all that is within their reach, and think every thing more valuable as it is harder to be acquired.

If ſimilitude of manners be a motive to kindneſs, the *Idler* may flatter himſelf with univerſal patronage. There is no ſingle character under which ſuch numbers are compriſed. Every man is, or hopes to be, an *Idler*. Even thoſe who ſeem to differ moſt from us are haſtening to increaſe our fraternity; as peace is the end of war, ſo to be idle is the ultimate purpoſe of the buſy.

There is perhaps no appellation by which a writer can better denote his kindred to the human ſpecies. It has been found hard to deſcribe man by an adequate definition. Some philoſophers have called him a reaſonable animal; but others have conſidered reaſon as a quality of which many creatures partake. He has been termed likewiſe a laughing animal; but it is ſaid that ſome men have never laughed. Perhaps man may be more properly diſtinguiſhed as an idle animal; for there is no man who is not ſometimes idle It is at leaſt a definition from which none that ſhall find it in this paper can be exeepted; for who ean be more idle than the reader of the *Idler?*

That the definition may be complete, idleneſs muſt be not only the general, but the peculiar characteriſtick of man; and perhaps man is the only being that can properly be called idle, that does by others what he might do himſelf, or ſacrifiees duty or pleaſure to the love of eaſe.

Scarcely any name can be imagined from which leſs envy or competition is to be dreaded. The *Idler* has no rivals or enemies. The man of buſineſs forgets him; the man of enterpriſe deſpiſes him; and though ſuch as tread the ſame track of life fall commonly into jealouſy and diſcord, *Idlers* are always found to aſſociate in peace; and he who is moſt famed for doing nothing, is glad to meet another as idle as himſelf.

What is to be expected from this paper, whether it will be uniform or various, learned or familiar, ſerious or gay, politieal or moral, continued or interrupted, it is hoped that no reader will enquire. That the *Idler* has ſome ſcheme, cannot be doubted; for to form ſchemes is the *Idler's* privilege. But though he has many projects in his head, he is now grown ſparing of eommunication, having obſerved that his hearers are apt to remember what he forgets himſelf; that his tardineſs of execution expoſes him to the encroachments of thoſe who catch a hint and fall to work; and that very ſpecious plans, after long contrivance and pompous diſplays, have ſubſided in wearineſs without a trial, and without miſcarriage have been blaſted by deriſion.

Something the *Idler's* character may be ſuppoſed to promiſe. Thoſe that are curious after diminutive hiſtory, who watch the revolutions of families, and the riſe and fall of characters either male or female, will hope to be gratified by this paper; for the *Idler* is always inquiſitive, and ſeldom retentive. He that delights in obloquy and ſatire,

ſatire, and wiſhes to ſee clouds gathering over any reputation that dazzles him with its brightneſs, will ſnatch up the *Idler's* eſſays with a beating heart. The *Idler* is naturally cenſorious; thoſe who attempt nothing themſelves, think every thing eaſily performed, and conſider the unſucceſsful always as criminal.

I think it neceſſary to give notice, that I make no contract, nor incur any obligation. If thoſe who depend on the *Idler* for intelligence and entertainment, ſhould ſuffer the diſappointment which commonly follows ill-placed expectations, they are to lay the blame only on themſelves.

Yet hope is not wholly to be caſt away. The *Idler*, though ſluggiſh, is yet alive, and may ſometimes be ſtimulated to vigour and activity. He may deſcend into profoundneſs, or tower into ſublimity; for the diligence of an *Idler* is rapid and impetuous, as ponderous bodies forced into velocity move with violence proportionate to their weight.

But theſe vehement exertions of intellect cannot be frequent, and he will therefore gladly receive help from any correſpondent, who ſhall enable him to pleaſe without his own labour. He excludes no ſtyle, he prohibits no ſubject; only let him that writes to the *Idler* remember, that his letters muſt not be long; no words are to be ſquandered in declarations of eſteem, or confeſſions of inability; conſcious dullneſs has little right to be prolix, and praiſe is not ſo welcome to the *Idler* as quiet.

NUMB. 2. SATURDAY, *April* 22, 1758.

Toto vix quater anno
Membranam. HOR.

MANY poſitions are often on the tongue, and ſeldom in the mind; there are many truths which every human being acknowledges and forgets. It is generally known, that he who expects much will be often diſappointed; yet diſappointment ſeldom cures us of expectation, or has any other effect than that of producing a moral ſentence, or peeviſh exclamation. He that embarks in the voyage of

life, will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar; and many founder in the passage, while they lie waiting for the gale that is to waft them to their wish.

It will naturally be suspected that the *Idler* has lately suffered some disappointment, and that he does not talk thus gravely for nothing. No man is required to betray his own secrets. I will, however, confess, that I have now been a writer almost a week, and have not yet heard a single word of praise, nor received one hint from any correspondent.

Whence this negligence proceeds I am not able to discover. Many of my predecessors have thought themselves obliged to return their acknowledgements in the second paper, for the kind reception of the first; and in a short time, apologies have become necessary to those ingenious gentlemen and ladies, whose performances, though in the highest degree elegant and learned, have been unavoidably delayed.

What then will be thought of me, who, having experienced no kindness, have no thanks to return; whom no gentleman or lady has yet enabled to give any cause of discontent, and who have therefore no opportunity of shewing how skilfully I can pacify resentment, extenuate negligence, or palliate rejection?

I have long known that splendour of reputation is not to be counted among the necessaries of life, and therefore shall not much repine if praise be withheld till it is better deserved. But surely I may be allowed to complain, that, in a nation of authors, not one has thought me worthy of notice after so fair an invitation.

At the time when the rage of writing has seized the old and young, when the cook warbles her lyricks in the kitchen, and the thrasher vociferates his heroicks in the barn; when our traders deal out knowledge in bulky volumes, and our girls forsake their samplers to teach kingdoms wisdom; it may seem very unnecessary to draw any more from their proper occupations, by affording new opportunities of literary fame.

I should be indeed unwilling to find that, for the sake of corresponding with the *Idler*, the smith's iron had cooled on the anvil, or the spinster's distaff stood unemployed. I solicit only the contributions of those who have already devoted themselves to literature, or, without any determinate attention, wander at large through the expanse of life, and wear out

out the day in hearing at one place what they utter at another.

Of these, a great part are already writers. One has a friend in the country upon whom he exercises his powers; whose passions he raises and depresses; whose understanding he perplexes with paradoxes, or strengthens by argument; whose admiration he courts, whose praises he enjoys; and who serves him instead of a senate or a theatre; as the young soldiers in the *Roman* camp learned the use of their weapons by fencing against a post in the place of an enemy.

Another has his pockets filled with essays and epigrams, which he reads, from house to house, to select parties; and which his acquaintances are daily entreating him to withhold no longer from the impatience of the publick.

If among these any one is persuaded, that, by such preludes of composition, he has qualified himself to appear in the open world, and is yet afraid of those censures which they who have already written, and they who cannot write, are equally ready to fulminate against publick pretenders to fame, he may, by transmitting his performers to the *Idler*, make a cheap experiment of his abilities, and enjoy the pleasure of success, without the hazard of miscarriage.

Many advantages not generally known arise from this method of stealing on the publick. The standing author of the paper is always the object of critical malignity. Whatever is mean will be imputed to him, and whatever is excellent will be ascribed to his assistants. It does not much alter the event, that the author and his correspondents are equally unknown; for the author, whoever he be, is an individual, of whom every reader has some fixed idea, and whom he is therefore unwilling to gratify with applause; but the praises given to his correspondents are scattered in the air, none can tell on whom they will light, and therefore none are unwilling to bestow them.

He that is known to contribute to a periodical work, needs no other caution than not to tell what particular pieces are his own: such secrecy is indeed very difficult; but if it can be maintained, it is scarcely to be imagined at how small an expence he may grow considerable.

A person of quality, by a single paper, may engross the honour of a volume. Fame is indeed dealt with a hand less and less bounteous through the subordinate ranks, till it descends to the professed author, who will find it very difficult to get more than he deserves; but every man who does

not

not want it, or who needs not value it, may have liberal allowances; and, for five letters in the year ſent to the *Idler*, of which perhaps only two are printed, will be promoted to the firſt rank of writers by thoſe who are weary of the preſent race of wits, and wiſh to ſink them into obſcurity before the luſtre of a name not yet known enough to be deteſted.

NUMB. 3. SATURDAY, *April* 29, 1758.

Otia vitæ
Solamur cantu. STAT.

IT has long been the complaint of thoſe who frequent the theatres, that all the dramatick art has been long exhauſted, and that the viciſſitudes of fortune, and accidents of life, have been ſhewn in every poſſible combination, till the firſt ſcene informs us of the laſt, and the play no ſooner opens, than every auditor knows how it will conclude. When a conſpiracy is formed in a tragedy, we gueſs by whom it will be detected; when a letter is dropt in a comedy, we can tell by whom it will be found. Nothing is now left for the poet but character and ſentiment, which are to make their way as they can, without the ſoft anxiety of ſuſpence, or the enlivening agitation of ſurprize.

A new paper lies under the ſame diſadvantages as a new play. There is danger leſt it be new without novelty. My earlier predeceſſors had their choice of vices and follies, and ſelected ſuch as were moſt likely to raiſe merriment or attract attention; they had the whole field of life before them, untrodden and unſurveyed; characters of every kind ſhot up in their way, and thoſe of the moſt luxuriant growth, or moſt conſpicuous colours, were naturally cropt by the firſt ſickle. They that follow are forced to peep into neglected corners, to note the caſual varieties of the ſame ſpecies, and to recommend themſelves by minute induſtry, and diſtinctions too ſubtle for common eyes.

Sometimes it may happen, that the haſte or negligence of the firſt enquirers has left enough behind to reward another ſearch; ſometimes new objects ſtart up under the eye, and

he that is looking for one kind of matter, is amply gratified by the discovery of another. But still it must be allowed, that, as more is taken, less can remain; and every truth brought newly to light, impoverishes the mine, from which succeeding intellects are to dig their treasures.

Many philosophers imagine, that the elements themselves may be in time exhausted; that the sun by shining long, will effuse all its light; and that, by the continual waste of aqueous particles, the whole earth will at last become a sandy desart.

I would not advise my readers to disturb themselves by contriving how they shall live without light and water. For the days of universal thirst and perpetual darkness are at a great distance. The ocean and the sun will last our time, and we may leave posterity to shift for themselves.

But if the stores of nature are limited, much more narrow bounds must be set to the modes of life; and mankind may want a moral or amusing paper, many years before they shall be deprived of drink or day-light. This want, which to the busy and the inventive may seem easily remediable by some substitute or other, the whole race of *Idlers* will feel with all the sensibility that such torpid animals can suffer.

When I consider the innumerable multitudes that, having no motive of desire, or determination of will, lie freezing in perpetual inactivity, till some external impulse puts them in motion; who awake in the morning, vacant of thought, with minds gaping for the intellectual food, which some kind essayist has been accustomed to supply; I am moved by the commiseration with which all human beings ought to behold the distresses of each other, to try some expedients for their relief, and to enquire by what methods the listless may be actuated, and the empty be replenished.

There are said to be pleasures in madness known only to madmen. There are certainly miseries in idleness, which the *Idler* only can conceive. These miseries I have often felt and often bewailed. I know by experience, how welcome is every avocation that summons the thoughts to a new image; and how much langour and lassitude are relieved by that officiousness which offers a momentary amusement to him who is unable to find it for himself.

It is naturally indifferent to this race of men what entertainment they receive, so they are but entertained. They catch, with equal eagerness, at a moral lecture, or the memoirs

moirs of a robber; a prediction of the appearance of a comet, or the calculation of the chances of a lottery.

They might therefore easily be pleased, if they consulted only their own minds; but those who will not take the trouble to think for themselves, have always somebody that thinks for them; and the difficulty in writing is to please those from whom others learn to be pleased.

Much mischief is done in the world with very little interest or design. He that assumes the character of a critick, and justifies his claim by perpetual censure, imagines that he is hurting none but the author, and him he considers as a pestilent animal, whom every other being has a right to persecute; little does he think how many harmless men he involves in his own guilt, by teaching them to be noxious without malignity, and to repeat objections which they do not understand; or how many honest minds he debars from pleasure, by exciting an artificial fastidiousness, and making them too wise to concur with their own sensations. He who is taught by a critick to dislike that which pleased him in his natural state, has the same reason to complain of his instructor, as the madman to rail at his doctor, who, when he thought himself master of Peru, physicked him to poverty.

If men will struggle against their own advantage, they are not to expect that the *Idler* will take much pains upon them; he has himself to please as well as them, and has long learned, or endeavoured to learn, not to make the pleasure of others too necessary to his own.

Numb. 4. Saturday, *May* 6, 1758.

Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκε. Hom.

CHARITY, or tenderness for the poor, which is now justly considered, by a great part of mankind, as inseparable from piety, and in which almost all the goodness of the present age consists, is, I think, known only to those who enjoy, either immediately, or by transmission, the light of revelation.

Those

Thoſe ancient nations who have given us the wiſeſt models of government, and the brighteſt examples of patriotiſm, whoſe inſtitutions have been tranſcribed by all ſucceeding legiſlatures, and whoſe hiſtory is ſtudied by every candidate for political or military reputation, have yet left behind them no mention of alms-houſes or hoſpitals, of places where age might repoſe, or ſickneſs be relieved.

The *Roman* emperors, indeed, gave large donatives to the citizens and ſoldiers, but theſe diſtributions were always reckoned rather popular than virtuous: nothing more was intended than an oſtentation of liberality, nor was any recompenſe expected, but ſuffrages and acclamations.

Their beneficence was merely occaſional; he that ceaſed to need the favour of the people, ceaſed likewiſe to court it; and, therefore, no man thought it either neceſſary or wiſe to make any ſtanding proviſion for the needy, to look forwards to the wants of poſterity, or to ſecure ſucceſſions of charity, for ſucceſſions of diſtreſs.

Compaſſion is by ſome reaſoners, on whom the name of philoſophers has been too eaſily conferred, reſolved into an affection merely ſelfiſh, an involuntary perception of pain at the involuntary ſight of a being like ourſelves languiſhing in miſery. But this ſenſation, if ever it be felt at all from the brute inſtinct of uninſtructed nature, will only produce effects deſultory and tranſient; it will never ſettle into a principle of action, or extend relief to calamities unſeen, in generations not yet in being.

The devotion of life or fortune to the ſuccour of the poor, is a height of virtue, to which humanity has never riſen by its own power. The charity of the *Mahometans* is a precept which their teacher evidently tranſplanted from the doctrines of Chriſtianity; and the care with which ſome of the Oriental ſects attend, as is ſaid, to the neceſſities of the diſeaſed and indigent, may be added to the other arguments, which prove *Zoroaſter* to have borrowed his inſtitutions from the law of *Moſes*.

The preſent age, though not likely to ſhine hereafter among the moſt ſplendid periods of hiſtory, has yet given examples of charity, which may be very properly recommended to imitation. The equal diſtribution of wealth, which long commerce has produced, does not enable any ſingle hand to raiſe edifices of piety like fortified cities, to appropriate manors to religious uſes, or deal out ſuch large and laſting beneficence as was ſcattered over the land in ancient times,

times, by those who possessed counties or provinces. But no sooner is a new species of misery brought to view, and a design of relieving it professed, than every hand is open to contribute something, every tongue is busied in solicitation, and every art of pleasure is employed for a time in the interest of virtue.

The most apparent and pressing miseries incident to man, have now their peculiar houses of reception and relief; and there are few among us raised however little above the danger of poverty, who may not justly claim, what is implored by the *Mahometans* in their most ardent benedictions, the prayers of the poor.

Among those actions which the mind can most securely review with unabated pleasure, is that of having contributed to an hospital for the sick. Of some kinds of charity the consequences are dubious; some evils which beneficence has been busy to remedy, are not certainly known to be very grievous to the sufferer, or detrimental to the community; but no man can question whether wounds and sickness are not really painful; whether it be not worthy of a good man's care to restore those to ease and usefulness, from whose labour infants and women expect their bread, and who, by a casual hurt, or lingering disease, lie pining in want and anguish, burthensome to others, and weary of themselves.

Yet as the hospitals of the present time subsist only by gifts bestowed at pleasure, without any solid fund of support, there is danger lest the blaze of charity, which now burns with so much heat and splendor, should die away for want of lasting fuel; lest fashion should suddenly withdraw her smile, and inconstancy transfer the publick attention to something which may appear more eligible, because it will be new.

Whatever is left in the hands of chance must be subject to vicissitude; and when any establishment is found to be useful, it ought to be the next care to make it permanent.

But man is a transitory being, and his designs must partake of the imperfections of their author. To confer duration is not always in our power. We must snatch the present moment, and employ it well, without too much solicitude for the future, and content ourselves with reflecting that our part is performed. He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes, and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions, and barren zeal.

The

The moſt active promoters of the preſent ſchemes of charity cannot be cleared from ſome inſtances of miſconduct, which may awaken contempt or cenſure, and haſten that neglect which is likely to come too ſoon of itſelf. The open competitions between different hoſpitals, and the animoſity with which their patrons oppoſe one another, may prejudice weak minds againſt them all. For it will not be eaſily believed, that any man can, for good reaſons, wiſh to exclude another from doing good. The ſpirit of charity can only be continued by a reconciliation of theſe ridiculous feuds; and therefore, inſtead of contentions who ſhall be the only benefactors to the needy, let there be no other ſtruggle than who ſhall be the firſt.

NUMB. 5. SATURDAY, *May* 13, 1758.

Κάλλος
Ἀνῆ' ἐγκέων ἀπάνῃων
Ἀνῆ' ἀσπίδων ἀπασῶν. ANAC.

OUR military opinions are at laſt begun; our troops are marching in all the pomp of war, and a camp is marked out on the Iſle of Wight; the heart of every Engliſhman now ſwells with confidence, though ſomewhat ſoftened by generous compaſſion for the conſternation and diſtreſſes of our enemies.

This formidable armament and ſplendid march produce different effects upon different minds, according to the boundleſs diverſities of temper, occupation, and habits of thought.

Many a tender maiden conſiders her lover as already loſt, becauſe he cannot reach the camp but by croſſing the ſea; men of a more political underſtanding are perſuaded that we ſhall now ſee, in a few days, the ambaſſadors of France ſupplicating for pity. Some are hoping for a bloody battle, becauſe a bloody battle makes a vendible narrative; ſome are compoſing ſongs of victory; ſome planning arches of triumph; and ſome are mixing fireworks for the celebration of a peace.

Of

Of all extenſive and complicated objects different parts are ſelected by different eyes; and minds are variouſly affected, as they vary their attention. The care of the public is now fixed upon our ſoldiers, who are leaving their native country to wander, none can tell how long, in the pathleſs deſarts of the *Iſle of Wight*. The tender ſigh for their ſufferings, and the gay drink to their ſucceſs. I, who look, or believe myſelf to look, with more philoſophic eyes on human affairs, muſt confeſs, that I ſaw the troops march with little emotion; my thoughts were fixed upon other ſcenes, and the tear ſtole into my eyes, not for thoſe who were going away, but for thoſe who were left behind.

We have no reaſon to doubt but our troops will proceed with proper caution; there are men among them who can take care of themſelves. But how ſhall the ladies endure without them? By what arts can they, who have long had no joy but from the civilities of a ſoldier, now amuſe their hours, and ſolace their ſeparation?

Of fifty thouſand men now deſtined to different ſtations, if we allow each to have been occaſionally neceſſary only to four women, a ſhort computation will inform us, that two hundred thouſand ladies are left to languiſh in diſtreſs; two hundred thouſand ladies, who muſt run to ſales and auctions without an attendant; ſit at the play, without a critick to direct their opinion; buy their fans by their own judgment; diſpoſe ſhells by their own invention; walk in the mall without a gallant; go to the gardens without a protector; and ſhuffle cards with vain impatience, for want of a fourth to complete the party.

Of theſe ladies, ſome, I hope, have lap-dogs, and ſome monkies; but they are unſatisfactory companions. Many uſeful offices are performed by men of ſcarlet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot, indeed is as fine as a colonel, and, if he has been much uſed to good company, is not wholly without converſation; but a parrot, after all, is a poor little creature, and has neither ſword nor ſhoulder-knot, can neither dance nor play at cards.

Since the ſoldiers muſt obey the call of their duty, and go to that ſide of the kingdom which faces *France*, I know not why the ladies, who cannot live without them, ſhould not follow them. The prejudices and pride of man have long preſumed the ſword and ſpindle made for different hands, and denied the other ſex to partake the grandeur of military glory.

glory. This notion may be consistently enough received in *France*, where the salick law excludes females from the throne; but we, who allow them to be sovereigns, may surely suppose them capable to be soldiers.

It were to be wished that some man, whose experience and authority might enforce regard, would propose that our encampments for the present year should comprise an equal number of men and women, who should march and fight in mingled bodies. If proper colonels were once appointed, and the drums ordered to beat for female volunteers, our regiments would soon be filled without the reproach or cruelty of an impress.

Of these heroines, some might serve on foot, under the denomination of the *Female Buffs*, and some on horseback, with the title of *Lady Hussars*.

What objections can be made to this scheme I have endeavoured maturely to consider; and cannot find that a modern soldier has any duties, except that of obedience, which a lady cannot perform. If the hair has lost its powder, a lady has a puff; if a coat be spotted a lady has a brush. Strength is of less importance since fire arms have been used; blows of the hand are now seldom exchanged; and what is there to be done in the charge or the retreat beyond the powers of a sprightly maiden?

Our masculine squadrons will not suppose themselves disgraced by their auxiliaries, till they have done something which women could not have done. The troops of *Braddock* never saw their enemies, and perhaps were defeated by women. If our *American* general had headed an army of girls, he might still have built a fort and taken it. Had *Minorca* been defended by a female garrison, it might have been surrendered, as it was, without a breach; and I cannot but think, that seven thousand women might have ventured to look at *Rochfort*, sack a village, rob a vineyard, and return in safety.

Numb. 6. Saturday, *May* 20, 1758.

Ταμεῖον ἀρετῆς γενναῖα γυνή. Gr. Pro.

THE lady who had undertaken to ride on one horſe a thouſand miles in a thouſand hours, has completed her journey in little more than two-thirds of the time ſtipulated, and was conducted through the laſt mile with triumphal honours. Acclamation ſhouted before her, and all the flowers of the ſpring were ſcattered in her way.

Every heart ought to rejoice when true merit is diſtinguiſhed with public notice. I am far from wiſhing either to the amazon or her horſe any diminution of happineſs or fame, and cannot but lament that they were not more amply and ſuitably rewarded.

There was once a time when wreaths of bays or oak were conſidered as recompences equal to the moſt weariſome labours and terrifick dangers, and when the miſeries of long marches and ſtormy ſeas were at once driven from the remembrance by the fragance of a garland.

If this heroine had been born in ancient times, ſhe might perhaps have been delighted with the ſimplicity of ancient gratitude; or if any thing was wanting to full ſatisfaction, ſhe might have ſupplied the deficiency with the hope of deification, and anticipated the altars that would be raiſed, and the vows that would be made, by future candidates for equeſtrian glory, to the patroneſs of the race and the goddeſs of the ſtable.

But fate reſerved for her a more enlightened age, which has diſcovered leaves and flowers to be tranſitory things; which conſiders profit as the end of honour; and rates the event of every undertaking only by the money that is gained or loſt. In theſe days, to ſtrew the roads with daiſies and lilies, is to mock merit and delude hope. The toyman will not give his jewels, nor the mercer meaſure out his ſilks, for vegetable coin. A primroſe, though picked up under the feet of the moſt renowned courſer, will neither be received as a ſtake at cards, nor procure a ſeat at an opera, nor buy candles for a rout, nor lace for a livery. And though there are many virtuoſos, whoſe ſole ambition is to poſſeſs ſomething which can be found in no other hand, yet ſome are more accuſtomed to ſtore their cabinets by theft than purchaſe,

purchaſe, and none of them would either ſteal or buy one of the flowers of gratulation till he knows that all the reſt are totally deſtroyed.

Little therefore did it avail this wonderful lady to be received, however joyfully, with ſuch obſolete and barren ceremonies of praiſe. Had the way been covered with guineas, though but for the tenth part of the laſt mile, ſhe would have conſidered her ſkill and diligence as not wholly loſt; and might have rejoiced in the ſpeed and perſeverance which had left her ſuch a ſuperfluity of time, that ſhe could at leiſure gather her reward without the danger of *Atalanta's* miſcarriage.

So much ground could not, indeed, have been paved with gold but at a large expence, and we are at preſent engaged in a war, which demands and enforces frugality. But common rules are made only for common life, and ſome deviation from general policy may be allowed in favour of a lady that rode a thouſand miles in a thouſand hours.

Since the ſpirit of antiquity ſo much prevails amongſt us, that even on this great occaſion we have given flowers inſtead of money, let us at leaſt complete our imitation of the ancients, and endeavour to tranſmit to poſterity the memory of that virtue, which we conſider as ſuperior to pecuniary recompence. Let an equeſtrian ſtatue of this heroine be erected, near the ſtarting-poſt on the heath of *Newmarket*, to fill kindred ſouls with emulation, and tell the grand-daughters of our grand-daughters what an *Engliſh* maiden has once performed.

As events, however illuſtrious, are ſoon obſcured if they are intruſted to tradition, I think it neceſſary, that the pedeſtal ſhould be inſcribed with a conciſe account of this great performance. The compoſition of this narrative ought not to be committed raſhly to improper hands. If the rhetoricians of *Newmarket*, who may be ſuppoſed likely to conceive in its full ſtrength the dignity of the ſubject, ſhould undertake to expreſs it, there is danger leſt they admit ſome phraſes which, though well underſtood at preſent, may be ambiguous in another century. If poſterity ſhould read on a public monument, that *the lady carried her horſe a thouſand miles in a thouſand hours*, they may think that the ſtatue and inſcription are at variance, becauſe one will repreſent the horſe as carrying his lady, and the other tell that the lady carried her horſe.

Some

Some doubts likewiſe may be raiſed by ſpeculatiſts, and ſome controverſies be agitated among hiſtorians, concerning the motive as well as the manner of the action. As it will be known, that this wonder was performed in a time of war, ſome will ſuppoſe that the lady was frighted by invaders, and fled to preſerve her life or her chaſtity: others will conjecture, that ſhe was thus honoured for ſome intelligence carried of the enemy's deſigns: ſome will think that ſhe brought news of a victory; others, that ſhe was commiſſioned to tell of a conſpiracy; and ſome will congratulate themſelves on their acuter penetration, and find, that all theſe notions of patriotiſm and public ſpirit are improbable and chimerical; they will confidently tell, that ſhe only ran away from her guardians, and that the true cauſes of her ſpeed were fear and love.

Let it therefore be carefully mentioned, that by this performance *ſhe won her wager;* and, leſt this ſhould, by any change of manners, ſeem an inadequate or incredible incitement, let it be added, that at this time the original motives of human actions had loſt their influence; that the love of praiſe was extinct; the fear of infamy was become ridiculous; and the only wiſh of an *Engliſhman* was, to *win his wager.*

Numb. 7. Saturday, *May* 27, 1758.

ONE of the principal amuſements of the *Idler* is to read the works of thoſe minute hiſtorians the writers of news, who, though contemptuouſly overlooked by the compoſers of bulky volumes, are yet neceſſary in a nation where much wealth produces much leiſure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but to obſerve the lives and fortunes of the other.

To us, who are regaled every morning and evening with intelligence, and are ſupplied from day to day with materials for converſation, it is difficult to conceive how man can exiſt without a newſpaper, or to what entertainment companies can aſſemble, in thoſe wide regions of the earth that

that have neither *Chronicles* nor *Magazines*, neither *Gazettes* nor *Advertisers*, neither *Journals* nor *Evening-Posts*.

There are never great numbers in any nation, whose reason or invention can find employment for their tongues, who can raise a pleasing discourse from their own stock of sentiments and images; and those few who have qualified themselves by speculation for general disquisitions are soon left without an audience. The common talk of men must relate to facts in which the talkers have, or think they have, an interest; and where such facts cannot be known, the pleasures of society will be merely sensual. Thus the natives of the *Mahometan* empires, who approach most nearly to *European* civility, have no higher pleasure at their convivial assemblies than to hear a piper, or gaze upon a tumbler, and no company can keep together longer than they are diverted by sounds or shows.

All foreigners remark, that the knowledge of the common people of *England* is greater than that of any other vulgar. This superiority we undoubtedly owe to the rivulets of intelligence, which are continually trickling among us, which every one may catch, and of which every one partakes.

This universal diffusion of instruction is, perhaps, not wholly without its inconveniences; it certainly fills the nation with superficial disputants; enables those to talk who were born to work; and affords information sufficient to elate vanity, and stiffen obstinacy, but too little to enlarge the mind into complete skill for full comprehension.

Whatever is found to gratify the publick, will be multiplied by the emulation of venders beyond necessity or use. This plenty indeed produces cheapness, but cheapness always ends in negligence and depravation.

The compilation of news-papers is often committed to narrow and mercenary minds, not qualified for the task of delighting or instructing; who are content to fill their paper, with whatever matter, without industry to gather, or discernment to select.

Thus journals are daily multiplied without increase of knowledge. The tale of the morning paper is told again in the evening, and the narratives of the evening are bought again in the morning. These repetitions, indeed, waste time, but they do not shorten it. The most eager perusser of news is tired before he has completed his labour; and many a man, who enters the coffee-house in his night-gown and

ſlippers, is called away to his ſhop, or his dinner, before he has well conſidered the ſtate of *Europe*.

It is diſcovered by *Reaumur*, that ſpiders might make ſilk, if they could be perſuaded to live in peace together. The writers of news, if they could be confederated, might give more pleaſure to the publick. The morning and evening authors might divide an event between them; a ſingle action, and that not of much importance, might be gradually diſcovered, ſo as to vary a whole week with joy, anxiety, and conjecture.

We know that a *French* ſhip of war was lately taken by a ſhip of *England*; but this event was ſuffered to burſt upon us all at once, and then what we knew already was echoed from day to day, and from week to week.

Let us ſuppoſe theſe ſpiders of literature to ſpin together, and enquire to what an extenſive web ſuch another event might be regularly drawn, and how ſix morning and ſix evening writers might agree to retail their articles.

On *Monday Morning* the Captain of a ſhip might arrive, who left the *Friſeur* of *France*, and the *Bulldog*, Captain *Grim*, in ſight of one another, ſo that an engagement ſeemed unavoidable.

Monday Evening. A ſound of canon was heard off *Cape Finiſterre*, ſuppoſed to be thoſe of the *Bulldog* and *Friſeur*.

Tueſday Morning. It was this morning reported, that the *Bulldog* engaged the *Friſeur*, yard-arm and yard-arm, three glaſſes and a half, but was obliged to ſheer off for want of powder. It is hoped that enquiry will be made into this affair in a proper place.

Tueſday Evening. The account of the engagement between the *Bulldog* and *Friſeur* was premature.

Wedneſday Morning. Another expreſs is arrived, which brings news, that the *Friſeur* had loſt all her maſts, and three hundred of her men, in the late engagement; and that Captain *Grim* is come into harbour much ſhattered.

Wedneſday Evening. We hear that the brave Captain *Grim*, having expended his powder, propoſed to enter the *Friſeur* ſword in hand; but that his lieutenant, the nephew of a certain nobleman, remonſtrated againſt it.

Thurſday Morning. We wait impatiently for a full account of the late engagement between the *Bulldog* and *Friſeur*.

Thurſday Evening. It is ſaid that the order of the *Bath* will be ſent to Captain *Grim*.

Friday

Friday Morning. A certain Lord of the Admiralty has been heard to ſay of a certain Captain, that if he had done his duty, a certain French ſhip might have been taken. It was not thus that merit was rewarded in the days of *Cromwell*.

Friday Evening. There is certain information at the Admiralty, that the *Friſeur* is taken, after a reſiſtance of about two hours.

Saturday Morning. A letter from one of the gunners of the *Bulldog* mentions the taking of the *Friſeur*, and attributes their ſucceſs wholly to the bravery and reſolution of Captain *Grim*, who never owed any of his advancement to borough-jobbers, or any other corrupters of the people.

Saturday Evening. Captain *Grim* arrived at the Admiralty, with an account that he engaged the *Friſeur*, a ſhip of equal force with his own, off *Cape Finiſterre*, and took her after an obſtinate reſiſtance, having killed one hundred and fifty of the *French*, with the loſs of ninety-five of his own men.

NUMB. 8. SATURDAY, *June* 3, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

IN the time of publick danger, it is every man's duty to withdraw his thoughts in ſome meaſure from his private intereſt, and employ part of his time for the general welfare. National conduct ought to be the reſult of national wiſdom, a plan formed by mature conſideration and diligent ſelection out of all the ſchemes which may be offered, and all the information which can be procured.

In a battle, every man ſhould fight as if he was the ſingle champion: in preparations for war, every man ſhould think, as if the laſt event depended on his counſel. None can tell what diſcoveries are within his reach, or how much he may contribute to the public ſafety.

Full of theſe conſiderations, I have carefully reviewed the proceſs of the war, and find, what every other man has

found, that we have hitherto added nothing to our military reputation: that at one time we have been beaten by enemies whom we did not ſee; and, at another, have avoided the ſight of enemies leſt we ſhould be beaten.

Whether our troops are defective in diſcipline or in courage, is not very uſeful to inquire; they evidently want ſomething neceſſary to ſucceſs; and he that ſhall ſupply that want will deſerve well of his country.

To learn of an enemy has always been accounted politic and honourable; and therefore I hope it will raiſe no prejudices againſt my project, to confeſs that I borrowed it from a *Frenchman*.

When the Iſle of *Rhodes* was, many centuries ago, in the hands of that military order now called the *Knights of Malta*, it was ravaged by a dragon, who inhabited a den under a rock, from which he iſſued forth when he was hungry or wanton, and without fear or mercy devoured men and beaſts as they came in his way. Many councils were held, and many devices offered, for his deſtruction; but as his back was armed with impenetrable ſcales, none would venture to attack him. At laſt *Dudon*, a *French* knight, undertook the deliverance of the iſland. From ſome place of ſecurity he took a view of the dragon, or, as a modern ſoldier would ſay, *reconnoitred* him, and obſerved that his belly was naked and vulnerable. He then returned home to take his *arrangements*; and, by a very exact imitation of nature, made a dragon of paſteboard, in the belly of which he put beef and mutton, and accuſtomed two ſturdy maſtiffs to feed themſelves, by tearing their way to the concealed fleſh. When his dogs were well practiſed in this method of plunder, he marched out with them at his heels, and ſhewed them the dragon; they ruſhed upon him in queſt of their dinner; *Dudon* battered his ſcull, while they lacerated his belly; and neither his ſting nor claws were able to defend him.

Something like this might be practiſed in our preſent ſtate. Let a fortification be raiſed on *Saliſbury-Plain*, reſembling *Breſt*, or *Toulon*, or *Paris* itſelf, with all the uſual preparations for defence: let the incloſure be filled with beef and ale: let the ſoldiers, from ſome proper eminence, ſee ſhirts waving upon lines, and here and there a plump landlady hurrying about with pots in their hands. When they are ſufficiently animated to advance, lead them in exact order, with fife and drum, to that ſide whence the wind blows, till they come within the ſcent of roaſt meat and tobacco,

tobacco. Contrive that they may approach the place faſting about an hour after dinner-time, aſſure them that there is no danger, and command an attack.

If nobody within either moves or ſpeaks, it is not unlikely that they may carry the place by ſtorm; but if a panic ſhould ſeize them, it will be proper to defer the enterpriſe to a more hungry hour. When they have entered, let them fill their bellies and return to the camp.

On the next day let the ſame place be ſhewn them again, but with ſome additions of ſtrength or terror. I cannot pretend to inform our generals through what gradations of danger they ſhould train their men to fortitude. They beſt know what the ſoldiers and what themſelves can bear. It will be proper that the war ſhould every day vary its appearance. Sometimes, as they mount the rampart, a cook may throw fat upon the fire, to accuſtom them to a ſudden blaze; and ſometimes, by the clatter of empty pots, they may be inured to formidable noiſes. But let it never be forgotten, that victory muſt repoſe with a full belly.

In time it will be proper to bring our French priſoners from the coaſt, and place them upon the walls in martial order. At their firſt appearance their hands muſt be tied, but they may be allowed to grin. In a month they may guard the place with their hands looſed, provided that on pain of death they be forbidden to ſtrike.

By this method our army will ſoon be brought to look an enemy in the face. But it has been lately obſerved, that fear is received by the ear as well as the eyes; and the *Indian* war-cry is repreſented as too dreadful to be endured; as a ſound that will force the braveſt veteran to drop his weapon, and deſert his rank; that will deafen his ear, and chill his breaſt; that will neither ſuffer him to hear orders or to feel ſhame, or retain any ſenſibility but the dread of death.

That the ſavage clamours of naked barbarians ſhould thus terrify troops diſciplined to war, and ranged in array with arms in their hands, is ſurely ſtrange. But this is no time to reaſon. I am of opinion, that, by a proper mixture of aſſes, bulls, turkeys, geeſe, and tragedians, a noiſe might be procured equally horrid with the war-cry. When our men have been encouraged by frequent victories, nothing will remain but to qualify them for extreme danger, by a ſudden concert of terrifick vociferation. When they have endured this laſt trial, let them be led to action, as men

who

who are no longer to be frightened; as men who can bear at once the grimaces of the *Gauls*, and the howl of the *Americans*.

NUMB. 9. SATURDAY, *June* 10, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I HAVE read you; that is a favour few authors can boast of having received from me besides yourself. My intention in telling you of it is to inform you, that you have both pleased and angered me. Never did writer appear so delightful to me as you did when you adopted the name of the *Idler*. But what a falling off was there when your first production was brought to light! A natural irresistible attachment to that favourable passion *idling*, had led me to hope for indulgence from the *Idler*, but I find him a stranger to the title.

What rules has he proposed totally to unbrace the slackened nerve; to shade the heavy eye of inattention; to give the smooth feature and the uncontracted muscle; or procure insensibility to the whole animal composition?

These were some of the placid blessings I promised myself the enjoyment of, when I committed violence upon myself by mustering up all my strength to set about reading you; but I am disappointed in them all, and the stroke of eleven in the morning is still as terrible to me as before, and I find putting on my clothes still as painful and laborious. Oh that our climate would permit that original nakedness which the thrice happy *Indians* to this day enjoy! How many unsolicitous hours should I bask away, warmed in bed by the sun's glorious beams, could I, like them, tumble from thence in a moment, when necessity obliges me to endure the torment of getting upon my legs.

But wherefore do I talk to you upon subjects of this delicate nature? you who seem ignorant of the inexpressible charms of the elbow-chair, attended with a soft stool for the elevation

elevation of the feet! Thus vacant of thought, do I indulge the live-long day.

You may define happineſs as you pleaſe; I embrace that opinion which makes it conſiſt in the abſence of pain. To reflect is pain; to ſtir is pain; therefore I never reflect or ſtir but when I cannot help it. Perhaps you will call my ſcheme of life indolence, and therefore think the *Idler* excuſed from taking any notice of me: but I have always looked upon indolence and idleneſs as the ſame; and ſo deſire you will now and then, while you profeſs yourſelf of our fraternity, take ſome notice of me, and others in my ſituation, who think they have a right to your aſſiſtance; or relinquiſh the name.

You may publiſh, burn, or deſtroy this, juſt as you are in the humour; it is ten to one but I forget that I wrote it, before it reaches you. I believe you may find a motto for it in Horace, but I cannot reach him without getting out of my chair; that is a ſufficient reaſon for my not affixing any. —And being obliged to ſit upright to ring the bell for my ſervant to convey this to the penny-poſt, if I ſlip the opportunity of his being now in the room, makes me break off abruptly.

This correſpondent, whoever he be, is not to be diſmiſſed without ſome tokens of regard. There is no mark more certain of a genuine *Idler*, than uneaſineſs without moleſtation, and complaint without a grievance.

Yet my gratitude to the contributor of half a paper ſhall not wholly overpower my ſincerity. I muſt inform you, that, with all his pretenſions, he that calls for directions to be idle, is yet but in the rudiments of idleneſs, and has attained neither the practice nor theory of waſting life. The true nature of idleneſs he will know in time, by continuing to be idle. *Virgil* tells us of an impetuous and rapid being, that acquires ſtrength by motion. The *Idler* acquires weight by lying ſtill.

The *vis intertiæ*, the quality of reſiſting all external impulſe, is hourly increaſing; the reſtleſs and troubleſome faculties of attention and diſtinction, reflection on the paſt, and ſolicitude for the future, by a long indulgence of idleneſs, will, like tapers in unelaſtic air, be gradually extinguiſhed; and the officious lover, the vigilant ſoldier, the buſy trader, may, by a judicious compoſure of his mind, ſink into a ſtate approaching to that of brute matter; in which he ſhall

ſhall retain the conſcioufneſs of his own exiſtence, only by an obtuſe languor and drowſy diſcontent.

This is the loweſt ſtage to which the favourites of idleneſs can deſcend; theſe regions of undelighted quiet can be entered by few. Of thoſe that are prepared to ſink down into their ſhade, ſome are rouſed into action by avarice or ambition, ſome are awakened by the voice of fame, ſome allured by the ſmile of beauty, and many withheld by the importunities of want. Of all the enemies of idleneſs, want is the moſt formidable. Fame is ſoon found to be a ſound, and love a dream; avarice and ambition may be unjuſtly ſuſpected of privy confederacies with idleneſs; for when they have for a while protected their votaries, they often deliver them up to end their lives under her dominion. Want always ſtruggles againſt idleneſs, but Want herſelf is often overcome; and every hour ſhews the careful obſerver thoſe who had rather live in eaſe than in plenty.

So wide is the region of idleneſs, and ſo powerful her influence. But ſhe does not immediately confer all her gifts. My correſpondent, who ſeems with all his errors, worthy of advice, muſt be told, that he is calling too haſtily for the laſt effuſion of total inſenſibility. Whatever he may have been taught by unſkilful *Idlers* to believe, labour is neceſſary in his initiation to idleneſs. He that never labours may know the pains of idleneſs, but not the pleaſure. The comfort is, that if he devotes himſelf to inſenſibility, he will daily lengthen the intervals of idleneſs, and ſhorten thoſe of labour, till at laſt he will lie down to reſt, and no longer diſturb the world or himſelf by buſtle or competition.

Thus I have endeavoured to give him that information which, perhaps, after all, he did not want; for a true *Idler* often calls for that which he knows is never to be had, and aſks queſtions which he does not deſire ever to be anſwered.

NUMB.

Numb. 10. Saturday, *June* 17, 1758.

CREDULITY, or confidence of opinion too great for the evidence from which opinion is derived, we find to be a general weakneſs imputed by every ſect and party to all others, and indeed by every man to every other man.

Of all kinds of credulity, the moſt obſtinate and wonderful is that of political zealots; of men, who being numbered, they know not how or why, in any of the parties that divide a ſtate, reſign the uſe of their own eyes and ears, and reſolve to believe nothing that does not favour thoſe whom they profeſs to follow.

The bigot of philoſophy is ſeduced by authorities which he has not always opportunities to examine, is entangled in ſyſtems by which truth and falſehood are inextricably complicated, or undertakes to talk on ſubjects which nature did not form him able to comprehend.

The Carteſian, who denies that his horſe feels the ſpur, or that the hare is afraid when the hounds approach her; the diſciple of *Malbranche*, who maintains that the man was not hurt by the bullet, which, according to vulgar apprehenſion, ſwept away his legs; the follower of *Berkeley*, who, while he ſits writing at his table, declares that he has neither table, paper, nor fingers; have all the honour at leaſt of being deceived by fallacies not eaſily detected, and may plead that they did not forſake truth, but for appearances which they were not able to diſtinguiſh from it.

But the man who engages in a party has ſeldom to do with any thing remote or abſtruſe. The preſent ſtate of things is before his eyes; and, if he cannot be ſatisfied without retroſpection, yet he ſeldom extends his views beyond the hiſtorical events of the laſt century. All the knowledge that he can want is within his attainment, and moſt of the arguments which he can hear are within his capacity.

Yet ſo it is that an *Idler* meets every hour of his life with men who have different opinions upon every thing paſt, preſent, and future; who deny the moſt notorious facts, contradict the moſt cogent truths, and perſiſt in aſſerting to-day what they aſſerted yeſterday, in defiance of evidence, and contempt of confutation.

Two

Two of my companions, who are grown old in idleneſs, are *Tom Tempeſt* and *Jack Sneaker*. Both of them conſider themſelves as neglected by their parties, and therefore entitled to credit; for why ſhould they favour ingratitude? They are both men of integrity, where no factious intereſt is to be promoted; and both lovers of truth, when they are not heated with political debate.

Tom Tempeſt is a ſteady friend to the houſe of *Stuart*. He can recount the prodigies that have appeared in the ſky, and the calamities that have afflicted the nation every year from the Revolution; and is of opinion, that if the exiled family had continued to reign, there would have neither been worms in our ſhips nor caterpillars in our trees. He wonders that the nation was not awakened by the hard froſt to a revocation of the true king, and is hourly afraid that the whole iſland will be loſt in the ſea. He believes that king *William* burned *Whitehall* that he might ſteal the furniture; and that *Tillotſon* died an Atheiſt. Of queen *Anne* he ſpeaks with more tenderneſs, owns that ſhe meant well, and can tell by whom and why ſhe was poiſoned. In the ſucceeding reigns all has been corruption, malice, and deſign. He believes that nothing ill has ever happened for theſe forty years by chance or error; he holds that the battle of *Dettingen* was won by miſtake, and that of *Fontenoy* loſt by contract; that the *Victory* was ſunk by a private order; that *Cornhill* was fired by emiſſaries from the council; and the arch of *Weſtminſter-bridge* was ſo contrived as to ſink on purpoſe that the nation might be put to charge. He conſiders the new road to *Iſlington* as an encroachment on liberty, and often aſſerts that *broad wheels* will be the ruin of *England*.

Tom is generally vehement and noiſy, but nevertheleſs has ſome ſecrets which he always communicates in a whiſper. Many and many a time has *Tom* told me, in a corner, that our miſeries were almoſt at an end, and that we ſhould ſee, in a month, another monarch on the throne; the time elapſes without a revolution; *Tom* meets me again with new intelligence, the whole ſcheme is now ſettled, and we ſhall ſee great events in another month.

Jack Sneaker is a hearty adherent to the preſent eſtabliſhment; he has known thoſe who ſaw the bed into which the Pretender was conveyed in a warming-pan. He often rejoices that the nation was not enſlaved by the *Iriſh*. He believes that king *William* never loſt a battle, and that if he had

had lived one year longer he would have conquered *France*. He holds that *Charles* the First was a Papist. He allows there were some good men in the reign of queen *Anne*, but the peace of *Utrecht* brought a blast upon the nation, and has been the cause of all the evil that we have suffered to the present hour. He believes that the scheme of the *South Sea* was well intended, but that it miscarried by the influence of *France*. He considers a standing army as the bulwark of liberty, thinks us secured from corruption by septennial parliaments, relates how we are enriched and strengthened by the electoral dominions, and declares that the public debt is a blessing to the nation.

Yet amidst all this prosperity, poor *Jack* is hourly disturbed by the dread of Popery. He wonders that some stricter laws are not made against Papists, and is sometimes afraid that they are busy with *French* gold among the bishops and judges.

He cannot believe that the Nonjurors are so quiet for nothing, they must certainly be forming some plot for the establishment of Popery; he does not think the present oaths sufficiently binding, and wishes that some better security could be found for the succession of *Hanover*. He is zealous for the naturalization of foreign Protestants, and rejoiced at the admission of the *Jews* to the *English* privileges, because he thought a *Jew* would never be a Papist.

NUMB. 11. SATURDAY, *June* 24, 1758.

IT is commonly observed, that when two *Englishmen* meet, their first talk is of the weather; they are in haste to tell each other, what each must already know, that it is hot or cold, bright or cloudy, windy or calm.

There are, among the numerous lovers of subtilties and paradoxes, some who derive the civil institutions of every country from its climate, who impute freedom and slavery to the temperature of the air, can fix the meridian of vice and virtue, and tell at what degree of latitude we are to expect courage or timidity, knowledge or ignorance.

From

From thefe dreams of idle fpeculation, a flight furvey of life, and a little knowledge of hiftory, is fufficient to awaken any enquirer, whofe ambition of diftinction has not overpowered his love of truth. Forms of government are feldom the refult of much deliberation; they are framed by chance in popular affemblies, or in conquered countries by defpotic authority. Laws are often occafional, often capricious, made always by a few, and fometimes by a fingle voice. Nations have changed their characters; flavery is now no where more patiently endured, than in countries once inhabited by the zealots of liberty.

But national cuftoms can arife only from general agreement; they are not impofed, but chofen, and are continued only by the continuance of their caufe. An *Englifhman's* notice of the weather, is the natural confequence of changeable fkies and uncertain feafons. In many parts of the world, wet weather and dry are regularly expected at certain periods; but in our ifland every man goes to fleep, unable to guefs whether he fhall behold in the morning a bright or cloudy atmofphere, whether his reft fhall be lulled by a fhower, or broken by a tempeft. We therefore rejoice mutually at good weather, as at an efcape from fomething that we feared; and mutually complain of bad, as of the lofs of fomething that we hoped.

Such is the reafon of our practice; and who fhall treat it with contempt? Surely not the attendant on a court, whofe bufinefs is to watch the looks of a being weak and foolifh as himfelf, and whofe vanity is to recount the names of men, who might drop into nothing, and leave no vacuity; nor the proprietor of funds, who ftops his acquaintance in the ftreet to tell him of the lofs of half-a-crown; nor the enquirer after news, who fills his head with foreign events, and talks of fkirmifhes and fieges, of which no confequence will ever reach his hearers or himfelf. The weather is a nobler and more intereftng fubject; it is the prefent ftate of the fkies and of the earth, on which plenty and famine are fufpended, on which millions depend for the neceffaries of life.

The weather is frequently mentioned for another reafon, lefs honourable to my dear countrymen. Our difpofitions too frequently change with the colour of the fky; and when we find ourfelves cheerful and good-natured, we naturally pay our acknowledgments to the powers of fun-fhine; or, if we fink into dullnefs and peevifhnefs, look round the hori-

zon

zon for an excuſe, and charge our diſcontent upon an eaſterly wind or a cloudy day.

Surely nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reaſon, than to reſign its powers to the influence of the air, and live in dependance on the weather and the wind, for the only bleſſings which nature has put in our power, tranquillity and benevolence. To look up to the ſky for the nutriment of our bodies, is the condition of nature; to call upon the ſun for peace and gaiety, or deprecate the clouds leſt ſorrow ſhould overwhelm us, is the cowardice of idleneſs, and the idolatry of folly.

Yet even in this age of enquiry and knowledge, when ſuperſtition is driven away, and omens and prodigies have loſt their terrors, we find this folly countenanced by frequent examples. Thoſe that laugh at the portentous glare of a comet, and hear a crow with equal tranquillity from the right or left, will yet talk of times and ſituations proper for intellectual performances, will imagine the fancy exalted by vernal breezes, and the reaſon invigorated by a bright calm.

If men who have given up themſelves to fanciful credulity would confine their conceits in their own minds, they might regulate their lives by the barometer, with inconvenience only to themſelves; but to fill the world with accounts of intellects ſubject to ebb and flow, of one genius that awakened in the ſpring, and another that ripened in the autumn, of one mind expanded in the ſummer, and of another concentrated in the winter, is no leſs dangerous than to tell children of bugbears and goblins. Fear will find every houſe haunted; and idleneſs will wait for ever for the moment of illumination.

This diſtinction of ſeaſons is produced only by imagination operating on luxury. To temperance every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence. He that ſhall reſolutely excite his faculties, or exert his virtues, will ſoon make himſelf ſuperior to the ſeaſons, and may ſet at defiance the morning miſt, and the evening damp, the blaſts of the eaſt, and the clouds of the ſouth.

It was the boaſt of the *Stoic* philoſophy, to make man unſhaken by calamity, and unelated by ſucceſs, incorruptible by pleaſure, and invulnerable by pain; theſe are heights of wiſdom which none ever attained, and to which few can aſpire; but there are lower degrees of conſtancy neceſſary to common virtue; and every man, however he may diſtruſt himſelf

himſelf in the extremes of good or evil, might at leaſt ſtruggle againſt the tyranny of the climate, and refuſe to enſlave his virtue or his reaſon to the moſt variable of all variations, the changes of the weather.

NUMB. 12. SATURDAY, *July* 1, 1758.

THAT every man is important in his own eyes, is a poſition of which we all either voluntarily or unwarily at leaſt once an hour confeſs the truth; and it will unavoidably follow, that every man believes himſelf important to the public.

The right which this importance gives us to general notice and viſible diſtinction, is one of thoſe diſputable privileges which we have not always courage to aſſert; and which we therefore ſuffer to lie dormant till ſome elation of mind, or viciſſitude of fortune, incites us to declare our pretenſions and enforce our demands. And hopeleſs as the claim of vulgar characters may ſeem to the ſupercilious and ſevere, there are few who do not at one time or other endeavour to ſtep forward beyond their rank, who do not make ſome ſtruggles for fame, and ſhew that they think all other conveniences and delights imperfectly enjoyed without a name.

To get a name, can happen but to few. A name, even in the moſt commercial nation, is one of the few things which cannot be bought. It is the free gift of mankind, which muſt be deſerved before it will be granted, and is at laſt unwillingly beſtowed. But this unwillingneſs only encreaſes deſire in him who believes his merit ſufficient to overcome it.

There is a particular period of life, in which this fondneſs for a name ſeems principally to predominate in both ſexes. Scarce any couple comes together but the nuptials are declared in the newſpapers with encomiums on each party. Many an eye, ranging over the page with eager curioſity in queſt of ſtateſmen and heroes, is ſtopped by a marriage celebrated between Mr. *Buckram*, an eminent faleſman

in

in *Threadneedle-ſtreet*, and Miſs *Dolly Juniper*, the only daughter of an eminent diſtiller, of the pariſh of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, a young lady adorned with every accompliſhment that can give happineſs to the married ſtate. Or we are told, amidſt our impatience for the event of a battle, that on a certain day Mr. *Winker*, a tide-waiter at *Yarmouth*, was married to Mrs. *Cackle*, a widow lady of great accompliſhments, and that as ſoon as the ceremony was performed they ſet out in a poſt-chaiſe for *Yarmouth*.

Many are the enquiries which ſuch intelligence muſt undoubtedly raiſe, but nothing in this world is laſting. When the reader has contemplated with envy, or with gladneſs, the felicity of Mr. *Buckram* and Mr. *Winker*, and ranſacked his memory for the names of *Juniper* and *Cackle*, his attention is diverted to other thoughts, by finding that *Mirza* will not cover this ſeaſon; or that a ſpaniel has been loſt or ſtolen, that anſwers to the name of *Ranger*.

Whence it ariſes that on the day of marriage all agree to call thus openly for honours, I am not able to diſcover. Some, perhaps, think it kind, by a public declaration, to put an end to the hopes of rivalry and the fears of jealouſy, to let parents know that they may ſet their daughters at liberty whom they have locked up for fear of the bridegroom, or to diſmiſs to their counters and their offices the amorous youths that had been uſed to hover round the dwelling of the bride.

Theſe connubial praiſes may have another cauſe. It may be the intention of the huſband and wife to dignify themſelves in the eyes of each other, and, according to their different tempers or expectations, to win affection or enforce reſpect.

It was ſaid of the family of *Lucas*, that it was *noble*, for *all the brothers were valiant, and all the ſiſters were virtuous*. What would a ſtranger ſay of the *Engliſh* nation, in which on the day of marriage all the men are *eminent*, and all the women *beautiful*, *accompliſhed*, and *rich*?

How long the wife will be perſuaded of the eminence of her huſband, or the huſband continue to believe that his wife has the qualities required to make marriage happy, may reaſonably be queſtioned. I am afraid that much time ſeldom paſſes before each is convinced that praiſes are fallacious, and particularly thoſe praiſes which we confer upon ourſelves.

I ſhould

I ſhould therefore think, that this cuſtom might be omitted without any loſs to the community; and that the ſons and daughters of lanes and alleys might go hereafter to the next church, with no witneſſes of their worth or happineſs but their parents and their friends; but if they cannot be happy on the bridal day without ſome gratification of their vanity, I hope they will be willing to encourage a friend of mine who propoſes to devote his powers to their ſervice.

Mr. *Settle*, a man whoſe *eminence* was once allowed by the *eminent*, and whoſe *accompliſhments* were confeſſed by the *accompliſhed*, in the latter part of a long life ſupported himſelf by an uncommon expedient. He had a ſtanding elegy and epithalamium, of which only the firſt and laſt were leaves varied occaſionally, and the intermediate pages were, by general terms, left applicable alike to every character. When any marriage became known, *Settle* ran to the bridegroom with his epithalamium; and when he heard of any death, ran to the heir with his elegy.

Who can think himſelf diſgraced by a trade that was practiſed ſo long by the rival of *Dryden*, by the poet whoſe *Empreſs of Morocco* was played before princes by ladies of the court.

My friend purpoſes to open an office in the *Fleet* for matrimonial panegyrics, and will accommodate all with praiſe who think their own powers of expreſſion inadequate to their merit. He will ſell any man or woman the virtue or qualification which is moſt faſhionable or moſt deſired; but deſires his cuſtomers to remember, that he ſets beauty at the higheſt price, and riches at the next, and, if he be well paid, throws in virtue for nothing.

NUMB.

NUMB. 13. SATURDAY, *July* 8, 1758.

To the IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

THOUGH few men of prudence are much inclined to interpose in disputes between man and wife, who commonly make peace at the expence of the arbitrator; yet I will venture to lay before you a controversy, by which the quiet of my house has been long disturbed, and which, unless you can decide it, is likely to produce lasting evils, and embitter those hours which nature seems to have appropriated to tenderness and repose.

I married a wife with no great fortune, but of a family remarkable for domestic prudence, and elegant frugality. I lived with her at ease, if not with happiness, and seldom had any reason of complaint. The house was always clean, the servants were active and regular, dinner was on the table every day at the same minute, and the ladies of the neighbourhood were frightened when I invited their husbands, lest their own economy should be less esteemed.

During this gentle lapse of life, my dear brought me three daughters. I wished for a son, to continue the family; but my wife often tells me, that boys are dirty things, and are always troublesome in a house; and declares that she has hated the sight of them ever since she saw lady *Fondle's* eldest son ride over a carpet with his hobby-horse all mire.

I did not much attend to her opinion, but knew that girls could not be made boys; and therefore composed myself to bear what I could not remedy, and resolved to bestow that care on my daughters, to which only the sons are commonly thought entitled.

But my wife's notions of education differ widely from mine. She is an irreconcileable enemy to idleness, and considers every state of life as idleness, in which the hands are not employed, or some art acquired, by which she thinks money may be got or saved.

In pursuance of this principle, she calls up her daughters at a certain hour, and appoints them a task of needle-work

to be performed before breakfaſt. They are confined in a garret, which has its window in the roof, both becauſe work is beſt done at a ſky-light, and becauſe children are apt to loſe time by looking about them.

They bring down their work to breakfaſt, and as they deſerve are commended or reproved; they are then ſent up with a new taſk till dinner; if no company is expected, their mother ſits with them the whole afternoon, to direct their operations, and to draw patterns, and is ſometimes denied to her neareſt relations when ſhe is engaged in teaching them a new ſtitch.

By this continual exerciſe of their diligence, ſhe has obtained a very conſiderable number of laborious performances. We have twice as many fire-ſkreens as chimneys, and three flouriſhed quilts for every bed. Half the rooms are adorned with a kind of *futile pictures*, which imitate tapeſtry. But all their work is not ſet out to ſhew; ſhe has boxes filled with knit garters and braided ſhoes. She has twenty covers for ſide-ſaddles embroidered with ſilver flowers, and has curtains wrought with gold in various figures, which ſhe reſolves ſome time or other to hang up. All theſe ſhe diſplays to her company whenever ſhe is elate with merit, and eager for praiſe; and amidſt the praiſes which her friends and herſelf beſtow upon her merit, ſhe never fails to turn to me, and aſk what all theſe would coſt, if I had been to buy them.

I ſometimes venture to tell her, that many of the ornaments are ſuperfluous; that what is done with ſo much labour might have been ſupplied by a very eaſy purchaſe; that the work is not always worth the materials; and that I know not why the children ſhould be perſecuted with uſeleſs taſks, or obliged to make ſhoes that are never worn. She anſwers with a look of contempt, that men never care how money goes, and proceeds to tell of a dozen new chairs for which ſhe is contriving covers, and of a couch which ſhe intends to ſtand as a monument of needle-work.

In the mean time, the girls grow up in total ignorance of every thing paſt, preſent, and future. *Molly* aſked me the other day, whether *Ireland* was in *France*, and was ordered by her mother to mend her hem. *Kitty* knows not, at ſixteen, the difference between a Proteſtant and a Papiſt, becauſe ſhe has been employed three years in filling the ſide of a cloſet with a hanging that is to repreſent *Cranmer* in the

the flames. And *Dolly*, my eldeſt girl, is now unable to read a chapter in the Bible, having ſpent all the time which other children paſs at ſchool, in working the interview between *Solomon* and the queen of *Sheba*.

About a month ago, *Tent* and *Turkey*-ſtitch ſeemed at a ſtand; my wife knew not what new work to introduce; I ventured to propoſe that the girls ſhould now learn to read and write, and mentioned the neceſſity of a little arithmetic; but, unhappily, my wife has diſcovered that linen wears out, and has bought the girls three little wheels, that they may ſpin hukkaback for the ſervants table. I remonſtrated, that with larger wheels they might diſpatch in an hour what muſt now coſt them a day; but ſhe told me, with irreſiſtible authority, that any buſineſs is better than idleneſs; that when theſe wheels are ſet upon a table, with mats under them, they will turn without noiſe, and keep the girls upright; that great wheels are not fit for gentlewomen; and that with theſe, ſmall as they are, ſhe does not doubt but that the three girls, if they are kept cloſe, will ſpin every year as much cloth as would coſt five pounds if one were to buy it.

Numb. 14. Saturday, *July* 15, 1758.

When *Diogenes* received a viſit in his tub from *Alexander the Great*, and was aſked, according to the ancient forms of royal courteſy, what petition he had to offer; *I have nothing*, ſaid he, *to aſk, but that you would remove to the other ſide, that you may not, by intercepting the ſunſhine, take from me what you cannot give me.*

Such was the demand of *Diogenes* from the greateſt monarch of the earth, which thoſe, who have leſs power than *Alexander*, may, with yet more propriety, apply to themſelves. He that does much good, may be allowed to do ſometimes a little harm. But if the opportunities of beneficence be denied by fortune, innocence ſhould at leaſt be vigilantly preſerved.

It is well known, that time once paſt never returns; and that the moment which is loſt, is loſt for ever. Time therefore ought, above all other kinds of property, to be free from invaſion; and yet there is no man who does not

claim the power of wasting that time which is the right of others.

This usurpation is so general, that a very small part of the year is spent by choice; scarcely any thing is done when it is intended, or obtained when it is desired. Life is continually ravaged by invaders; one steals away an hour, and another a day; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amusement; the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more.

This waste of the lives of men has been very frequently charged upon the Great, whose followers linger from year to year in expectations, and die at last with petitions in their hands. Those who raise envy will easily incur censure. I know not whether statesmen and patrons do not suffer more reproaches than they deserve, and may not rather themselves complain, that they are given up a prey to pretensions without merit, and to importunity without shame.

The truth is, that the inconveniences of attendance are more lamented than felt. To the greater number solicitation is its own reward. To be seen in good company, to talk of familiarities with men of power, to be able to tell the freshest news, to gratify an inferior circle with predictions of encrease or decline of favour, and to be regarded as a candidate for high offices, are compensations more than equivalent to the delay of favours, which perhaps he that begs them has hardly confidence to expect.

A man conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependants, may be considered as a beast of prey, justly dreaded, but easily avoided; his den is known, and they who would not be devoured need not approach it. The great danger of the waste of time is from caterpillars and moths, who are not resisted, because they are not feared, and who work on with unheeded mischiefs, and invisible encroachments.

He, whose rank or merit procures him the notice of mankind, must give up himself, in a great measure, to the convenience or humour of those who surround him. Every man, who is sick of himself, will fly to him for relief; he that wants to speak will require him to hear; and he that wants to hear will expect him to speak. Hour passes after hour, the noon succeeds to morning, and the evening

to

to noon, while a thousand objects are forced upon his attention, which he rejects as fast as they are offered, but which the custom of the world requires to be received with appearance of regard.

If we will have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants; to the loiterer, who makes appointments which he never keeps; to the consultor, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations which all but himself know to be vain; to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances; to the usurer, who compares the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.

To put every man in possession of his own time, and rescue the day from this succession of usurpers, is beyond my power, and beyond my hope. Yet, perhaps, some stop might be put to this unmerciful persecution, if all would seriously reflect, that whoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair, and takes away that which he cannot give.

NUMB. 15. SATURDAY, *July* 22, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be a man of business; that, you will say, is a most grievous one; but what makes it the more so to me, is, that my wife has nothing to do: at least she had too good an education, and the prospect of too good a fortune in reversion when I married her, to think of employing herself either in my shop-affairs, or the management of my family.

Her

Her time, you know, as well as my own, muſt be filled up ſome way or other. For my part, I have enough to mind, in weighing my goods out, and waiting on my cuſtomers: but my wife, though ſhe could be of as much uſe as a ſhopman to me, if ſhe would put her hand to it, is now only in my way. She walks all the morning ſauntering about the ſhop with her arms through her pocket-holes, or ſtands gaping at the door-ſill, and looking at every perſon that paſſes by. She is continually aſking me a thouſand frivolous queſtions about every cuſtomer that comes in and goes out; and all the while that I am entering any thing in my day-book, ſhe is lolling over the counter, and ſtaring at it, as if I was only ſcribbling or drawing figures for her amuſement. Sometimes, indeed, ſhe will take a needle: but as ſhe always works at the door, or in the middle of the ſhop, ſhe has ſo many interruptions, that ſhe is longer hemming a towel, or darning a ſtocking, than I am in breaking forty loaves of ſugar, and making it up into pounds.

In the afternoon I am ſure likewiſe to have her company, except ſhe is called upon by ſome of her acquaintance: and then, as we let out all the upper part of our houſe, and have only a little room backwards for ourſelves, they either keep ſuch a chattering, or elſe are calling out every moment to me, that I cannot mind my buſineſs for them.

My wife, I am ſure, might do all the little matters our family requires; and I could wiſh that ſhe would employ herſelf in them; but, inſtead of that, we have a girl to do the work, and look after a little boy about two years old, which I may fairly ſay is the mother's own child. The brat muſt be humoured in every thing: he is therefore ſuffered conſtantly to play in the ſhop, pull all the goods about, and clamber up the ſhelves to get at the plumbs and ſugar. I dare not correct him; becauſe, if I did, I ſhould have wife and maid both upon me at once. As to the latter, ſhe is as lazy and ſluttiſh as her miſtreſs; and becauſe ſhe complains ſhe has too much work, we can ſcarcely get her to do any thing at all: nay, what is worſe than that, I am afraid ſhe is hardly honeſt; and as ſhe is intruſted to buy in all our proviſions, the jade, I am ſure, makes a market-penny out of every article.

But to return to my deary.—The evenings are the only time, when it is fine weather, that I am left to myſelf; for then ſhe generally takes the child out to give it milk in the park. When ſhe comes home again, ſhe is ſo fatigued with walking,

walking, that ſhe cannot ſtir from her chair: and it's an hour, after ſhop is ſhut, before I can get a bit of ſupper, while the maid is taken up in undreſſing and putting the child to bed.

But you will pity me much more when I tell you the manner in which we generally paſs our *Sundays*. In the morning ſhe is commonly too ill to dreſs herſelf to go to church; ſhe therefore never gets up till noon; and what is ſtill more vexatious, keeps *me* in bed with her, when I ought to be buſily engaged in better employment. It is well if ſhe can get her things on by dinner time; and when that is over, I am ſure to be dragged out by her, either to *Georgia*, or *Hornſey Wood*, or the *White Conduit Houſe*. Yet even theſe near excurſions are ſo very fatiguing to her, that beſides what it coſts me in tea and hot rolls, and ſyllabubs, and cakes for the boy, I am frequently forced to take a hackney-coach, or drive them out in a one-horſe chair. At other times, as my wife is rather of the fatteſt, and a very poor walker, beſides bearing her whole weight upon my arm, I am obliged to carry the child myſelf.

Thus, Sir, does ſhe conſtantly drawl out her time, without either profit or ſatisfaction; and, while I ſee my neighbours wives helping in the ſhop, and almoſt earning as much as their huſbands, I have the mortification to find, that mine is nothing but a dead weight upon me. In ſhort, I do not know any greater misfortune can happen to a plain hard-work-tradeſman, as I am, than to be joined to ſuch a woman, who is rather a clog than an helpmate to him.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
ZACHARY TREACLE.

NUMB. 16. SATURDAY, *July* 29, 1758.

I PAID a viſit yeſterday to my old friend *Ned Drugget*, at his country-lodgings. *Ned* began trade with a very ſmall fortune; he took a ſmall houſe in an obſcure ſtreet, and for ſome years dealt only in remnants. Knowing that *light gains*

gains make a heavy purſe, he was content with moderate profit; having obſerved or heard the effects of civility, he bowed down to the counter edge at the entrance and departure of every cuſtomer, liſtened without impatience to the objections of the ignorant, and refuſed without reſentment the offers of the penurious. His only recreation was to ſtand at his own door and look into the ſtreet. His dinner was ſent him from a neighbouring alehouſe, and he opened and ſhut the ſhop at a certain hour with his own hands.

His reputation ſoon extended from one end of the ſtreet to the other; and Mr. *Drugget's* exemplary conduct was recommended by every maſter to his apprentice, and by every father to his ſon. *Ned* was not only conſidered as a thriving trader, but as a man of elegance and politeneſs, for he was remarkably neat in his dreſs, and would wear his coat threadbare without ſpotting it; his hat was always bruſhed, his ſhoes gloſſy, his wig nicely curled, and his ſtockings without a wrinkle. With ſuch qualifications it was not very difficult for him to gain the heart of Miſs *Comfit*, the only daughter of Mr. *Comfit* the confectioner.

Ned is one of thoſe whoſe happineſs marriage has encreaſed. His wife had the ſame diſpoſition with himſelf; and his method of life was very little changed, except that he diſmiſſed the lodgers from the firſt floor, and took the whole houſe into his own hands.

He had already, by his parſimony, accumulated a conſiderable ſum, to which the fortune of his wife was now added. From this time he began to graſp at greater acquiſitions, and was always ready, with money in his hand, to pick up the refuſe of a ſale, or to buy the ſtock of a trader who retired from buſineſs. He ſoon added his parlour to his ſhop, and was obliged a few months afterwards to hire a warehouſe.

He had now a ſhop ſplendidly and copiouſly furniſhed with every thing that time had injured, or faſhion had degraded, with fragments of tiſſues, odd yards of brocade, vaſt bales of faded ſilk, and innumerable boxes of antiquated ribbons. His ſhop was ſoon celebrated through all quarters of the town, and frequented by every form of oſtentatious poverty. Every maid, whoſe misfortune it was to be taller than her lady, matched her gown at Mr. *Drugget's*; and many a maiden, who had paſſed a winter with her aunt in *London*, dazzled the ruſticks, at her return, with cheap finery

finery which *Drugget* had ſupplied. His ſhop was often viſited in a morning by ladies who left their coaches in the next ſtreet, and crept through the alley in linen gowns. *Drugget* knows the rank of his cuſtomers by their baſhfulneſs; and, when he finds them unwilling to be ſeen, invites them up ſtairs, or retires with them to the back window.

I rejoiced at the encreaſing proſperity of my friend, and, imagined that as he grew rich, he was growing happy. His mind has partaken the enlargement of his fortune. When I ſtepped in for the firſt five years, I was welcomed only with a ſhake of the hand; in the next period of his life, he beckoned acroſs the way for a pot of beer; but for ſix years paſt, he invites me to dinner; and, if he beſpeaks me the day before, never fails to regale me with a fillet of veal.

His riches neither made him uncivil or negligent; he roſe at the ſame hour, attended with the ſame aſſiduity, and bowed with the ſame gentleneſs. But for ſome years he has been much inclined to talk of the fatigues of buſineſs, and the confinement of a ſhop, and to wiſh that he had been ſo happy as to have renewed his uncle's leaſe of a farm, that he might have lived without noiſe and hurry, in a pure air, in the artleſs ſociety of honeſt villagers, and the contemplation of the works of nature.

I ſoon diſcovered the cauſe of my friend's philoſophy. He thought himſelf grown rich enough to have a lodging in the country, like the mercers on *Ludgate-hill*, and was reſolved to enjoy himſelf in the decline of life. This was a revolution not to be made ſuddenly. He talked three years of the pleaſures of the country, but paſſed every night over his own ſhop. But at laſt he reſolved to be happy, and hired a lodging in the country, that he may ſteal ſome hours in the week from buſineſs; for, ſays he, *when a man advances in life, he loves to entertain himſelf ſometimes with his own thoughts.*

I was invited to this ſeat of quiet and contemplation among thoſe whom Mr. *Drugget* conſiders as his moſt reputable friends, and deſires to make the firſt witneſſes of his elevation to the higheſt dignities of a ſhopkeeper. I found him at *Iſlington*, in a room which overlooked the high road, amuſing himſelf with looking through the window, which the clouds of duſt would not ſuffer him to open. He embraced me, told me I was welcome into the country, and

asked

aſked me, if I did not feel myſelf refreſhed. He then deſired that dinner might be haſtened, for freſh air always ſharpened his appetite, and ordered me a toaſt and a glaſs of wine after my walk. He told me much of the pleaſure he found in retirement, and wondered what had kept him ſo long out of the country. After dinner company came in, and Mr. *Drugget* again repeated the praiſes of the country, recommended the pleaſures of meditation, and told them, that he had been all the morning at the window, counting the carriages as they paſſed before him.

NUMB. 17. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 5, 1758.

THE rainy weather, which has continued the laſt month, is ſaid to have given great diſturbance to the inſpectors of barometers. The orculous glaſſes have deceived their votaries; ſhower has ſucceeded ſhower, though they predicted ſunſhine and dry ſkies; and by fatal confidence in theſe fallacious promiſes, many coats have loſt their gloſs, and many curls been moiſtened to flaccidity.

This is one of the diſtreſſes to which mortals ſubject themſelves by the pride of ſpeculation. I had no part in this learned diſappointment, who am content to credit my ſenſes, and to believe that rain will fall when the air blackens, and that the weather will be dry when the ſun is bright. My caution indeed does not always preſerve me from a ſhower. To be wet, may happen to the genuine *Idler*; but to be wet in oppoſition to theory, can befal only the *Idler* that pretends to be buſy. Of thoſe that ſpin out life in trifles, and die without a memorial, many flatter themſelves with high opinions of their own importance, and imagine that they are every day adding ſome improvement to human life. To be idle and to be poor, have always been reproaches, and therefore every man endeavours, with his utmoſt care, to hide his poverty from others, and his *idleneſs* from himſelf.

Among thoſe whom I never could perſuade to rank themſelves with *Idlers*, and who ſpeak with indignation of my morning ſleeps and nocturnal rambles; one paſſes the day in catching ſpiders, that he may count their eyes with a microſ-

a microſcope; another erects his head, and exhibits the duſt of a marigold ſeparated from the flower with a dexterity worthy of *Leeuwenhoeck* himſelf. Some turn the wheel of electricity; ſome ſuſpend rings to a load-ſtone, and find that what they did yeſterday they can do again to-day. Some regiſter the changes of the wind, and die fully convinced that the wind is changeable.

There are men yet more profound, who have heard that two colourleſs liquors may produce a colour by union, and that two cold bodies will grow hot if they are mingled; they mingle them, and produce the effect expected, ſay it is ſtrange, and mingle them again.

The *Idlers* that ſport only with inanimate nature may claim ſome indulgence; if they are uſeleſs, they are ſtill innocent: but there are others, whom I know not how to mention without more emotion, than my love of quiet willingly admits. Among the inferior profeſſors of medical knowledge, is a race of wretches, whoſe lives are only varied by varieties of cruelty; whoſe favourite amuſement is to nail dogs to tables and open them alive; to try how long life may be continued in various degrees of mutilation, or with the exciſion or laceration of the vital parts; to examine whether burning irons are felt more acutely by the bone or tendon; and whether the more laſting agonies are produced by poiſon forced into the mouth, or injected into the veins.

It is not without reluctance that I offend the ſenſibility of the tender mind with images like theſe. If ſuch cruelties were not practiſed, it were to be deſired that they ſhould not be conceived; but, ſince they are publiſhed every day with oſtentation, let me be allowed once to mention them, ſince I mention them with abhorrence.

Mead has invidiouſly remarked of *Woodward*, that he gathered ſhells and ſtones, and would paſs for a philoſopher. With pretenſions much leſs reaſonable, the anatomical novice tears out the living bowels of an animal, and ſtyles himſelf phyſician, prepares himſelf by familiar cruelty for that profeſſion which he is to exerciſe upon the tender and the helpleſs, upon feeble bodies and broken minds, and by which he has opportunities to extend his arts of torture, and continue thoſe experiments upon infancy and age, which he has hitherto tried upon cats and dogs.

What is alledged in defence of theſe hateful practices, every one knows; but the truth is, that by knives, fire, and poiſon,

poiſon, knowledge is not always ſought, and is very ſeldom attained. The experiments that have been tried, are tried again; he that burned an animal with irons yeſterday, will be willing to amuſe himſelf with burning another tomorrow. I know not, that by living diſſections any diſcovery has been made by which a ſingle malady is more eaſily cured. And if the knowledge of phyſiology has been ſomewhat encreaſed, he ſurely buys knowledge dear, who learns the uſe of the lacteals at the expence of his humanity. It is time that univerſal reſentment ſhould ariſe againſt theſe horrid operations, which tend to harden the heart, extinguiſh thoſe ſenſations which give man confidence in man, and make the phyſician more dreadful than the gout or ſtone.

NUMB. 18. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 12, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

IT commonly happens to him who endeavours to obtain diſtinction by ridicule, or cenſure, that he teaches others to practiſe his own arts againſt himſelf; and that, after a ſhort enjoyment of the applauſe paid to his ſagacity, or of the mirth excited by his wit, he is doomed to ſuffer the ſame ſeverities of ſcrutiny, to hear inquiry detecting his faults, and exaggeration ſporting with his failings.

The natural diſcontent of inferiority will ſeldom fail to operate in ſome degree of malice againſt him who profeſſes to ſuperintend the conduct of others, eſpecially if he ſeats himſelf uncalled in the chair of judicature, and exerciſes authority by his own commiſſion.

You cannot, therefore, wonder that your obſervations on human folly, if they produce laughter at one time, awaken criticiſm at another; and that among the numbers whom you have taught to ſcoff at the retirement of *Drugget*, there is one who offers his apology.

The miſtake of your old friend is by no means peculiar. The publick pleaſures of far the greater part of mankind are counterfeit.

counterfeit. Very few carry their philofophy to places of diverfion, or are very careful to analyfe their enjoyments. The general condition of life is fo full of mifery, that we are glad to catch delight without enquiring whence it comes, or by what power it is beftowed.

The mind is feldom quickened to very vigorous operations but by pain, or the dread of pain. We do not difturb ourfelves with the detection of fallacies which do us no harm, nor willingly decline a pleafing effect to inveftigate its caufe. He that is happy, by whatever means, defires nothing but the continuance of happinefs, and is no more folicitous to diftribute his fenfations into their proper fpecies, than the common gazer on the beauties of the fpring to feparate light into its original rays.

Pleafure is therefore feldom fuch as it appears to others, nor often fuch as we reprefent it to ourfelves. Of the ladies that fparkle at a mufical performance, a very fmall number has any quick fenfibility of harmonious founds. But every one that goes has her pleafure. She has the pleafure of wearing fine clothes, and of fhewing them, of outfhining thofe whom fhe fufpects to envy her; fhe has the pleafure of appearing among other ladies in a place whither the race of meaner mortals feldom intrudes, and of reflecting that, in the converfations of the next morning, her name will be mentioned among thofe that fat in the firft row; fhe has the pleafure of returning courtefies, or refufing to return them, of receiving compliments with civility, or rejecting them with difdain. She has the pleafure of meeting fome of her acquaintance, of guefling why the reft are abfent, and of telling them that fhe faw the opera, on pretence of inquiring why they would mifs it. She has the pleafure of being fuppofed to be pleafed with a refined amufement, and of hoping to be numbered among the votreffes of harmony. She has the pleafure of efcaping for two hours the fuperiority of a fifter, or the controul of a hufband; and from all thefe pleafures fhe concludes, that heavenly mufick is the balm of life.

All affemblies of gaiety are brought together by motives of the fame kind. The theatre is not filled with thofe that know or regard the fkill of the actor, nor the ball-room by thofe who dance, or attend to the dancers. To all places of general refort, where the ftandard of pleafure is erected, we run with equal eagernefs, or appearance of eagernefs, for very different reafons. One goes that he may fay

he

he has been there, another becauſe he never miſſes. This man goes to try what he can find, and that to diſcover what others find. Whatever diverſion is coſtly will be frequented by thoſe who deſire to be thought rich; and whatever has, by any accident, become faſhionable, eaſily continues its reputation, becauſe every one is aſhamed of not partaking it.

To every place of entertainment we go with expectation and deſire of being pleaſed; we meet others who are brought by the ſame motives; no one will be the firſt to own the diſappointment; one face reflects the ſmile of another, till each believes the reſt delighted, and endeavours to catch and tranſmit the circulating rapture. In time all are deceived by the cheat to which all contribute. The fiction of happineſs is propagated by every tongue, and confirmed by every look, till at laſt all profeſs the joy which they do not feel, conſent to yield to the general deluſion; and when the voluntary dream is at an end, lament that bliſs is of ſo ſhort a duration.

If *Drugget* pretended to pleaſures of which he had no perception, or boaſted of one amuſement where he was indulging another, what did he which is not done by all thoſe who read his ſtory? of whom ſome pretend delight in converſation, only becauſe they dare not be alone; ſome praiſe the quiet of ſolitude, becauſe they are envious of ſenſe, and impatient of folly; and ſome gratify their pride, by writing characters which expoſe the vanity of life.

I am Sir,
Your humble Servant.

Numb. 19. Saturday, *Auguſt* 19, 1758.

SOME of thoſe ancient ſages that have exerciſed their abilities in the enquiry after the *ſupreme good*, have been of opinion, that the higheſt degree of earthly happineſs is quiet; a calm repoſe both of mind and body, undiſturbed by the ſight of folly or the noiſe of buſineſs, the tumults of publick commotion, or the agitations of private intereſt; a ſtate in which the mind has no other employment, but to obſerve

obſerve and regulate her own motions, to trace thought from thought, combine one image with another, raiſe ſyſtems of ſcience, and form theories of virtue.

To the ſcheme of theſe ſolitary ſpeculatiſts, it has been juſtly objected, that if they are happy, they are happy only by being uſeleſs. That mankind is one vaſt republick, where every individual receives many benefits from the labours of others, which, by labouring in his turn for others, he is obliged to repay; and that where the united efforts of all are not able to exempt all from miſery, none have a right to withdraw from their taſk of vigilance, or to be indulged in idle wiſdom or ſolitary pleaſures.

It is common for controvertiſts, in the heat of diſputation, to add one poſition to another till they reach the extremities of knowledge, where truth and falſehood loſe their diſtinction. Their admirers follow them to the brink of abſurdity, and then ſtart back from each ſide towards the middle point. So it has happened in this great diſquiſition. Many perceive alike the force of the contrary arguments, find quiet ſhameful, and buſineſs dangerous, and therefore paſs their lives between them, in buſtle without buſineſs, and negligence without quiet.

Among the principal names of this moderate ſet is that great philoſopher *Jack Whirler*, whoſe buſineſs keeps him in perpetual motion, and whoſe motion always eludes his buſineſs; who is always to do what he never does, who cannot ſtand ſtill becauſe he is wanted in another place, and who is wanted in many places becauſe he ſtays in none.

Jack has more buſineſs than he can conveniently tranſact in one houſe; he has therefore one habitation near *Bow-Church*, and another about a mile diſtant. By this ingenious diſtribution of himſelf between two houſes, *Jack* has has contrived to be found at neither. *Jack's* trade is extenſive, and he has many dealers; his converſation is ſprightly, and he has many companions; his diſpoſition is kind, and he has many friends. *Jack* neither forbears pleaſure for buſineſs, nor omits buſineſs for pleaſure, but is equally inviſible to his friends and his cuſtomers; to him that comes with an invitation to a club, and to him that waits to ſettle an account.

When you call at his houſe, his clerk tells you, that Mr. *Whirler* was juſt ſtept out, but will be at home exactly at two; you wait at a coffee-houſe till two, and then finds that he has been at home, and is gone out again, but left word that he ſhould be at the *Half-moon* tavern at ſeven, where he hopes

hopes to meet you. At ſeven you go to the tavern. At eight in comes Mr. *Whirler* to tell you, that he is glad to ſee you, and only begs leave to run for a few minutes to a gentleman that lives near the *Exchange*, from whom he will return before ſupper can be ready. Away he runs to the *Exchange*, to tell thoſe who are waiting for him, that he muſt beg them to defer the buſineſs till to-morrow, becauſe his time is come at the *Half-moon*.

Jack's cheerfulneſs and civility rank him among thoſe whoſe preſence never gives pain, and whom all receive with fondneſs and careſſes. He calls often on his friends, to tell them, that he will come again to-morrow; on the morrow he comes again, to tell them how an unexpected ſummons hurries him away.—When he enters a houſe, his firſt declaration is, that he cannot ſit down; and ſo ſhort are his viſits, that he ſeldom appears to have come for any other reaſon but to ſay, He muſt go.

The dogs of *Egypt*, when thirſt brings them to the *Nile*, are ſaid to run as they drink for fear of the crocodiles. *Jack Whirler* always dines at full ſpeed. He enters, finds the family at table, ſits familiarly down, and fills his plate; but while the firſt morſel is in his mouth, hears the clock ſtrike, and riſes; then goes to another houſe, ſits down again, recollects another engagement; has only time to taſte the ſoup, makes a ſhort excuſe to the company, and continues through another ſtreet his deſultory dinner.

But, overwhelmed as he is with buſineſs, his chief deſire is to have ſtill more. Every new propoſal takes poſſeſſion of his thoughts; he ſoon balances probabilities, engages in the project, brings it almoſt to completion, and then forſakes it for another, which he catches with ſome alacrity, urges with the ſame vehemence, and abandons with the ſame coldneſs.

Every man may be obſerved to have a certain ſtrain of lamentation, ſome peculiar theme of complaint on which he dwells in his moments of dejection. *Jack's* topick of ſorrow is the want of time. Many an excellent deſign languiſhes in empty theory for want of time. For the omiſſion of any civilities, want of time is his plea to others; for the neglect of any affairs, want of time is his excuſe to himſelf. That he wants time, he ſincerely believes; for he once pined away many months with a lingering diſtemper, for want of time to attend his health.

Thus *Jack Whirler* lives in perpetual fatigue without proportionate advantage, becauſe he does not conſider that no man

man can ſee all with his own eyes, or do all with his own hands; that whoever is engaged in multiplicity of buſineſs, muſt tranſact much by ſubſtitution, and leave ſomething to hazard; and that he who attempts to do all, will waſte his life in doing little.

NUMB. 20. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 26, 1758.

THERE is no crime more infamous than the violation of truth. It is apparent that men can be ſocial beings no longer than they believe each other. When ſpeech is employed only as the vehicle of falſehood, every man muſt diſunite himſelf from others, inhabit his own cave, and ſeek prey only for himſelf.

Yet the law of truth, thus ſacred and neceſſary, is broken without puniſhment, without cenſure, in compliance with inveterate prejudice and prevailing paſſions. Men are willing to credit what they wiſh, and encourage rather thoſe who gratify them with pleaſure, than thoſe that inſtruct them with fidelity.

For this reaſon every hiſtorian diſcovers his country; and it is impoſſible to read the different accounts of any great event, without a wiſh that truth had more power over partiality.

Amidſt the joy of my countrymen for the acquiſition of *Louiſbourg*, I could not forbear to conſider how differently this revolution of *American* power is not only now mentioned by the contending nations, but will be repreſented by the writers of another century.

The *Engliſh* hiſtorian will imagine himſelf barely doing juſtice to *Engliſh* virtue, when he relates the capture of *Louiſbourg* in the following manner:

"The *Engliſh* had hitherto ſeen, with great indignation, "their attempts baffled and their force defied by an enemy, "whom they conſidered themſelves as entitled to conquer "by the right of preſcription, and whom many ages of he-"reditary ſuperiority had taught them to deſpiſe. Their "fleets were more numerous, and their ſeamen braver, "than thoſe of *France*; yet they only floated uſeleſs on the "ocean, and the *French* derided them from their ports.

" Misfortunes, as is usual, produced discontent, the peo-
" ple murmured at the ministers, and the ministers censured
" the commanders.

" In the summer of this year, the *English* began to find
" their success answerable to their cause. A fleet and an
" army were sent to *America* to dislodge the enemies from
" the settlements which they had so perfidiously made,
" and so insolently maintained, and to repress that power
" which was growing more every day by the association of
" the *Indians*, with whom these degenerate *Europeans* in-
" termarried, and whom they secured to their party by pre-
" sents and promises.

" In the beginning of *June* the ships of war and vessels
" containing the land forces appeared before *Louisbourg*, a
" place so secure by nature that art was almost superfluous,
" and yet fortified by art as if nature had left it open. The
" *French* boasted that it was impregnable, and spoke with
" scorn of all attempts that could be made against it. The
" garrison was numerous, the stores equal to the longest
" siege, and their engineers and commanders high in re-
" putation. The mouth of the harbour was so narrow,
" that three ships within might easily defend it against all
" attacks from the sea. The *French* had, with that caution
" which cowards borrow from fear and attribute to policy,
" eluded our fleets, and sent into that port five great ships
" and six smaller, of which they sunk four in the mouth of
" the passage, having raised batteries, and posted troops, at
" all the places where they thought it possible to make a de-
" scent. The *English*, however, had more to dread from
" the roughness of the sea, than from the skill or bravery
" of the defendants. Some days passed before the surges,
" which rise very high round that island, would suffer them
" to land. At last their impatience could be restrained no
" longer; they got possession of the shore with little loss by
" the sea, and with less by the enemy. In a few days the
" artillery was landed, the batteries were raised, and the
" *French* had no other hope than to escape from one post to
" another. A shot from the batteries fired the powder in
" one of their largest ships, the flame spread to the two
" next, and all three were destroyed; the *English* admiral
" sent his boats against the two large ships yet remaining,
" took them without resistance, and terrified the garrison to
" an immediate capitulation."

Let

Let us now oppofe to this *Engliſh* narrative the relation which will be produced, about the ſame time, by the writer of the age of *Louis* XV.

" About this time the *Engliſh* admitted to the conduct of " affairs a man who undertook to ſave from deſtruction that " ferocious and turbulent people, who, from the mean in- " ſolence of wealthy traders, and the lawleſs confidence of " ſucceſsful robbers, were now ſunk in deſpair and ſtupi- " fied with horror. He called in the ſhips which had been " diſperſed over the ocean to guard their merchants, and " ſent a fleet and an army, in which almoſt the whole " ſtrength of *England* was compriſed, to ſecure their poſ- " ſeſſions in *America*, which were endangered alike by the " *French* arms and the *French* virtue. We had taken the *Eng-* " *liſh* fortreſſes by force, and gained the *Indian* nations by " humanity. The *Engliſh*, wherever they come, are ſure to " have the natives for their enemies; for the only motive " of their ſettlements is avarice, and the only conſequence " of their ſucceſs is oppreſſion. In this war they acted like " other barbarians, and, with a degree of outrageous cru- " elty, which the gentleneſs of our manners ſcarcely ſuffers " us to conceive, offered rewards by open proclamation to " thoſe who ſhould bring in the ſcalps of *Indian* women and " children. A trader always makes war with the cruelty " of a pirate.

" They had long looked with envy and with terror upon " the influence which the *French* exerted over all the north- " ern regions of *America* by the poſſeſſion of *Louiſbourg*, a " place naturally ſtrong, and new fortified with ſome ſlight " outworks. They hoped to ſurpriſe the garriſon unpro- " vided; but that ſluggiſhneſs which always defeats their " malice, gave us time to ſend ſupplies, and to ſtation ſhips " for the defence of the harbour. They came before " *Louiſbourg* in *June*, and were for ſome time in doubt " whether they ſhould land. But the commanders, who " had lately ſeen an admiral beheaded for not having done " what he had not power to do, durſt not leave the place " unaſſaulted. An *Engliſhman* has no ardour for honour, " nor zeal for duty; he neither values glory nor loves his " king; but balances one danger with another, and will " fight rather than be hanged. They therefore landed, " but with great loſs; their engineers had, in the laſt war " with the *French*, learned ſomething of the military ſci- " ence, and made their approaches with ſufficient ſkill; but

" all their efforts had been without effect, had not a ball
" unfortunately fallen into the powder of one of our ships,
" which communicated the fire to the rest, and, by open-
" ing the passage of the harbour, obliged the garrison to
" capitulate. Thus was *Louisbourg* lost, and our troops
" marched out with the admiration of their enemies, who
" durst hardly think themselves masters of the place."

NUMB. 21. SATURDAY, *September* 2, 1758.

To the IDLER.

DEAR MR. IDLER,

THERE is a species of misery, or of disease, for which our language is commonly supposed to be without a name, but which I think is emphatically enough denominated *listlessness*, and which is commonly termed a want of something to do.

Of the unhappiness of this state I do not expect all your readers to have an adequate idea. Many are overburdened with business, and can imagine no comfort but in rest; many have minds so placid, as willingly to indulge a voluntary lethargy; or so narrow, as easily to be filled to their utmost capacity. By these I shall not be understood, and therefore cannot be pitied. Those only will sympathise with my complaint, whose imagination is active and resolution weak, whose desires are ardent, and whose choice is delicate; who cannot satisfy themselves with standing still, and yet cannot find a motive to direct their course.

I was the second son of a gentleman, whose estate was barely sufficient to support himself and his heir in the dignity of killing game. He therefore made use of the interest which the alliances of his family afforded him, to procure me a post in the army. I passed some years in the most contemptible of all human stations, that of a soldier in time of peace. I wandered with the regiment as the quarters were changed, without opportunity for business, taste for knowledge, or money

money for pleaſure. Wherever I came, I was for ſome time a ſtranger without curioſity, and afterwards an acquaintance without friendſhip. Having nothing to hope in theſe places of fortuitous reſidence, I reſigned my conduct to chance; I had no intention to offend, I had no ambition to delight.

I ſuppoſe every man is ſhocked when he hears how frequently ſoldiers are wiſhing for war. The wiſh is not always ſincere; the greater part are content with ſleep and lace, and counterfeit an ardour which they do not feel; but thoſe who deſire it moſt are neither prompted by malevolence nor patriotiſm; they neither pant for laurels, nor delight in blood; but long to be delivered from the tyranny of idleneſs, and reſtored to the dignity of active beings.

I never imagined myſelf to have more courage than other men, yet was often involuntarily wiſhing for a war, but of a war at that time I had no proſpect; and being enabled, by the death of an uncle, to live without my pay, I quitted the army, and reſolved to regulate my own motions.

I was pleaſed, for a while, with the novelty of independence, and imagined that I had now found what every man deſires. My time was in my own power, and my habitation was wherever my choice ſhould fix it. I amuſed myſelf for two years in paſſing from place to place, and comparing one convenience with another; but being at laſt aſhamed of enquiry, and weary of uncertainty, I purchaſed a houſe, and eſtabliſhed my family.

I now expected to begin to be happy, and was happy for a ſhort time with that expectation. But I ſoon perceived my ſpirits to ſubſide, and my imagination to grow dark. The gloom thickened every day round me. I wondered by what malignant power my peace was blaſted, till I diſcovered at laſt that I had nothing to do.

Time, with all its celerity, moves ſlowly to him whoſe whole employment is to watch its flight. I am forced upon a thouſand ſhifts to enable me to endure the tedioufneſs of the day. I riſe when I can ſleep no longer, and take my morning walk; I ſee what I have ſeen before, and return. I ſit down, and perſuade myſelf that I ſit down to think, find it impoſſible to think without a ſubject, riſe up to enquire after news, and endeavour to kindle in myſelf an artificial impatience for intelligence of events, which will never extend any conſequence to me, but that a few minutes they abſtract me from myſelf.

When

When I have heard any thing that may gratify curiosity, I am busied for a while in running to relate it. I hasten from one place of concourse to another, delighted with my own importance, and proud to think that I am doing something, though I know that another hour would spare my labour.

I had once a round of visits, which I paid very regularly; but I have now tired most of my friends. When I have sat down I forget to rise, and have more than once overheard one asking another when I would be gone. I perceive the company tired, I observe the mistress of the family whispering to her servants, I find orders given to put off business till to-morrow, I see the watches frequently inspected, and yet cannot withdraw to the vacuity of solitude, or venture myself in my own company.

Thus burthensome to myself and others, I form many schemes of employment which may make my life useful or agreeable, and exempt me from the ignominy of living by sufferance. This new course I have long designed, but have not yet begun. The present moment is never proper for the change, but there is always a time in view when all obstacles will be removed, and I shall surprize all that know me with a new distribution of my time. Twenty years have passed since I have resolved a complete amendment, and twenty years have been lost in delays. Age is coming upon me; and I should look back with rage and despair upon the waste of life, but that I am now beginning in earnest to begin a reformation.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Dick Linger.

NUMB. 22. SATURDAY, *September* 16, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

AS I was paſſing lately under one of the gates of this city, I was ſtruck with horror by a rueful cry, which ſummoned me *to remember the poor debtors*.

The wiſdom and juſtice of the *Engliſh* laws are, by *Engliſhmen* at leaſt, loudly celebrated; but ſcarcely the moſt zealous admirers of our inſtitutions can think that law wiſe, which, when men are capable of work, obliges them to beg; or juſt, which expoſes the liberty of one to the paſſions of another.

The proſperity of a people is proportionate to the number of hands and minds uſefully employed. To the community ſedition is a fever, corruption is a gangrene, and idleneſs an atrophy. Whatever body, and whatever ſociety, waſtes more than it acquires, muſt gradually decay; and every being that continues to be fed, and ceaſes to labour, takes away ſomething from the public ſtock.

The confinement, therefore of any man in the ſloth and darkneſs of a priſon, is a loſs to the nation, and no gain to the creditor. For of the multitudes who are pining in thoſe cells of miſery, a very ſmall part is ſuſpected of any fraudulent act by which they retain what belongs to others. The reſt are impriſoned by the wantonneſs of pride, the malignity of revenge, or the acrimony of diſappointed expectation.

If thoſe, who thus rigorouſly exerciſe the power which the law has put into their hands, be aſked, why they continue to impriſon thoſe whom they know to be unable to pay them; one will anſwer, that his debtor once lived better than himſelf; another, that his wife looked above her neighbours, and his children went in ſilk clothes to the dancing-ſchool; and another, that he pretended to be a joker and a wit. Some will reply, that if they were in debt, they ſhould meet with the ſame treatment; ſome, that they owe no more than they can pay, and need therefore give no account of their actions. Some will confeſs their reſoluti-

on,

on, that their debtors ſhall rot in jail; and ſome will diſcover, that they hope, by cruelty, to wring the payment from their friends.

The end of all civil regulations is to ſecure private happineſs from private malignity; to keep individuals from the power of one another; but this end is apparently neglected, when a man, irritated with loſs, is allowed to be the judge of his own cauſe, and to aſſign the puniſhment of his own pain; when the diſtinction between guilt and happineſs, between caſualty and deſign, is entruſted to eyes blind with intereſt, to underſtandings depraved by reſentment.

Since poverty is puniſhed among us as a crime, it ought at leaſt to be treated with the ſame lenity as other crimes; the offender ought not to languiſh at the will of him whom he has offended, but to be allowed ſome appeal to the juſtice of his country. There can be no reaſon why any debtor ſhould be impriſoned, but that he may be compelled to payment; and a term ſhould therefore be fixed, in which the creditor ſhould exhibit his accuſation of concealed property. If ſuch property can be diſcovered, let it be given to the creditor; if the charge is not offered, or cannot be proved, let the priſoner be diſmiſſed.

Thoſe who made the laws have apparently ſuppoſed, that every deficiency of payment is the crime of the debtor. But the truth is, that the creditor always ſhares the act, and often more than ſhares the guilt, of improper truſt. It ſeldom happens that any man impriſons another but for debts which he ſuffered to be contracted in hope of advantage to himſelf, and for bargains in which he proportioned his profit to his own opinion of the hazard; and there is no reaſon why one ſhould puniſh the other for a contract in which both concurred.

Many of the inhabitants of priſons may juſtly complain of harder treatment. He that once owes more than he can pay, is often obliged to bribe his creditor to patience, by encreaſing his debt. Worſe and worſe commodities, at a higher and higher price, are forced upon him; he is impoveriſhed by compulſive traffic, and at laſt overwhelmed, in the common receptacles of miſery, by debts, which, without his own conſent, were accumulated on his head. To the relief of this diſtreſs, no other objection can be made, but that by an eaſy diſſolution of debts fraud will be left without puniſhment, and imprudence without awe; and that

that when insolvency should be no longer punishable, credit will cease.

The motive to credit, is the hope of advantage. Commerce can never be at a stop, while one man wants what another can supply; and credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. He that trusts one whom he designs to sue, is criminal by the act of trust; the cessation of such insidious traffic is to be desired, and no reason can be given why a change of the law should impair any other.

We see nation trade with nation, where no payment can be compelled. Mutual convenience produces mutual confidence; and the merchants continue to satisfy the demands of each other, though they have nothing to dread but the loss of trade.

It is vain to continue an institution, which experience shews to be ineffectual. We have now imprisoned one generation of debtors after another, but we do not find that their numbers lessen. We have now learned, that rashness and imprudence will not be deterred from taking credit; let us try whether fraud and avarice may be more easily restrained from giving it.

I am, Sir, &c.

Numb. 23. Saturday, *September* 23, 1758.

LIFE has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession of which the duration is less certain.

Many have talked, in very exalted language, of the perpetuity of friendship, of invincible constancy, and unalienable kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affection has predominated over changes of fortune, and contrariety of opinion.

But these instances are memorable, because they are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals, must take its rise from mutual pleasure,

ſure, and muſt end when the power ceaſes of delighting each other.

Many accidents therefore may happen, by which the ardour of kindneſs will be abated, without criminal baſeneſs or contemptible inconſtancy on either part. To give pleaſure is not always in our power; and little does he know himſelf, who believes that he can be always able to receive it.

Thoſe who would gladly paſs their days together may be ſeparated by the different courſe of their affairs; and friendſhip, like love, is deſtroyed by long abſence, though it may be encreaſed by ſhort intermiſſions. What we have miſſed long enough to want it, we value more when it is regained; but that which has been loſt till it is forgotten, will be found at laſt with little gladneſs, and with ſtill leſs if a ſubſtitute has ſupplied the place. A man deprived of the companion to whom he uſed to open his boſom, and with whom he ſhared the hours of leiſure and merriment, feels the day at firſt hanging heavy on him; his difficulties oppreſs, and his doubts diſtract him; he ſees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all his ſadneſs within and ſolitude about him. But this uneaſineſs never laſts long; neceſſity produces expedients, new amuſements are diſcovered, and new converſation is admitted.

No expectation is more frequently diſappointed, than that which naturally ariſes in the mind from the proſpect of meeting an old friend after long ſeparation. We expect the attraction to be revived, and the coalition to be renewed; no man conſiders how much alteration time has made in himſelf, and very few enquire what effect it has had upon others. The firſt hour convinces them, that the pleaſure, which they have formerly enjoyed, is for ever at an end; different ſcenes have made different impreſſions; the opinions of both are changed; and that ſimilitude of manners and ſentiment is loſt, which confirmed them both in the approbation of themſelves.

Friendſhip is often deſtroyed by oppoſition of intereſt, not only by the ponderous and viſible intereſt which the deſire of wealth and greatneſs forms and maintains, but by a thouſand ſecret and ſlight competitions, ſcarcely known to the mind upon which they operate. There is ſcarcely any man without ſome favourite trifle which he values above greater attainments, ſome deſire of petty praiſe which he cannot patiently ſuffer to be fruſtrated. This minute ambi-

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tion is ſometimes croſſed before it is known, and ſometimes defeated by wanton petulance; but ſuch attacks are ſeldom made without the loſs of friendſhip; for whoever has once found the vulnerable part will always be feared, and the reſentment will burn on in ſecret of which ſhame hinders the diſcovery.

This, however, is a ſlow malignity, which a wiſe man will obviate as inconſiſtent with quiet, and a good man will repreſs as contrary to virtue; but human happineſs is ſometimes violated by ſome more ſudden ſtrokes.

A diſpute begun in jeſt, upon a ſubject which a moment before was on both parts regarded with careleſs indifference, is continued by the deſire of conqueſt, till vanity kindles into rage, and oppoſition rankles into enmity. Againſt this haſty miſchief, I know not what ſecurity can be obtained: men will be ſometimes ſurprized into quarrels; and though they might both haſten to reconciliation, as ſoon as their tumult had ſubſided, yet two minds will ſeldom be found together, which can at once ſubdue their diſcontent, or immediately enjoy the ſweets of peace, without remembering the wounds of the conflict.

Friendſhip has other enemies. Suſpicion is always hardening the cautious, and diſguſt repelling the delicate. Very ſlender differences will ſometimes part thoſe whom long reciprocation of civility or beneficence has united. *Lonelove* and *Ranger* retired into the country to enjoy the company of each other, and returned in ſix weeks cold and petulant; *Ranger's* pleaſure was to walk in the fields, and *Lonelove's* to ſit in a bower; each had complied with the other in his turn, and each was angry that compliance had been exacted.

The moſt fatal diſeaſe of friendſhip is gradual decay, or diſlike hourly encreaſed by cauſes too ſlender for complaint, and too numerous for removal.—Thoſe who are angry may be reconciled; thoſe who have been injured may receive a recompence: but when the deſire of pleaſing and willingneſs to be pleaſed is ſilently diminiſhed, the renovation of friendſhip is hopeleſs; as, when the vital powers ſink into languor, there is no longer any uſe of the phyſician.

Numb. 24. Saturday, *September* 30, 1758.

When man ſees one of the inferior creatures perched upon a tree, or baſking in the ſunſhine, without any apparent endeavour or purſuit, he often aſks himſelf, or his companion, *On what that animal can be ſuppoſed to be thinking?*

Of this queſtion, ſince neither bird nor beaſt can anſwer it, we muſt be content to live without the reſolution. We know not how much the brutes recollect of the paſt, or anticipate of the future; what power they have of comparing and preferring; or whether their faculties may not reſt in motionleſs indifference, till they are moved by the preſence of their proper object, or ſtimulated to act by corporal ſenſations.

I am the leſs inclined to theſe ſuperfluous inquiries, becauſe I have always been able to find ſufficient matter for curioſity in my own ſpecies. It is uſeleſs to go far in queſt of that which may be found at home; a very narrow circle of obſervation will ſupply a ſufficient number of men and women, who might be aſked, with equal propriety, *On what they can be thinking?*

It is reaſonable to believe, that thought, like every thing elſe, has its cauſes and effects; that it muſt proceed from ſomething known, done, or ſuffered; and muſt produce ſome action or event. Yet how great is the number of thoſe in whoſe minds no ſource of thought has ever been opened, in whoſe life no conſequence of thought is ever diſcovered; who have learned nothing upon which they can reflect; who have neither ſeen nor felt any thing which could leave its traces on the memory; who neither foreſee nor deſire any change of their condition, and have therefore neither fear, hope, nor deſign, and yet are ſuppoſed to be thinking beings.

To every act a ſubject is required. He that thinks muſt think upon ſomething. But tell me, ye that pierce deepeſt into nature, ye that take the wideſt ſurveys of life, inform me, kind ſhades of *Malbranche* and of *Locke*, what that ſomething can be, which excites and continues thought in maiden aunts with ſmall fortunes; in younger brothers that

that live upon annuities; in traders retired from buſineſs; in ſoldiers abſent from their regiments; or in widows that have no children?

Life is commonly conſidered as either active or contemplative; but ſurely this diviſion, how long ſoever it has been received, is inadequate and fallacious. There are mortals whoſe life is certainly not active, for they do neither good nor evil; and whoſe life cannot be properly called contemplative, for they never attend either to the conduct of men, or the works of nature, but riſe in the morning, look round them till night in careleſs ſtupidity, go to bed and ſleep, and riſe again in the morning.

It has been lately a celebrated queſtion in the ſchools of philoſophy, *Whether the ſoul always thinks?* Some have defined the ſoul to be the *power of thinking;* concluded that its eſſence conſiſts in act; that, if it ſhould ceaſe to act, it would ceaſe to be; and that ceſſation of thought is but another name for extinction of mind. This argument is ſubtle, but not concluſive; becauſe it ſuppoſes what cannot be proved, that the nature of mind is properly defined. Others affect to diſdain ſubtilty, when ſubtilty will not ſerve their purpoſe, and appeal to daily experience. We ſpend many hours, they ſay, in ſleep, without the leaſt remembrance of any thoughts which then paſſed in our minds; and ſince we can only by our own conſciouſneſs be ſure that we think, why ſhould we imagine that we have had thought of which no conſciouſneſs remains?

This argument, which appeals to experience, may from experience be confuted. We every day do ſomething which we forget when it is done, and know to have been done only by conſequence. The waking hours are not denied to have been paſſed in thought; yet he that ſhall endeavour to recollect on one day the ideas of the former, will only turn the eye of reflection upon vacancy; he will find, that the greater part is irrevocably vaniſhed, and wonder how the moments could come and go, and leave ſo little behind them.

To diſcover only that the arguments on both ſides are defective, and to throw back the tenet into its former uncertainty, is the ſport of wanton or malevolent ſcepticiſm, delighting to ſee the ſons of philoſophy at work upon a taſk which never can be decided. I ſhall ſuggeſt an argument hitherto overlooked, which may perhaps determine the controverſy.

If

If it be impoſſible to think without materials, there muſt neceſſarily be minds that do not always think; and whence ſhall we furniſh materials for the meditation of the glutton between his meals, of the ſportſman in a rainy month, of the annuitant between the days of quarterly payment, of the politician when the mails are detained by contrary winds?

But how frequent ſoever may be the examples of exiſtence without thought, it is certainly a ſtate not much to be deſired. He that lives in torpid inſenſibility, wants nothing of a carcaſe but putrefaction. It is the part of every inhabitant of the earth to partake the pains and pleaſures of his fellow beings; and, as in a road through a country deſart and uniform, the traveller languiſhes for want of amuſement, ſo the paſſage of life will be tedious and irkſome to him who does not beguile it by diverſified ideas.

Numb. 25. Saturday, *October* 7, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I AM a very conſtant frequenter of the playhouſe, a place to which I ſuppoſe the *Idler* not much a ſtranger, ſince he can have no where elſe ſo much entertainment with ſo little concurrence of his own endeavour. At all other aſſemblies, he that comes to receive delight, will be expected to give it; but in the theatre nothing is neceſſary to the amuſement of two hours, but to ſit down and be willing to be pleaſed.

The laſt week has offered two new actors to the town. The appearance and retirement of actors are the great events of the theatrical world; and their firſt performances fill the pit with conjecture and prognoſtication, as the firſt actions of a new monarch agitate nations with hope or fear.

What opinion I have formed of the future excellence of theſe candidates for dramatic glory, it is not neceſſary to declare. Their entrance gave me a higher and nobler pleaſure

ſure than any borrowed character can afford. I ſaw the ranks of the theatre emulating each other in candour and humanity, and contending who ſhould moſt effectually aſſiſt the ſtruggles of endeavour, diſſipate the bluſh of diffidence, and ſtill the flutter of timidity.

This behaviour is ſuch as becomes a people, too tender to repreſs thoſe who wiſh to pleaſe, too generous to inſult thoſe who can make no reſiſtance. A public performer is ſo much in the power of ſpectators, that all unneceſſary ſeverity is reſtrained by that general law of humanity which forbids us to be cruel where there is nothing to be feared.

In every new performer ſomething muſt be pardoned. No man can, by any force of reſolution, ſecure to himſelf the full poſſeſſion of his own powers under the eye of a large aſſembly. Variation of geſture, and flexion of voice, are to be obtained only by experience.

There is nothing for which ſuch numbers think themſelves qualified as for theatrical exhibition. Every human being has an action graceful to his own eye, a voice muſical to his own ear, and a ſenſibility which nature forbids him to know that any other boſom can excel. An art in which ſuch numbers fancy themſelves excellent, and which the public liberally rewards, will excite many competitors, and in many attempts there muſt be many miſcarriages.

The care of the critic ſhould be to diſtinguiſh error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent may be reclaimed; vociferation vehement and confuſed may be reſtrained and modulated; the ſtalk of the tyrant may become the gait of the man; the yell of inarticulate diſtreſs may be reduced to human lamentation. All theſe faults ſhould be for a time overlooked, and afterwards cenſured with gentleneſs and candour. But if in an actor there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a ſtupid languor, a torpid apathy, the greateſt kindneſs that can be ſhewn him, is a ſpeedy ſentence of expulſion.

I am, Sir, &c.

The plea which my correſpondent has offered for young actors, I am very far from wiſhing to invalidate. I always conſidered thoſe combinations which are ſometimes formed in the playhouſe, as acts of fraud or of cruelty; he that applauds him who does not deſerve praiſe, is endeavouring

to

to deceive the public; he that hiſſes in malice or ſport, is an oppreſſor and a robber.

But ſurely this laudable forbearance might be juſtly extended to young poets. The art of the writer, like that of the player, is attained by ſlow degrees. The power of diſtinguiſhing and diſcriminating comick characters, or of filling tragedy with poetical images, muſt be the gift of nature, which no inſtruction nor labour can ſupply; but the art of dramatick diſpoſition, the contexture of the ſcenes, the oppoſition of characters, the involution of the plot, the expedients of ſuſpenſion, and the ſtratagems of ſurprize, are to be learned by practice; and it is cruel to diſcourage a poet for ever, becauſe he has not from genius what only experience can beſtow.

Life is a ſtage. Let me likewiſe ſolicit candour for the young actor on the ſtage of life. They that enter into the world are too often treated with unreaſonable rigour by thoſe that were once as ignorant and heady as themſelves; and diſtinction is not always made between the faults which require ſpeedy and violent eradication, and thoſe that will gradually drop away in the progreſſion of life. Vicious ſolicitations of appetite, if not checked, will grow more importunate; and mean arts of profit or ambition will gather ſtrength in the mind, if they are not early ſuppreſſed. But miſtaken notions of ſuperiority, deſires of uſeleſs ſhow, pride of little accompliſhments, and all the train of vanity, will be bruſhed away by the wing of Time.

Reproof ſhould not exhauſt its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently againſt the incurſion of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themſelves.

Numb. 26. Saturday, *October* 14, 1758.

MR. IDLER,

I NEVER thought that I ſhould write any thing to be printed; but having lately ſeen your firſt eſſay, which was ſent down into the kitchen, with a great bundle of gazettes and uſeleſs papers, I find that you are willing to admit any correſpondent, and therefore hope you will not reject me.

If

If you publiſh my letter, it may encourage others, in the ſame condition with myſelf, to tell their ſtories, which may be perhaps as uſeful as thoſe of great ladies.

I am a poor girl. I was bred in the country at a charity-ſchool, maintained by the contributions of wealthy neighbours. The ladies, or patroneſſes, viſited us from time to time, examined how we were taught, and ſaw that our clothes were clean. We lived happily enough, and were inſtructed to be thankful to thoſe at whoſe coſt we were educated. I was always the favourite of my miſtreſs; ſhe uſed to call me to read and ſhew my copy-book to all ſtrangers, who never diſmiſſed me without commendation, and very ſeldom without a ſhilling.

At laſt the chief of our ſubſcribers, having paſſed a winter in *London*, came down full of an opinion new and ſtrange to the whole country. She held it little leſs than criminal to teach poor girls to read and write. They who are born to poverty, ſhe ſaid, are born to ignorance, and will work the harder the leſs they know. She told her friends, that *London* was in confuſion by the inſolence of ſervants; that ſcarcely a wench was to be got for *all work*, ſince education had made ſuch numbers of fine ladies, that nobody would now accept a lower title than that of a waiting-maid, or ſomething that might qualify her to wear laced ſhoes and long ruffles, and to ſit at work in the parlour window. But ſhe was reſolved, for her part, to ſpoil no more girls; thoſe, who were to live by their hands, ſhould neither read nor write out of her pocket; the world was bad enough already, and ſhe would have no part in making it worſe.

She was for a ſhort time warmly oppoſed; but ſhe perſevered in her notions, and withdrew her ſubſcription. Few liſten without a deſire of conviction to thoſe who adviſe them to ſpare their money. Her example and her arguments gained ground daily; and in leſs than a year the whole pariſh was convinced, that the nation would be ruined, if the children of the poor were taught to read and write.

Our ſchool was now diſſolved: my miſtreſs kiſſed me when we parted, and told me, that, being old and helpleſs, ſhe could not aſſiſt me, adviſed me to ſeek a ſervice, and charged me not to forget what I had learned.

My reputation for ſcholarſhip, which had hitherto recommended me to favour, was, by the adherents to the

new opinion, considered as a crime; and, when I offered myself to any mistress, I had no other answer than, *Sure, child, you would not work! hard work is not fit for a pen-woman; a scrubbing-brush would spoil your hand, child!*

I could not live at home; and while I was considering to what I should betake me, one of the girls, who had gone from our school to *London*, came down in a silk gown, and told her acquaintance how well she lived, what fine things she saw, and what great wages she received. I resolved to try my fortune, and took my passage in the next week's waggon to *London*. I had no snares laid for me at my arrival, but came safe to a sister of my mistress, who undertook to get me a place. She knew only the families of mean tradesmen; and I, having no high opinion of my own qualifications, was willing to accept the first offer.

My first mistress was wife of a working watch-maker, who earned more than was sufficient to keep his family in decency and plenty; but it was their constant practice to hire a chaise on *Sunday*, and spend half the wages of the week on *Richmond Hill*; of *Monday* he commonly lay half in bed, and spent the other half in merriment; *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* consumed the rest of his money; and three days every week were passed in extremity of want by us who were left at home, while my master lived on trust at an alehouse. You may be sure, that of the sufferers the maid suffered most; and I left them, after three months, rather than be starved.

I was then maid to a hatter's wife. There was no want to be dreaded, for they lived in perpetual luxury. My mistress was a diligent woman, and rose early in the morning to set the journeymen to work; my master was a man much beloved by his neighbours, and sat at one club or other every night. I was obliged to wait on my master at night, and on my mistress in the morning. He seldom came home before two, and she rose at five. I could no more live without sleep than without food, and therefore entreated them to look out for another servant.

My next removal was to a linen-draper's, who had six children. My mistress, when I first entered the house, informed me, that I must never contradict the children, nor suffer them to cry. I had no desire to offend, and readily promised to do my best. But when I gave them their breakfast, I could not help all first; when I was playing with one in my lap, I was forced to keep the rest in expectation

expectation. That which was not gratified always resented the injury with a loud outcry, which put my mistress in a fury at me, and procured sugar-plumbs to the child. I could not keep six children quiet, who were bribed to be clamorous; and was therefore dismissed, as a girl honest, but not good natured.

I then lived with a couple that kept a petty shop of remnants and cheap linen. I was qualified to make a bill, or keep a book; and being therefore often called, at a busy time, to serve the customers, expected that I should now be happy, in proportion as I was useful. But my mistress appropriated every day part of the profit to some private use, and, as she grew bolder in her theft, at last deducted such sums, that my master began to wonder how he sold so much, and gained so little. She pretended to assist his enquiries, and began, very gravely, to hope that *Betty was honest, and yet those sharp girls were apt to be light-fingered.* You will believe that I did not stay there much longer.

The rest of my story I will tell you in another letter; and only beg to be informed, in some paper, for which of my places, except perhaps the last, I was disqualified by my skill in reading and writing.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
BETTY BROOM.

NUMB. 27. SATURDAY, *October* 21, 1758.

IT has been the endeavour of all those whom the world has reverenced for superior wisdom, to persuade man to be acquainted with himself, to learn his own powers and his own weakness, to observe by what evils he is most dangerously beset, and by what temptations most easily overcome.

This counsel has been often given with serious dignity, and often received with appearance of conviction; but, as very few can search deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves, scarcely any man persists in cultivating such disagreeable acquaintance, but draws the veil again between his eyes and his

heart, leaves his paſſions and appetites as he found them, and adviſes others to look into themſelves.

This is the common reſult of enquiry even among thoſe that endeavour to grow wiſer or better: but this endeavour is far enough from frequency; the greater part of the multitudes that ſwarm upon the earth have never been diſturbed by ſuch uneaſy curioſity, but deliver themſelves up to buſineſs or to pleaſure, plunge into the current of life, whether placid or turbulent, and paſs on from one point of proſpect to another, attentive rather to any thing than the ſtate of their minds; ſatisfied, at an eaſy rate, with an opinion, that they are no worſe than others, that every man muſt mind his own intereſt, or that their pleaſures hurt only themſelves, and are therefore no proper ſubjects of cenſure.

Some, however, there are, whom the intruſion of ſcruples, the recollection of better notions, or the latent reprehenſion of good examples, will not ſuffer to live entirely contented with their own conduct; theſe are forced to pacify the mutiny of reaſon with fair promiſes, and quiet their thoughts with deſigns of calling all their actions to review, and planning a new ſcheme for the time to come.

There is nothing which we eſtimate ſo fallaciouſly as the force of our own reſolutions, nor any fallacy which we ſo unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has reſolved a thouſand times, and a thouſand times deſerted his own purpoſe, yet ſuffers no abatement of his confidence, but ſtill believes himſelf his own maſter; and able, by innate vigour of ſoul, to preſs forward to his end, through all the obſtructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this miſtake ſhould prevail for a time, is very natural. When conviction is preſent, and temptation out of ſight, we do not eaſily conceive how any reaſonable being can deviate from his true intereſt. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in ſpeculation, is ſo plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole ſoul yields itſelf to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the the time of action comes, will be at laſt omitted.

I believe moſt men may review all the lives that have paſſed within their obſervation, without remembering one efficacious reſolution, or being able to tell a ſingle inſtance of

of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty; but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not so often endeavour or wish to impose on others as on ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited to our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself "from an ill habit," says *Bacon*, "must not change too "much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by diffi-"culty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow ad-"vances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of *Pluto*:

Pauci, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.

They are sufficient to give hope, but not security; to animate the contest, but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can; and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained: but those who are not yet subject to their influence may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

NUMB.

NUMB. 28. SATURDAY, *October* 28, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

IT is very eaſy for a man who ſits idle at home, and has nobody to pleaſe but himſelf, to ridicule or to cenſure the common practices of mankind; and thoſe who have no preſent temptation to break the rules of propriety, may applaud his judgment, and join in his merriment; but let the author or his readers mingle with common life, they will find themſelves irreſiſtibly borne away by the ſtream of cuſtom, and muſt ſubmit, after they have laughed at others, to give others the ſame opportunity of laughing at them.

There is no paper publiſhed by the *Idler* which I have read with more approbation than that which cenſures the practice of recording vulgar marriages in the newſpapers. I carried it about in my pocket, and read it to all thoſe whom I ſuſpected of having publiſhed their nuptials, or of being inclined to publiſh them, and ſent tranſcripts of it to all the couples that tranſgreſſed your precepts for the next fortnight. I hoped that they were all vexed, and pleaſed myſelf with imagining their miſery.

But ſhort is the triumph of malignity. I was married laſt week to Miſs *Mohair*, the daughter of a ſaleſman; and, at my firſt appearance after the wedding night, was aſked by my wife's mother, whether I had ſent our marriage to the *Advertiſer?* I endeavoured to ſhew how unfit it was to demand the attention of the publick to our domeſtick affairs; but ſhe told me with great vehemence, "That ſhe would "not have it thought to be a ſtolen match; that the blood "of the *Mohairs* ſhould never be diſgraced; that her huſ-"band had ſerved all the pariſh offices but one; that ſhe "had lived five-and-thirty years at the ſame houſe, had "paid every body twenty ſhillings in the pound, and would "have me know, though ſhe was not as fine and as flaunt-"ing as Mrs. *Ginghum*, the deputy's wife, ſhe was not "aſhamed to tell her name, and would ſhew her face with "the beſt of them, and ſince I had married her daugh-

"ter—"

"ter——" At this inſtant entered my father-in-law, a grave man, from whom I expected ſuccour; but upon hearing the caſe, he told me, "That it would be very imprudent to miſs ſuch an opportunity of advertiſing my ſhop; and that when notice was given of my marriage, many of my wife's friends would think themſelves obliged to be my cuſtomers." I was ſubdued by clamour on one ſide, and gravity on the other, and ſhall be obliged to tell the town, that *three days ago* Timothy Muſhroom, *an eminent oilman in* Sea-Coal-Lane, *was married to Miſs* Polly Mohair *of* Lothbury, *a beautiful young lady, with a large fortune.*

I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

I AM the unfortunate wife of the grocer whoſe letter you publiſhed about ten weeks ago, in which he complains, like a ſorry fellow, that I loiter in the ſhop with my needle-work in my hand, and that I oblige him to take me out on *Sundays*, and keep a girl to look after the child. Sweet Mr. *Idler*, if you did but know all, you would give no encouragement to ſuch an unreaſonable grumbler. I brought him three hundred pounds, which ſet him up in a ſhop, and bought-in a ſtock, on which, with good management, we might live comfortably; but now I have given him a ſhop, I am forced to watch him and the ſhop too. I will tell you, Mr. *Idler*, how it is. There is an alehouſe over the way with a ninepin alley, to which he is ſure to run when I turn my back, and there loſes his money, for he plays at ninepins as he does every thing elſe. While he is at this favourite ſport, he ſets a dirty boy to watch his door, and call him to his cuſtomers; but he is long in coming, and ſo rude when he comes, that our cuſtom falls off every day.

Thoſe who cannot govern themſelves, muſt be governed. I have reſolved to keep him for the future behind his counter, and let him bounce at his cuſtomers if he dares. I cannot be above ſtairs and below at the ſame time, and have therefore taken a girl to look after the child and dreſs the dinner; and, after all, pray who is to blame?

On a *Sunday*, it is true, I make him walk abroad, and ſometimes carry the child; I wonder who ſhould carry it! But I never take him out till after church-time, nor would do it then, but that, if he is left alone, he will be upon the bed,

bed. On a *Sunday*, if he ſtays at home, he has ſix meals, and, when he can eat no longer, has twenty ſtratagems to eſcape from me to the alehouſe; but I commonly keep the door locked, till *Monday* produces ſomething for him to do.

This is the true ſtate of the caſe, and theſe are the provocations for which he has written his letter to you. I hope you will write a paper to ſhew, that, if a wife muſt ſpend her whole time in watching her huſband, ſhe cannot conveniently tend her child, or ſit at her needle.

I am, Sir, &c.

SIR,

THERE is in this town a ſpecies of oppreſſion which the law has not hitherto prevented or redreſſed.

I am a chairman. You know, Sir, we come when we are called, and are expected to carry all who require our aſſiſtance. It is common for men of the moſt unwieldy corpulence to crowd themſelves into a chair, and demand to be carried for a ſhilling as far as an airy young lady whom we ſcarcely feel upon our poles. Surely we ought to be paid like all other mortals in proportion to our labour. Engines ſhould be fixed in proper places to weigh chairs as they weigh waggons; and thoſe, whom eaſe and plenty have made unable to carry themſelves, ſhould give part of their ſuperfluities to thoſe who carry them.

I am, Sir, &c.

NUMB. 29. SATURDAY, *November* 4, 1758.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I HAVE often obſerved, that friends are loſt by diſcontinuance of intercourſe without any offence on either part, and have long known, that it is more dangerous to be forgotten than to be blamed; I therefore make haſte to ſend you the reſt of my ſtory, leſt by the delay of another fortnight,

night, the name of *Betty Broom* might be no longer remembered by you or your readers.

Having left the laſt place in haſte to avoid the charge or the ſuſpicion of theft, I had not ſecured another ſervice, and was forced to take a lodging in a back ſtreet. I had now got good clothes. The woman who lived in the garret oppoſite to mine was very officious, and offered to take care of my room and clean it, while I went round to my acquaintance to enquire for a miſtreſs. I knew not why ſhe was ſo kind, nor how I could recompenſe her; but in a few days I miſſed ſome of my linen, went to another lodging, and reſolved not to have another friend in the next garret.

In ſix weeks I became under-maid at the houſe of a mercer in *Cornhill*, whoſe ſon was his apprentice. The young gentleman uſed to ſit late at the tavern, without the knowledge of his father; and I was ordered by my miſtreſs to let him in ſilently to his bed under the counter, and to be very careful to take away his candle. The hours which I was obliged to watch, whilſt the reſt of the family was in bed, I conſidered as ſupernumerary, and, having no buſineſs aſſigned for them, thought myſelf at liberty to ſpend them my own way: I kept myſelf awake with a book, and for ſome time liked my ſtate the better for this opportunity of reading. At laſt, the upper-maid found my book, and ſhewed it to my miſtreſs, who told me, that wenches like me might ſpend their time better; that ſhe never knew any of the readers that had good deſigns in their heads; that ſhe could always find ſomething elſe to do with her time, than to puzzle over books; and did not like that ſuch a fine lady ſhould ſit up for her young maſter.

This was the firſt time that I found it thought criminal or dangerous to know how to read. I was diſmiſſed decently, leſt I ſhould tell tales, and had a ſmall gratuity above my wages.

I then lived with a gentlewoman of a ſmall fortune. This was the only happy part of my life. My miſtreſs, for whom publick diverſions were too expenſive, ſpent her time with books, and was pleaſed to find a maid who could partake her amuſements. I roſe early in the morning, that I might have time in the afternoon to read or liſten, and was ſuffered to tell my opinion, or expreſs my delight. Thus fifteen months ſtole away, in which I did not repine that I was born to ſervitude. But a burning fever ſeized my miſ-

treſs,

treſs, of whom I ſhall ſay no more, than that her ſervant wept upon her grave.

I had lived in a kind of luxury, which made me very unfit for another place; and was rather too delicate for the converſation of a kitchen; ſo that when I was hired in the family of an Eaſt India director, my behaviour was ſo different, as they ſaid, from that of a common ſervant, that they concluded me a gentlewoman in diſguiſe, and turned me out in three weeks, on ſuſpicion of ſome deſign which they could not comprehend.

I then fled for refuge to the other end of the town, where I hoped to find no obſtruction from my new accompliſhments, and was hired under the houſekeeper in a ſplendid family. Here I was too wiſe for the maids, and too nice for the footmen; yet I might have lived on without much uneaſineſs, had not my miſtreſs, the houſekeeper, who uſed to employ me in buying neceſſaries for the family, found a bill which I had made of one day's expences. I ſuppoſe it did not quite agree with her own book, for ſhe fiercely declared her reſolution, that there ſhould be no pen and ink in that kitchen but her own.

She had the juſtice, or the prudence, not to injure my reputation; and I was eaſily admitted into another houſe in the neighbourhood, where my buſineſs was to ſweep the rooms and make the beds. Here I was, for ſome time, the favourite of Mrs. *Simper*, my lady's woman, who could not bear the vulgar girls, and was happy in the attendance of a young woman of ſome education. Mrs. *Simper* loved a novel, though ſhe could not read hard words, and therefore, when her lady was abroad, we always laid hold on her books. At laſt, my abilities became ſo much celebrated, that the houſe-ſteward uſed to employ me in keeping his accounts. Mrs. *Simper* then found out, that my ſaucineſs was grown to ſuch a height that nobody could endure it, and told my lady, that there never had been a room well ſwept ſince *Betty Broom* came into the houſe.

I was then hired by a conſumptive lady, who wanted a maid that could read and write. I attended her four years, and though ſhe was never pleaſed, yet when I declared my reſolution to leave her, ſhe burſt into tears, and told me that I muſt bear the peeviſhneſs of a ſick bed, and I ſhould find myſelf remembered in her will. I complied, and a codicil was added in my favour; but in leſs than a week, when I ſet her gruel before her, I laid the ſpoon on the left ſide,

ſide, and ſhe threw her will into the fire. In two days ſhe made another, which ſhe burnt in the ſame manner becauſe ſhe could not eat her chicken. A third was made, and deſtroyed becauſe ſhe heard a mouſe within the wainſcot, and was ſure that I ſhould ſuffer her to be carried away alive. After this I was for ſome time out of favour, but as her illneſs grew upon her, reſentment and ſullenneſs gave way to kinder ſentiments. She died, and left me five hundred pounds; with this fortune I am going to ſettle in my native pariſh, where I reſolve to ſpend ſome hours every day in teaching poor girls to read and write.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
Betty Broom.

Numb. 30. Saturday, *November* 11, 1758.

THE deſires of man encreaſe with his acquiſitions; every ſtep which he advances brings ſomething within his view, which he did not ſee before, and which, as ſoon as he ſees it, he begins to want. Where neceſſity ends, curioſity begins; and no ſooner are we ſupplied with every thing that nature can demand, than we ſit down to contrive artificial appetites.

By this reſtleſſneſs of mind, every populous and wealthy city is filled with innumerable employments, for which the greater part of mankind is without a name; with artificers, whoſe labour is exerted in producing ſuch petty conveniences, that many ſhops are furniſhed with inſtruments, of which the uſe can hardly be found without enquiry, but which he that once knows them quickly learns to number among neceſſary things.

Such is the diligence with which, in countries completely civilized, one part of mankind labours for another, that wants are ſupplied faſter than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life ſtagnate for want of ſome deſire to keep it in motion. This ſpecies of diſtreſs furniſhes a new ſet of occupations; and multitudes are buſied, from day to day, in finding the rich and the fortunate ſomething to do.

It

It is very common to reproach thoſe artiſts as uſeleſs, who produce only ſuch ſuperfluities as neither accommodate the body, nor improve the mind; and of which no other effect can be imagined, than that they are the occaſions of ſpending money, and conſuming time.

But this cenſure will be mitigated, when it is ſeriouſly conſidered, that money and time are the heavieſt burthens of life, and that the unhappieſt of all mortals are thoſe who have more of either than they know how to uſe. To ſet himſelf free from theſe incumbrances, one hurries to *Newmarket;* another travels over *Europe;* one pulls down his houſe and calls architects about him; another buys a ſeat in the country, and follows his hounds over hedges and through rivers; one makes collections of ſhells; and another ſearches the world for tulips and carnations.

He is ſure a public benefactor who finds employment for thoſe to whom it is thus difficult to find it for themſelves. It is true, that this is ſeldom done merely from generoſity or compaſſion; almoſt every man ſeeks his own advantage in helping others, and therefore it is too common for mercenary officiouſneſs to conſider rather what is grateful, than what is right.

We all know that it is more profitable to be loved than eſteemed; and miniſters of pleaſure will always be found, who ſtudy to make themſelves neceſſary, and to ſupplant thoſe who are practiſing the ſame arts.

One of the amuſements of idleneſs is reading without the fatigue of cloſe attention, and the world therefore ſwarms with writers whoſe wiſh is not to be ſtudied, but to be read.

No ſpecies of literary men has lately been ſo much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one gazette; but now we have not only in the metropolis papers for every morning and every evening, but almoſt every large town has its weekly hiſtorian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his diſtrict with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true intereſt of *Europe.*

To write news in its perfection requires ſuch a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the taſk is not always to be found. In Sir *Henry Wotton's* jocular definition, *An ambaſſador* is ſaid to be *a man of virtue ſent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country;* a news-

writer

writer is *a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit.* To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame and indifference to truth are absolutely necessary. He who by a long familiarity with infamy has obtained these qualities, may confidently tell to-day what he intends to contradict to-morrow; he may affirm fearlessly what he knows that he shall be obliged to recant, and may write letters from *Amsterdam* or *Dresden* to himself.

In a time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of news-writers is easy: they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, did all, and our enemies did nothing.

Scarcely any thing awakens attention like a tale of cruelty. The writer of news never fails in the intermission of actions to tell how the enemies murdered children and ravished virgins; and, if the scene of action be somewhat distant, scalps half the inhabitants of a province.

Among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth, by the falsehoods which interest dictates, and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relator of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie.

NUMB. 31. SATURDAY, *November* 18, 1758.

MANY moralists have remarked, that pride has of all human vices the widest dominion, appears in the greatest multiplicity of forms, and lies hid under the greatest variety of disguises; of disguises, which, like the moon's *veil of brightness*, are both its *lustre and its shade*, and betray it to others, though they hide it from ourselves.

It is not my intention to degrade pride from this pre-eminence of mischief; yet I know not whether idleness may

may not maintain a very doubtful and obſtinate competition.

There are ſome that profeſs idleneſs in its full dignity, who call themſelves the *Idle*, as *Buſiris* in the play *calls himſelf the Proud;* who boaſt that they do nothing, and thank their ſtars that they have nothing to do; who ſleep every night till they can ſleep no longer, and riſe only that exerciſe may enable them to ſleep again; who prolong the reign of darkneſs by double curtains, and never ſee the ſun but to *tell him how they hate his beams;* whoſe whole labour is to vary the poſture of indulgence, and whoſe day differs from their night but as a couch or chair differs from a bed.

Theſe are the true and open votaries of idleneſs, for whom ſhe weaves the garlands of poppies, and into whoſe cup ſhe pours the waters of oblivion; who exiſt in a ſtate of unruffled ſtupidity, forgetting and forgotten; who have long ceaſed to live, and at whoſe death the ſurvivors can only ſay, that they have ceaſed to breathe.

But idleneſs predominates in many lives where it is not ſuſpected; for, being a vice which terminates in itſelf, it may be enjoyed without injury to others; and it is therefore not watched like fraud, which endangers property; or like pride, which naturally ſeeks its gratifications in another's inferiority. Idleneſs is a ſilent and peaceful quality, that neither raiſes envy by oſtentation, nor hatred by oppoſition; and therefore nobody is buſy to cenſure or detect it.

As pride ſometimes is hid under humility, idleneſs is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty and real employment, naturally endeavours to crowd his mind with ſomething that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does any thing but what he ought to do with eager diligence, that he may keep himſelf in his own favour.

Some are always in a ſtate of preparation, occupied in previous meaſures, forming plans, accumulating materials, and providing for the main affair. Theſe are certainly under the ſecret power of idleneſs. Nothing is to be expected from the workman whoſe tools are for ever to be ſought. I was once told by a great maſter, that no man ever excelled in painting, who was eminently curious about pencils and colours.

There are others to whom idleneſs dictates another expedient, by which life may be paſſed unprofitably away without

out the tedioufnefs of many vacant hours. The art is, to fill the day with petty bufinefs, to have always fomething in hand which may raife curiofity, but not folicitude, and keep the mind in a ftate of action, but not of labour.

This art has for many years been practifed by my old friend *Sober* with wonderful fuccefs. *Sober* is a man of ftrong defires and quick imagination, fo exactly balanced by the love of eafe, that they can feldom ftimulate him to any difficult undertaking; they have, however, fo much power, that they will not fuffer him to lie quite at reft; and though they do not make him fufficiently ufeful to others, they make him at leaft weary of himfelf.

Mr. *Sober's* chief pleafure is converfation; there is no end of his talk or his attention; to fpeak or to hear is equally pleafing; for he ftill fancies that he is teaching or learning fomething, and is free for the time from his own reproaches.

But there is one time at night when he muft go home, that his friends may fleep; and another time in the morning, when all the world agrees to fhut out interruption. Thefe are the moments of which poor *Sober* trembles at the thought. But the mifery of thefe tirefome intervals he has many means of alleviating. He has perfuaded himfelf, that the manual arts are undefervedly overlooked; he has obferved in many trades the effects of clofe thought, and juft ratiocination. From fpeculation he proceeded to practice, and fupplied himfelf with the tools of a carpenter, with which he mended his coal-box very fuccefsfully, and which he ftill continus to employ, as he finds occafion.

He has attempted at other times the crafts of the fhoemaker, tinman, plumber, and potter; in all thefe arts he has failed, and refolves to qualify himfelf for them by better information. But his daily amufement is chemiftry. He has a fmall furnace, which he employs in diftillation, and which has long been the folace of his life. He draws oils and waters, and effences and fpirits, which he knows to be of no ufe; fits and counts the drops as they come from his retort, and forgets that, whilft a drop is falling, a moment flies away.

Poor *Sober!* I have often teazed him with reproof, and he has often promifed reformation; for no man is fo much open to conviction as the *Idler*, but there is none on whom it operates fo little. What will be the effect of this paper I know not; perhaps he will read it and laugh, and light the

the fire in his furnace; but my hope is, that he will quit his trifles, and betake himself to rational and useful diligence.

Numb. 32. Saturday, *November* 25, 1758.

AMONG the innumerable mortifications that way-lay human arrogance on every side, may well be reckoned our ignorance of the most common objects and effects, a defect of which we become more sensible by every attempt to supply it. Vulgar and inactive minds confound familiarity with knowledge, and conceive themselves informed of the whole nature of things when they are shewn their form or told their use; but the speculatist, who is not content with superficial views, harrasses himself with fruitless curiosity, and still as he enquires more, perceives only that he knows less.

Sleep is a state in which a great part of every life is passed. No animal has been yet discovered, whose existence is not varied with intervals of insensibility; and some late philosophers have extended the empire of sleep over the vegetable world.

Yet of this change, so frequent, so great, so general, and so necessary, no searcher has yet found either the efficient or final cause; or can tell by what power the mind and body are thus chained down in irresistible stupefaction; or what benefits the animal receives from this alternate suspension of its active powers.

Whatever may be the multiplicity or contrariety of opinions upon this subject, nature has taken sufficient care that theory shall have little influence on practice. The most diligent enquirer is not able long to keep his eyes open; the most eager disputant will begin about midnight to desert his argument; and, once in four-and-twenty hours, the gay and the gloomy, the witty and the dull, the clamorous and the silent, the busy and the idle, are all overpowered by the gentle tyrant, and all lie down in the equality of sleep.

Philosophy

Philoſophy has often attempted to repreſs inſolence, by aſſerting, that all conditions are levelled by death; a poſition which, however it may deject the happy, will ſeldom afford much comfort to the wretched. It is far more pleaſing to conſider, that ſleep is equally a leveller with death; that the time is never at a great diſtance, when the balm of reſt ſhall be diffuſed alike upon every head, when the diverſities of life ſhall ſtop their operation, and the high and the low ſhall lie down together.

It is ſomewhere recorded of *Alexander*, that in the pride of conqueſts, and intoxication of flattery, he declared that he only perceived himſelf to be a man by the neceſſity of ſleep. Whether he conſidered ſleep as neceſſary to his mind or body, it was indeed a ſufficient evidence of human infirmity; the body which required ſuch frequency of renovation, gave but faint promiſes of immortality; and the mind which, from time to time, ſunk gladly into inſenſibility, had made no very near approaches to the felicity of the ſupreme and ſelf-ſufficient nature.

I know not what can tend more to repreſs all the paſſions that diſturb the peace of the world, than the conſideration that there is no height of happineſs or honour from which man does not eagerly deſcend to a ſtate of unconſcious repoſe; that the beſt condition of life is ſuch, that we contentedly quit its good to be diſentangled from its evils; that in a few hours ſplendor fades before the eye, and praiſe itſelf deadens in the ear; the ſenſes withdraw from their objects, and reaſon favours the retreat.

What then are the hopes and proſpects of covetouſneſs, ambition, and rapacity? Let him that deſires moſt have all his deſires gratified, he never ſhall attain a ſtate which he can, for a day and a night, contemplate with ſatisfaction, or from which, if he had the power of perpetual vigilance, he would not long for periodical ſeparations.

All envy would be extinguiſhed, if it were univerſally known that there are none to be envied, and ſurely none can be much envied who are not pleaſed with themſelves. There is reaſon to ſuſpect, that the diſtinctions of mankind have more ſhew than value, when it is found that all agree to be weary alike of pleaſures and of cares; that the powerful and the weak, the celebrated and obſcure, join in one common wiſh, and implore from nature's hand the nectar of oblivion.

Such is our defire of abftraction from ourfelves, that very few are fatisfied with the quantity of ftupefaction which the needs of the body force upon the mind. *Alexander* himfelf added intemperance to fleep, and folaced with the fumes of wine the fovereignty of the world; and almoft every man has fome art by which he fteals his thoughts away from his prefent ftate.

It is not much of life that is fpent in clofe attention to any important duty. Many hours of every day are fuffered to fly away without any traces left upon the intellects. We fuffer phantoms to rife up before us, and amufe ourfelves with the dance of airy images, which, after a time, we difmifs for ever, and know not how we have been bufied.

Many have no happier moments than thofe that they pafs in folitude, abandoned to their own imagination, which fometimes put fceptres in their hands or mitres on their heads, fhifts the fcene of pleafure with endlefs variety, bids all the forms of beauty fparkle before them, and gluts them with every change of vifionary luxury.

It is eafy in thefe femi-flumbers to collect all the poffibilities of happinefs, to alter the courfe of the fun, to bring back the paft, and anticipate the future, to unite all the beauties of all feafons, and all the bleffings of all climates, to receive and beftow felicity, and forget that mifery is the lot of man. All this is a voluntary dream, a temporary receffion from the realities of life to airy fictions; and habitual fubjection of reafon to fancy.

Others are afraid to be alone, and amufe themfelves by a perpetual fucceffion of companions: but the difference is not great; in folitude we have our dreams to ourfelves, and in company we agree to dream in concert. The end fought in both is forgetfulnefs of ourfelves.

NUMB. 33. SATURDAY, *December* 2, 1758.

[I hope the author of the following letter will excuſe the omiſſion of ſome parts, and allow me to remark, that the Journal of the Citizen in the *Spectator* has almoſt precluded the attempt of any future writer.]

——Non ita Romuli
Præſcriptum, & intonſi Catonis
Auſpiciis, veterumque normâ. HOR.

SIR,

YOU have often ſolicited correſpondence. I have ſent you the *Journal* of a *Senior Fellow*, or *Genuine Idler*, juſt tranſmitted from *Cambridge* by a facetious correſpondent, and warranted to have been tranſcribed from the common-place book of the journaliſt.

Monday, Nine o'Clock. Turned off my bed-maker for waking me at eight. Weather rainy. Conſulted my weather-glaſs. No hopes of a ride before dinner.

Ditto, Ten. After breakfaſt, tranſcribed half a ſermon from Dr. *Hickman*. *N. B.* Never to tranſcribe any more from *Calamy;* Mrs. *Pilcocks*, at my curacy, having one volume of that author lying in her parlour-window.

Ditto, Eleven. Went down into my cellar. *Mem.* My *Mountain* will be fit to drink in a month's time. *N. B.* To remove the five-year-old port into the new bin on the left hand.

Ditto, Twelve. Mended a pen. Looked at my weather-glaſs again. Quickſilver very low. Shaved. Barber's hand ſhakes.

Ditto, One. Dined alone in my room on a ſoal. *N. B.* The ſhrimp-ſauce not ſo good as Mr. *H.* of *Peterhouſe* and I uſed to eat in *London* laſt winter at the *Mitre* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Sat down to a pint of *Madeira*. Mr. *H.* ſurpriſed me over it. We finiſhed two bottles of port together, and were very chearful. *Mem.* To dine with Mr. *H.* at *Peterhouſe* next *Wedneſday*. One of the diſhes a leg of pork and peaſe, by my deſire.

Ditto, Six. Newſpaper in the common-room.

Ditto, Seven. Returned to my room. Made a tiff of warm punch, and to bed before nine; did not fall aſleep till ten, a young fellow-commoner being very noiſy over my head.

Tueſday, Nine. Roſe ſqueamiſh. A fine morning. Weather-glaſs very high.

Ditto, Ten. Ordered my horſe, and rode to the five-mile ſtone on the *Newmarket* road. Appetite gets better. A pack of hounds, in full cry, croſſed the road, and ſtartled my horſe.

Ditto, Twelve. Dreſt. Found a letter on my table to be in *London* the 19th inſt. Beſpoke a new wig.

Ditto, One. At dinner in the hall. Too much water in the ſoup. Dr. *Dry* always orders the beef to be ſalted too much for me.

Ditto, Two. In the common-room. Dr. *Dry* gave us an inſtance of a gentleman who kept the gout out of his ſtomach by drinking old *Madeira*. Converſation chiefly on the expeditions. Company broke up at four. Dr. *Dry* and myſelf played at back-gammon for a brace of ſnipes. Won.

Ditto, Five. At the coffee-houſe. Met Mr. *H.* there. Could not get a ſight of the *Monitor*.

Ditto, Seven. Returned home, and ſtirred my fire. Went to the common-room, and ſupped on the ſnipes with Dr. *Dry*.

Ditto, Eight. Began the evening in the common room. Dr. *Dry* told ſeveral ſtories. Were very merry. Our new fellow, that ſtudies phyſick, very talkative toward twelve. Pretends he will bring the youngeſt Miſs —— to drink tea with me ſoon. Impertinent blockhead!

Wedneſday, Nine. Alarmed with a pain in my ancle. *Q.* The gout? Fear I can't dine at *Peterhouſe*; but I hope a ride will ſet all to rights. Weather-glaſs below FAIR.

Ditto, Ten. Mounted my horſe, though the weather ſuſpicious. Pain in my ancle entirely gone. Catched in a ſhower coming back. Convinced that my weather-glaſs is the beſt in *Cambridge*.

Ditto, Twelve. Dreſt. Sauntered up to the *Fiſhmonger's-hill*. Met Mr. *H.* and went with him to *Peterhouſe*. Cook made us wait thirty-ſix minutes beyond the time. The company, ſome of my *Emanuel* friends. For dinner, a pair of ſoals, a leg of pork and peaſe, among other things.

Mem.

Mem. Peafe-pudding not boiled enough. Cook reprimanded and fconced in my prefence.

Ditto, after dinner. Pain in my ancle returns. Dull all the afternoon. Raillied for being no company. Mr. *H.*'s account of the accomodations on the road in his *Bath* journey.

Ditto, Six. Got into fpirits. Never was more chatty. We fat late at whift. Mr. *H.* and felf agreed at parting to take a gentle ride, and dine at the old houfe on the *London* road to-morrow.

Thurfday, Nine. My fempftrefs. She has loft the meafure of my wrift. Forced to be meafured again. The baggage has got a trick of fmiling.

Ditto, Ten to Eleven. Made fome rappee-fnuff. Read the magazines. Received a prefent of pickles from Mifs *Pilcocks*. *Mem.* To fend in return fome collared eel, which I know both the old lady and mifs are fond of.

Ditto, Eleven. Glafs very high. Mounted at the gate with Mr. *H.* Horfe fkittifh, and wants exercife. Arrive at the old houfe. All the provifions befpoke by fome rakifh fellow commoner in the next room, who had been on a fcheme to *Newmarket*. Could get nothing but mutton-chops off the worft end. Port very new. Agree to try fome other houfe to-morrow.———

Here the Journal breaks off: for the next morning, as my friend informs me, our genial academick was waked with a fevere fit of the gout; and, at prefent, enjoys all the dignity of that difeafe. But I believe we have loft nothing by this interruption: fince a continuation of the remainder of the Journal, through the remainder of the week, would moft probably have exhibited nothing more than a repeated relation of the fame circumftances of *idling* and luxury.

I hope it will not be concluded, from this fpecimen of academick life, that I have attempted to decry our univerfities. If literature is not the effential requifite of the modern academick, I am yet perfuaded, that *Cambridge* and *Oxford*, however degenerated, furpafs the fafhionable *academies* of our metropolis, and the *gymnafia* of foreign countries. The number of learned perfons in thefe celebrated feats is ftill confiderable, and more conveniences and opportunities for ftudy ftill fubfift in them, than in any other place. There is at leaft one very powerful incentive to learning;

learning; I mean the GENIUS *of the place*. It is a ſort of inſpiring deity, which every youth of quick ſenſibility and ingenious diſpoſition creates to himſelf, by reflecting, that he is placed under thoſe venerable walls, where a HOOKER and a HAMMOND, a BACON and a NEWTON, once purſued the ſame courſe of ſcience, and from whence they ſoared to the moſt elevated heights of literary fame. This is that incitement which *Tully*, according to his own teſtimony, experienced at *Athens*, when he contemplated the porticos where *Socrates* ſat, and the laurel-groves where *Plato* diſputed. But there are other circumſtances, and of the higheſt importance, which render our colleges ſuperior to all other places of education. Their inſtitutions, although ſomewhat fallen from their primæval ſimplicity, are ſuch as influence, in a particular manner, the moral conduct of their youth; and in this general depravity of manners and laxity of principles, pure religion is no where more ſtrongly inculcated. The *academies*, as they are preſumptuouſly ſtyled, are too low to be mentioned; and foreign ſeminaries are likely to prejudice the unweary mind with Calviniſm. But *Engliſh* univerſities render their ſtudents virtuous, at leaſt by excluding all opportunities of vice; and, by teaching them the principles of the *Church of England*, confirm them in thoſe of true chriſtianity.

NUMB. 34. SATURDAY, *December* 9, 1758.

TO illuſtrate one thing by its reſemblance to another, has been always the moſt popular and efficacious art of inſtruction. There is indeed no other method of teaching that of which any one is ignorant but by means of ſomething already known; and a mind ſo enlarged by contemplation and enquiry, that it has always many objects within its view, will ſeldom be long without ſome near and familiar image through which an eaſy tranſition may be made to truths more diſtant and obſcure.

Of the parallels which have been drawn by wit and curioſity, ſome are literal and real, as between poetry and painting,

ing, two arts which purſue the ſame end, by the operation of the ſame mental faculties, and which differ only as the one repreſents things by marks permanent and natural, the other by ſigns accidental and arbitrary. The one therefore is more eaſily and generally underſtood, ſince ſimilitude of form is immediately perceived; the other is capable of conveying more ideas, for men have thought and ſpoken of many things which they do not ſee.

Other parallels are fortuitous and fanciful, yet theſe have ſometimes been extended to many particulars of reſemblance by a lucky concurrence of diligence and chance. The animal *body* is compoſed of many members, united under the direction of one mind; any number of individuals, connected for ſome common purpoſe, is therefore called a body. From this participation of the ſame appellation aroſe the compariſon of the *body* natural and *body* politick, of which, how far ſoever it has been deduced, no end has hitherto been found.

In theſe imaginary ſimilitudes, the ſame word is uſed at once in its primitive and metaphorical ſenſe. Thus health, aſcribed to the body natural, is oppoſed to ſickneſs; but attributed to the body politick ſtands as contrary to adverſity. Theſe parallels therefore have more of genius, but leſs of truth; they often pleaſe, but they never convince.

Of this kind is a curious ſpeculation frequently indulged by a philoſopher of my acquaintance, who had diſcovered, that the qualities requiſite to converſation are very exactly repreſented by a bowl of punch.

Punch, ſays this profound inveſtigator, is a liquor compounded of ſpirit and acid juices, ſugar and water. The ſpirit, volatile and fiery, is the proper emblem of vivacity and wit; the acidity of the lemon will very aptly figure pungency of raillery, and acrimony of cenſure; ſugar is the natural repreſentative of luſcious adulation and gentle complaiſance; and water is the proper hieroglyphick of eaſy prattle, innocent and taſteleſs.

Spirit alone is too powerful for uſe. It will produce madneſs rather than merriment; and inſtead of quenching thirſt will inflame the blood. Thus wit, too copiouſly poured out, agitates the hearer with emotions rather violent than pleaſing; every one ſhrinks from the force of its oppreſſion, the company ſits intranced and overpowered; all are aſtoniſhed, but nobody is pleaſed.

The

The acid juices give this genial liquor all its power of ſtimulating the palate. Converſation would become dull and vapid, if negligence were not ſometimes rouſed, and ſluggiſhneſs quickened, by due ſeverity of reprehenſion. But acids unmixed will diſtort the face and torture the palate; and he that has no other qualities than penetration and aſperity, he whoſe conſtant employment is detection and cenſure, who looks only to find faults, and ſpeaks only to puniſh them, will ſoon be dreaded, hated, and avoided.

The taſte of ſugar is generally pleaſing, but it cannot long be eaten by itſelf. Thus meekneſs and courteſy will always recommend the firſt addreſs, but ſoon pall and nauſeate, unleſs they are aſſociated with more ſprightly qualities. The chief uſe of ſugar is to temper the taſte of other ſubſtances; and ſoftneſs of behaviour in the ſame manner mitigates the roughneſs of contradiction, and allays the bitterneſs of unwelcome truth.

Water is the univerſal vehicle by which are conveyed the particles neceſſary to ſuſtenance and growth, by which thirſt is quenched, and all the wants of life and nature are ſupplied. Thus all the buſineſs of the world is tranſacted by artleſs and eaſy talk, neither ſublimed by fancy, nor diſcoloured by affectation, without either the harſhneſs of ſatire, or the luſcioufneſs of flattery. By this limpid vein of language, curioſity is gratified, and all the knowledge is conveyed which one man is required to impart for the ſafety or convenience of another. Water is the only ingredient of punch which can be uſed alone, and with which man is content till fancy has framed an artificial want. Thus while we only deſire to have our ignorance informed, we are moſt delighted with the plaineſt diction; and it is only in the moments of idleneſs or pride, that we call for the gratifications of wit or flattery.

He only will pleaſe long, who, by tempering the acid of ſatire with the ſugar of civility, and allaying the heat of wit with the frigidity of humble chat, can make the true punch of converſation; and as that punch can be drunk in the greateſt quantity which has the largeſt proportion of water, ſo that companion will be ofteneſt welcome, whoſe talk flows out with inoffenſive copiouſneſs and unenvied inſipidity.

NUMB. 35. SATURDAY, *December* 16, 1758.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

IF it be difficult to perſuade the idle to be buſy, it is likewiſe, as experience has taught me, not eaſy to convince the buſy that it is better to be idle. When you ſhall deſpair of ſtimulating ſluggiſhneſs to motion, I hope you will turn your thoughts towards the means of ſtilling the buſtle of pernicious activity.

I am the unfortunate huſband of a *buyer of bargains*. My wife has ſomewhere heard, that a good houſewife *never* has any thing to *purchaſe when it is wanted*. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She is not one of thoſe philoſophical talkers that ſpeculate without practice; and learn ſentences of wiſdom only to repeat them; ſhe is always making additions to her ſtores; ſhe never looks into a broker's ſhop, but ſhe ſpies ſomething that may be wanted ſome time; and it is impoſſible to make her paſs the door of a houſe where ſhe hears *goods ſelling by auction*.

Whatever ſhe thinks cheap, ſhe holds it the duty of an œconomiſt to buy; in conſequence of this maxim, we are incumbered on every ſide with uſeleſs lumber. The ſervants can ſcarcely creep to their beds through the cheſts and boxes that ſurround them. The carpenter is employed once a week in building cloſets, fixing cupboards, and faſtening ſhelves; and my houſe has the appearance of a ſhip ſtored for a voyage to the colonies.

I had often obſerved that advertiſements ſet her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbad the newſpaper to be taken any longer; but my precaution is vain; I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy, every catalogue of *genuine furniture* comes to her hand, every advertiſement of a newſpaper newly opened is in her pocket-book, and ſhe knows before any of her neighbours when the ſtock of any man *leaving off trade* is to be *ſold cheap for ready money*.

Such

Such intelligence is to my dear one the Syren's ſong. No engagement, no duty, no intereſt, can withhold her from a ſale, from which ſhe always returns congratulating herſelf upon her dexterity at a bargain; the porter lays down his burden in the hall; ſhe diſplays her new acquiſitions, and ſpends the reſt of the day in contriving where they ſhall be put.

As ſhe cannot bear to have any thing uncomplete, one purchaſe neceſſitates another; ſhe has twenty feather-beds more than ſhe can uſe, and a late ſale has ſupplied her with a proportionable number of *Whitney* blankets, a large roll of linen for ſheets, and five quilts for every bed, which ſhe bought becauſe the ſeller told her, that if ſhe would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus by hourly encroachments my habitation is made narrower and narrower; the dining-room is ſo crowded with tables, that dinner ſcarcely can be ſerved; the parlour is decorated with ſo many piles of china, that I dare not ſtep within the door; at every turn of the ſtairs I have a clock, and half the windows of the upper floors are darkened, that ſhelves may be ſet before them.

This, however, might be borne, if ſhe would gratify her own inclinations without oppoſing mine. But I who am idle am luxurious, and ſhe condemns me to live upon ſalt proviſion. She knows the loſs of buying in ſmall quantities, we have therefore whole hogs and quarters of oxen. Part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away becauſe it is ſpoiled; but ſhe perſiſts in her ſyſtem, and will never buy any thing by ſingle penny-worths.

The common vice of thoſe who are ſtill graſping at more, is to neglect that which they already poſſeſs; but from this failing my charmer is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef ſhould be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the ſecond bag of peaſe ſhould not be opened till the firſt are eaten; that every feather-bed ſhall be lain on in its turn; that the carpets ſhould be taken out of the cheſts once a month and bruſhed, and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily enquiring after the beſt traps for mice, and keeps the rooms always ſcented by fumigations to deſtroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to adjuſt ſix clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that ruſt in the garret; and a woman in the next alley lives by ſcouring the

the brass and pewter, which are only laid up to tarnish again.

She is always imagining some distant time in which she shall use whatever she accumulates; she has four looking-glasses which she cannot hang up in her house, but which will be handsome in more lofty rooms; and pays rent for the place of a vast copper in some warehouse, because when we live in the country we shall brew our own beer.

Of this life I have long been weary, but know not how to change it; all the married men whom I consult advise me to have patience; but some old batchelors are of opinion, that since she loves sales so well, she should have a sale of her own; and I have, I think, resolved to open her hoards, and advertise an auction.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
Peter Plenty.

Numb. 36. Saturday, *December* 23, 1758.

THE great differences that disturb the peace of mankind are not about ends, but means. We have all the same general desires, but how those desires shall be accomplished will for ever be disputed. The ultimate purpose of government is temporal, and that of religion is eternal happiness. Hitherto we agree; but here we must part, to try according to the endless varieties of passion and understanding combined with one another, every possible form of government, and every imaginable tenet of religion.

We are told by *Cumberland* that *rectitude*, applied to action or contemplation, is merely metaphorical; and that as a *right* line describes the shortest passage from point to point, so a *right* action effects a good design by the fewest means; and so likewise a *right* opinion is that which connects distant truths by the shortest train of intermediate propositions.

To find the nearest way from truth to truth, or from purpose to effect, not to use more instruments where fewer will

will be ſufficient, not to move by wheels and levers what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpleſs ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

But there are men who ſeem to think nothing ſo much the characteriſtick of a genius, as to do common things in an uncommon manner; like *Hudibras*, to *tell the clock by algebra*; or like the lady in Dr. *Young's* ſatires, *to drink tea by ſtratagem*; to quit the beaten track only becauſe it is known, and take a new path, however crooked or rough, becauſe the ſtrait was found out before.

Every man ſpeaks and writes with intent to be underſtood; and it can ſeldom happen but he that underſtands himſelf might convey his notions to another, if, content to be underſtood, he did not ſeek to be admired; but when once he begins to contrive how his ſentiments may be received, not with moſt eaſe to his reader, but with moſt advantage to himſelf, he then transfers his conſideration from words to ſounds, from ſentences to periods, and as he grows more elegant becomes leſs intelligible.

It is difficult to enumerate every ſpecies of authors whoſe labours counteract themſelves; the man of exuberance and copiouſneſs, who diffuſes every thought through ſo many diverſities of expreſſion, that it is loſt like water in a miſt; the ponderous dictator of ſentences, whoſe notions are delivered in the lump, and are, like uncoined bullion, of more weight than uſe; the liberal illuſtrator, who ſhews by examples and compariſons what was clearly ſeen when it was firſt propoſed; and the ſtately ſon of demonſtration, who proves with mathematical formality what no man has yet pretended to doubt.

There is a mode of ſtyle for which I know not that the maſters of oratory have yet found a name; a ſtyle by which the moſt evident truths are ſo obſcured, that they can no longer be perceived, and the moſt familiar propoſitions ſo diſguiſed that they cannot be known. Every other kind of eloquence is the dreſs of ſenſe; but this is the maſk by which a true maſter of his art will ſo effectually conceal it, that a man will as eaſily miſtake his own poſitions, if he meets them thus transformed, as he may paſs in a maſquerade his neareſt acquaintance.

The ſtyle may be called the *terrifick*, for its chief intention is to terrify and amaze; it may be termed the *repulſive*, for

for its natural effect is to drive away the reader; or it may be diſtinguiſhed, in plain *Engliſh*, by the denomination of the *bugbear ſtyle*, for it has more terror than danger, and will appear leſs formidable as it is more nearly approached.

A mother tells her infant, that *two and two make four*; the child remembers the propoſition, and is able to count four to all the purpoſes of life, till the courſe of his education brings him among philoſophers, who fright him from his former knowledge, by telling him, that four is a certain aggregate of units; that all numbers being only the repetition of an unit, which, though not a number itſelf, is the parent, root, or original of all number, *four* is the denomination aſſigned to a certain number of ſuch repetitions. The only danger is, leſt, when he firſt hears theſe dreadful ſounds, the pupil ſhould run away; if he has but the courage to ſtay till the concluſion, he will find that, when ſpeculation has done its worſt, two and two ſtill make four.

An illuſtrious example of this ſpecies of eloquence may be found in *Letters concerning Mind*. The author begins by declaring, that *the ſort of things are things that now are, have been, and ſhall be, and the things that ſtrictly* ARE. In this poſition, except the laſt clauſe, in which he uſes ſomething of the ſcholaſtick language, there is nothing but what every man has heard and imagines himſelf to know. But who would not believe that ſome wonderful novelty is preſented to his intellect, when he is afterwards told in the true *bugbear* ſtyle, that *the* ares, *in the former ſenſe, are things that lie between the* have-beens *and* ſhall-bes. *The* have-beens *are things that are paſt; the* ſhall-bes *are things that are to come; and the things that* ARE, in the latter ſenſe, *are things that have not been, nor ſhall be, nor ſtand in the midſt of ſuch as are before them, or ſhall be after them. The things that have been, and ſhall be, have reſpect to preſent, paſt, and future. Thoſe likewiſe that now* ARE *have moreover place; that, for inſtance, which is here, that which is to the eaſt, that which is to the weſt.*

All this, my dear reader, is very ſtrange; but though it be ſtrange, it is not new; ſurvey theſe wonderful ſentences again, and they will be found to contain nothing more than very plain truths, which till this Author aroſe had always been delivered in plain language.

NUMB.

Numb. 37. Saturday, *December* 30, 1758.

THOSE who are ſkilled in the extraction and preparation of metals, declare, that iron is every where to be found; and that not only its proper ore is copiouſly treaſured in the caverns of the earth, but that its particles are diſperſed throughout all other bodies.

If the extent of the human view could comprehend the whole frame of the univerſe, I believe it would be found invariably true, that Providence has given that in greateſt plenty, which the condition of life makes of greateſt uſe; and that nothing is penuriouſly imparted or placed far from the reach of man, of which a more liberal diſtribution, or more eaſy acquiſition, would increaſe real and rational felicity.

Iron is common, and gold is rare. Iron contributes ſo much to ſupply the wants of nature, that its uſe conſtitutes much of the difference ſavage and poliſhed life, between the ſtate of him that ſlumbers in *European* palaces, and him that ſhelters himſelf in the cavities of a rock from the chilneſs of the night, or the violence of the ſtorm. Gold can never be hardened into ſaws or axes; it can neither furniſh inſtruments of manufacture, utenſils of agriculture, nor weapons of defence; its only quality is to ſhine, and the value of its luſtre ariſes from its ſcarcity.

Throughout the whole circle, both of natural and moral life, neceſſaries are as iron, and ſuperfluities as gold. What we really need we may readily obtain; ſo readily, that far the greater part of mankind has, in the wantonneſs of abundance, confounded natural with artificial deſires, and invented neceſſities for the ſake of employment, becauſe the mind is impatient of inaction, and life is ſuſtained with ſo little labour, that the tedioufneſs of idle time cannot otherwiſe be ſupported.

Thus plenty is the original cauſe of many of our needs; and even the poverty, which is ſo frequent and diſtreſsful in civilized nations, proceeds often from that change of manners which opulence has produced. Nature makes us poor only when we want neceſſaries; but cuſtom gives the name of poverty to the want of ſuperfluities.

When

When Socrates paſſed through ſhops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, *How many things are here which I do not need!* And the ſame exclamation may every man make who ſurveys the common accommodations of life.

Superfluity and difficulty begin together. To dreſs food for the ſtomach is eaſy, the art is to irritate the palate when the ſtomach is ſufficed. A rude hand may build walls, form roofs, and lay floors, and provide all that warmth and ſecurity require; we only call the nicer artificers to carve the cornice, or to paint the cielings. Such dreſs as may enable the body to endure the different ſeaſons, the moſt unenlightened nations have been able to procure; but the work of ſcience begins in the ambition of diſtinction, in variations of faſhion, and emulation of elegance. Corn grows with eaſy culture; the gardener's experiments are only employed to exalt the flavours of fruits, and brighten the colours of flowers.

Even of knowledge, thoſe parts are moſt eaſy which are generally neceſſary. The intercourſe of ſociety is maintained without the elegances of language. Figures, criticiſms, and refinements, are the work of thoſe whom idleneſs makes weary of themſelves. The commerce of the world is carried on by eaſy methods of computation. Subtilty and ſtudy are required only when queſtions are invented merely to puzzle, and calculations are extended to ſhew the ſkill of the calculator. The light of the ſun is equally beneficial to him whoſe eyes tell him that it moves, and to him whoſe reaſon perſuades him that it ſtands ſtill; and plants grow with the ſame luxuriance, whether we ſuppoſe earth or water the parent of vegetation.

If we raiſe our thoughts to nobler enquiries, we ſhall ſtill find facility concurring with uſefulneſs. No man needs ſtay to be virtuous till the moraliſts have determined the eſſence of virtue; our duty is made apparent by its proximate conſequences, though the general and ultimate reaſon ſhould never be diſcovered. Religion may regulate the life of him to whom the *Scotiſts* and *Thomiſts* are alike unknown; and the aſſertors of fate and free-will, however different in their talk, agree to act in the ſame manner.

It is not my intention to depreciate the politer arts or abſtruſer ſtudies. That curioſity which always ſucceeds eaſe and plenty, was undoubtedly given us as a proof of capacity which our preſent ſtate is not able to fill, as a preparative for ſome better mode of exiſtence, which ſhall furniſh employment

employment for the whole ſoul, and where pleaſure ſhall be adequate to our powers of fruition. In the mean time, let us gratefully acknowledge that goodneſs which grants us eaſe at a cheap rate, which changes the ſeaſons where the nature of heat and cold has not been yet examined, and gives the viciſſitudes of day and night to thoſe who never marked the tropicks, or numbered the conſtellations.

Numb. 38. Saturday, *January* 6, 1759.

SINCE the publication of the letter concerning the condition of thoſe who are confined in gaols by their creditors, an enquiry is ſaid to have been made, by which it appears that more than twenty thouſand * are at this time priſoners for debt.

We often look with indifference on the ſucceſſive parts of that, which if the whole were ſeen together, would ſhake us with emotion. A debtor is dragged to priſon, pitied for a moment, and then forgotten; another follows him, and is loſt alike in the caverns of oblivion; but when the whole maſs of calamity riſes up at once, when twenty thouſand reaſonable beings are heard all groaning in unneceſſary miſery, not by the infirmity of nature, but the miſtake or negligence of policy, who can forbear to pity and lament, to wonder and abhor!

There is here no need of declamatory vehemence; we live in an age of commerce and computation; let us therefore cooly enquire what is the ſum of evil which the impriſonment of debtors brings upon our country.

It ſeems to be the opinion of the later computiſts, that the inhabitants of *England* do not exceed ſix millions, of which twenty thouſand, is the three-hundredth part. What ſhall we ſay of the humanity or the wiſdom of a nation, that voluntarily ſacrifices one in every three hundred to lingering deſtruction!

* This number was at that time confidently publiſhed; but the author has ſince found reaſon to queſtion the calculation.

The

The misfortunes of an individual do not extend their influence to many; yet if we consider the effects of consanguinity and friendship, and the general reciprocation of wants and benefits, which make one man dear or necessary to another, it may reasonably be supposed, that every man languishing in prison gives trouble of some kind to two others who love or need him. By this multiplication of misery we see distress extended to the hundredth part of the whole society.

If we estimate at a shilling a day what is lost by the inaction and consumed in the support of each man thus chained down to involuntary idleness, the publick loss will rise in one year to three hundred thousand pounds; in ten years to more than a sixth part of our circulating coin.

I am afraid that those who are best acquainted with the state of our prisons, will confess that my conjecture is too near the truth, when I suppose that the corrosion of resentment, the heaviness of sorrow, the corruption of confined air, the want of exercise, and sometimes of food, the contagion of diseases, from which there is no retreat, and the severity of tyrants, against whom there can be no resistance, and all the complicated horrors of a prison, put an end every year to the life of one in four of those that are shut up from the common comforts of human life.

Thus perish yearly five thousand men, overborne with sorrow, consumed by famine, or putrified by filth; many of them in the most vigorous and useful part of life; for the thoughtless and imprudent are commonly young, and the active and busy are seldom old.

According to the rule generally received, which supposes that one in thirty dies yearly, the race of man may be said to be renewed at the end of thirty years. Who would have believed till now, that of every *English* generation, an hundred and fifty thousand perish in our gaols! that in every century, a nation eminent for science, studious of commerce, ambitious of empire, should willingly lose, in noisome dungeons, five hundred thousand of its inhabitants; a number greater than has ever been destroyed in the same time by the pestilence and sword!

A very late occurrence may shew us the value of the number which we thus condemn to be useless; in the reestablishment of the trained bands, twenty thousand are considered as a force sufficient against all exigencies. While, therefore, we detain twenty thousand in prison, we shut

up in darkneſs and uſeleſſneſs two-thirds of an army which ourſelves judge equal to the defence of our country.

The monaſtick inſtitutions have been often blamed, as tending to retard the increaſe of mankind. And perhaps retirement ought rarely to be permitted, except to thoſe whoſe employment is conſiſtent with abſtraction, and who, though ſolitary, will not be idle; to thoſe whom infirmity makes uſeleſs to the commonwealth, or to thoſe who have paid their due proportion to ſociety, and who, having lived for others, may be honourably dismiſſed to live for themſelves. But whatever be the evil or the folly of theſe retreats, thoſe have no right to cenſure them whoſe priſons contain greater numbers than the monaſteries of other countries, it is, ſurely, leſs fooliſh and leſs criminal to permit inaction than compel it; to comply with doubtful opinions of happineſs, than condemn to certain and apparent miſery; to indulge the extravagances of erroneous piety, than to multiply and enforce temptations to wickedneſs.

The miſery of gaols is not half their evil: they are filled with every corruption which poverty and wickedneſs can generate between them; with all the ſhameleſs and profligate enormities that can be produced by the impudence of ignominy, the rage of want, and the malignity of deſpair. In a priſon the awe of the publick eye is loſt, and the power of the law is ſpent; there are few fears, there are no bluſhes. The lewd inflame the lewd, the audacious harden the audacious. Every one fortifies himſelf as he can againſt his own ſenſibility, endeavours to practiſe on others the arts which are practiſed on himſelf; and gains the kindneſs of his aſſociates by ſimilitude of manners.

Thus ſome ſink amidſt their miſery, and others ſurvive only to propagate villainy. It may be hoped, that our lawgivers will at length take away from us this power of ſtarving and depraving one another; but, if there be any reaſon why this inveterate evil ſhould not be removed in our age, which true policy has enlightened beyond any former time, let thoſe, whoſe writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries, endeavour to transfer the reproach of ſuch impriſonment from the debtor to the creditor, till univerſal infamy ſhall purſue the wretch whoſe wantonneſs of power, or revenge of diſappointment, condemns another to torture and to ruin; till he ſhall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and find in riches no ſhelter from contempt.

Surely,

Surely, he whoſe debtor has periſhed in priſon, although he may acquit himſelf of deliberate murder, muſt at leaſt have his mind clouded with diſcontent, when he conſiders how much another has ſuffered from him; when he thinks on the wife bewailing her huſband, or the children begging the bread which their father would have earned: If there are any made ſo obdurate by avarice or cruelty, as to revolve theſe conſequences without dread or pity, I muſt leave them to be awakened by ſome other power, for I write only to human beings.

NUMB. 39. SATURDAY, *January* 13, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

AS none look more diligently about them than thoſe who have nothing to do, or who do nothing, I ſuppoſe it has not eſcaped your obſervation, that the bracelet, or ornament of great antiquity, has been for ſome years revived among the *Engliſh* ladies.

The genius of our nation is ſaid, I know not for what reaſon, to appear rather in improvement than invention. The bracelet was known in the earlieſt ages; but it was formerly only a hoop of gold, or a cluſter of jewels, and ſhewed nothing but the wealth or vanity of the wearer, till our ladies, by carrying pictures on their wriſts, made their ornaments works of fancy and exerciſes of judgement.

This addition of art to luxury is one of the innumerable proofs that might be given of the late increaſe of female erudition; and I have often congratulated myſelf that my life has happened at a time when thoſe, on whom ſo much of human felicity depends, have learned to think as well as ſpeak, and when reſpect takes poſſeſſion of the ear, while love is entering at the eye.

I have obſerved, that, even by the ſuffrages of their own ſex, thoſe ladies are accounted wiſeſt, who do not yet diſ-

dain to be taught; and therefore I ſhall offer a few hints for the completion of the bracelet, without any dread of the fate of *Orpheus*.

To the ladies who wear the pictures of their huſbands or children, or any other relations, I can offer nothing more decent or more proper. It is reaſonable to believe that ſhe intends at leaſt to perform her duty, who carries a perpetual excitement to recollection and caution, whoſe own ornaments muſt upbraid her with every failure, and who, by an open violation of her engagements, muſt for ever forfeit her bracelet.

Yet I know not whether it is the intereſt of the huſband to ſolicit very earneſtly a place on the bracelet. If his image be not in the heart, it is of ſmall avail to hang it on the hand. A huſband encircled with diamonds and rubies may gain ſome eſteem, but will never excite love. He that thinks himſelf moſt ſecure of his wife, ſhould be fearful of perſecuting her continually with his preſence. The joy of life is variety; the tendereſt love requires to be rekindled by intervals of abſence; and Fidelity herſelf will be wearied with transferring her eye only from the ſame man to the ſame picture.

In many countries the condition of every woman is known by her dreſs. Marriage is rewarded with ſome honourable diſtinction, which celibacy is forbidden to uſurp. Some ſuch information a bracelet might afford. The ladies might enroll themſelves in diſtinct claſſes, and carry in open view the emblems of their order. The bracelet of the authoreſs may exhibit the Muſes in a grove of laurel; the houſewife may ſhew *Penelope* with her web; the votreſs of a ſingle life may carry *Urſula* with her troop of virgins; the gameſter may have Fortune with her wheel; and thoſe women *that have no character at all* may diſplay a field of white enamel, as imploring help to fill up the vacuity.

There is a ſet of ladies who have outlived moſt animal pleaſures, and, having nothing rational to put in their place, ſolace with cards the loſs of what time has taken away, and the want of what wiſdom, having never been courted, has never given. For theſe I know not how to provide a proper decoration. They cannot be numbered among the gameſters; for though they are always at play, they play for nothing, and never riſe to the dignity of hazard or the reputation of ſkill. They neither love nor are loved, and cannot be ſuppoſed to contemplate any human image with delight.

delight. Yet, though they despair to please, they always wish to be fine, and therefore cannot be without a bracelet. To this sisterhood I can recommend nothing more likely to please them than the king of clubs, a personage very comely and majestick, who will never meet their eyes without reviving the thought of some past or future party, and who may be displayed in the act of dealing with grace and propriety.

But the bracelet which might be most easily introduced into general use is a small convex mirror, in which the lady may see herself whenever she shall lift her hand. This will be a perpetual source of delight. Other ornaments are of use only in publick, but this will furnish gratifications to solitude. This will shew a face that must always please; she who is followed by admirers will carry about her a perpetual justification of the publick voice; and she who passes without notice may appeal from prejudice to her own eyes.

But I know not why the privilege of the bracelet should be confined to women; it was in former ages worn by heroes in battle; and as modern soldiers are always distinguished by splendour of dress, I should rejoice to see the bracelet added to the cockade.

In hope of this ornamental innovation, I have spent some thoughts upon military bracelets. There is no passion more heroick than love; and therefore I should be glad to see the sons of *England* marching in the field, every man with the picture of a woman of honour bound upon his hand. But since in the army, as every where else, there will always be men who love nobody but themselves, or whom no woman of honour will permit to love her, there is a necessity of some other distinctions and devices.

I have read of a prince, who, having lost a town, ordered the name of it to be every morning shouted in his ear till it should be recovered. For the same purpose I think the prospect of *Minorca* might be properly worn on the hands of some of our generals: others might delight their countrymen, and dignify themselves, with a view of *Rochfort* as it appeared to them at sea: and those that shall return from the conquest of *America*, may exhibit the warehouse of *Frontenac*, with an inscription denoting, that it was

taken

taken in leſs than three years by leſs than twenty thouſand men.

I am, Sir, &c.
Tom Toy.

Numb. 40. Saturday, *January* 20, 1759.

THE practice of appending to the narratives of publick tranſactions more minute and domeſtick intelligence, and filling the newſpapers with advertiſements, has grown up by ſlow degrees to its preſent ſtate.

Genius is ſhewn only by invention. The man who firſt took advantage of the general curioſity that was excited by a ſiege or battle, to betray the readers of news into the knowledge of the ſhop where the beſt puffs and powder were to be ſold, was undoubtedly a man of great ſagacity, and profound ſkill in the nature of man. But when he had once ſhewn the way, it was eaſy to follow him; and every man now knows a ready method of informing the publick of all that he deſires to buy or ſell, whether his wares be material or intellectual; whether he makes clothes, or teaches the mathematicks; whether he be a tutor that wants a pupil, or a pupil that wants a tutor.

Whatever is common is deſpiſed. Advertiſements are now ſo numerous that they are very negligently peruſed, and it therefore becomes neceſſary to gain attention by magnificence of promiſes, and by eloquence ſometimes ſublime and ſometimes pathetick.

Promiſe, large promiſe, is the ſoul of an advertiſement. I remember a *waſh-ball* that had a quality truly wonderful—it gave *an exquiſite edge to the razor*. And there are now to be ſold, *for ready money only*, ſome *duvets for bed-coverings, of down, beyond compariſon ſuperior to what is called otter-down*, and indeed ſuch, that its *many excellences cannot be here ſet forth*. With one excellence we are made acquainted—*it is warmer than four or five blankets, and lighter than one.*

There are ſome, however, that know the prejudice of mankind in favour of modeſt ſincerity. The vender of the

the *beautifying fluid* ſells a lotion that repels pimples, waſhes away freckles, ſmooths the ſkin, and plumps the fleſh; and yet, with a generous abhorrence of oſtentation, confeſſes, that it will not *reſtore the bloom of fifteen to a lady of fifty*.

The true pathos of advertiſements muſt have ſunk deep into the heart of every man that remembers the zeal ſhewn by the ſeller of the *anodyne necklace*, for the eaſe and ſafety *of poor toothing infants*, and the affection with which he warned every mother, that *ſhe would never forgive herſelf* if her infant ſhould periſh without a necklace.

I cannot but remark to the celebrated author who gave, in his notifications of the camel and dromedary, ſo many ſpecimens of the genuine ſublime, that there is now arrived another ſubject yet more worthy of his pen. *A famous Mohawk Indian warrior, who took* Dieſkaw *the French general priſoner, dreſſed in the ſame manner with the native Indians when they go to war, with his face and body painted, with his ſcalping-knife, tom-ax, and all other implements of war! a ſight worthy the curioſity of every true Briton!* This is a very powerful deſcription; but a critick of great refinement would ſay, that it conveys rather *horror* and *terror*. An Indian, dreſſed as he goes to war, may bring company together; but if he carries the ſcalping knife and tom-ax, there are many true Britons that will never be perſuaded to ſee him but through a grate.

It has been remarked by the ſeverer judges, that the ſalutary ſorrow of tragick ſcenes is too ſoon effaced by the merriment of the epilogue; the ſame inconvenience ariſes from the improper diſpoſition of advertiſements. The nobleſt objects may be ſo aſſociated as to be made ridiculous. The camel and dromedary themſelves might have loſt much of their dignity between *the true flower of muſtard* and *the original Daffy's elixir*; and I could not but feel ſome indignation when I found this illuſtrious *Indian* warrior immediately ſucceeded by *a freſh parcel of Dublin butter*.

The trade of advertiſing is now ſo near to perfection, that it is not eaſy to propoſe any improvement. But as every art ought to be exerciſed in due ſubordination to the publick good, I cannot but propoſe it as a moral queſtion to theſe maſters of the publick ear, Whether they do not ſometimes play too wantonly with our paſſions, as when the regiſtrar of lottery tickets invites us to his ſhop by an account of the prize which he ſold laſt year; and whether the advertiſing controvertiſts

controvertiſts do not indulge aſperity of language without any adequate provocation; as in the diſpute about *ſtraps for razors*, now happily ſubſided, and in the altercation which at preſent ſubſiſts concerning *eau de luce*.

In an advertiſement it is allowed to every man to ſpeak well of himſelf, but I know not why he ſhould aſſume the privilege of cenſuring his neighbour. He may proclaim his own virtue or ſkill, but ought not to exclude others from the ſame pretenſions.

Every man that advertiſes his own excellence ſhould write with ſome conſciouſneſs of a character which dares to call the attention of the publick. He ſhould remember that his name is to ſtand in the ſame paper with thoſe of the king of *Pruſſia* and the emperor of *Germany*, and endeavour to make himſelf worthy of ſuch aſſociation.

Some regard is likewiſe to be paid to poſterity. There are men of diligence and curioſity who treaſure up the papers of the day merely becauſe others neglect them, and in time they will be ſcarce. When theſe collections ſhall be read in another century, how will numberleſs contradictions be reconciled? and how ſhall fame be poſſibly diſtributed among the taylors and boddice-makers of the preſent age?

Surely theſe things deſerve conſideration. It is enough for me to have hinted my deſire that theſe abuſes may be rectified; but ſuch is the ſtate of nature, that what all have the right of doing, many will attempt without ſufficient care or due qualifications.

NUMB. 41. SATURDAY, *January* 27, 1759.

THE following letter relates to an affliction perhaps not neceſſary to be imparted to the publick; but I could not perſuade myſelf to ſuppreſs it, becauſe I think I know the ſentiments to be ſincere, and I feel no diſpoſition to provide for this day any other entertainment.

At tu quiſquis eris, miſeri qui cruda poetæ
Credideris fletu funera digna tuo,
Hæc poſtrema tibi ſit flendi cauſa, fluatque
Lenis inoffenſo vitaque morſque gradu.

MR. IDLER,

NOTWITHSTANDING the warnings of philoſophers, and the daily examples of loſſes and misfortunes which life forces upon our obſervation, ſuch is the abſorption of our thoughts in the buſineſs of the preſent day, ſuch the reſignation of our reaſon to empty hopes of future felicity, or ſuch our unwillingneſs to foreſee what we dread, that every calamity comes ſuddenly upon us, and not only preſſes us as a burthen, but cruſhes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common courſe of nature, againſt which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flaſh of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concuſſion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miſeries time brings, though ſilently yet viſibly, forward by its even lapſe, which yet approach us unſeen becauſe we turn our eyes away, and ſeize us unreſiſted becauſe we could not arm ourſelves againſt them but by ſetting them before us.

That it is vain to ſhrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourſelves which muſt ſome time be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the ſpeculative reaſoner, whoſe thoughts are always from home, whoſe eye wanders over life, whoſe fancy dances after meteors of happineſs kindled by itſelf, and who examines every thing rather than his own ſtate.

Nothing

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age muſt terminate in death; yet there is no man, ſays *Tully*, who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the ſame principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend: but the fallacy will be in time detected; the laſt year, the laſt day, muſt come. It has come, and is paſt. The life which made my own life pleaſant is at an end, and the gates of death are ſhut upon my proſpects.

The loſs of a friend upon whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wiſh and endeavour tended, is a ſtate of dreary deſolation, in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itſelf, and finds nothing but emptineſs and horror. The blameleſs life, the artleſs tenderneſs, the pious ſimplicity, the modeſt reſignation, the patient ſickneſs, and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loſs, to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended, to deepen ſorrow for what cannot be recalled.

Theſe are the calamities by which Providence gradually diſengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exerciſe reſolution or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languiſhment and grief.

Yet ſuch is the courſe of nature, that whoever lives long muſt outlive thoſe whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our preſent exiſtence, that life muſt one time loſe its aſſociations, and every inhabitant of the earth muſt walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any intereſted witneſs of his misfortunes or ſucceſs.

Misfortune, indeed, he may yet feel; for where is the bottom of the miſery of man? But what is ſucceſs to him that has none to enjoy it? Happineſs is not found in ſelf-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the ſtate of departed ſouls, becauſe ſuch knowledge is not neceſſary to a good life. Reaſon deſerts us at the brink of the grave, and can give no further intelligence. Revelation is not wholly ſilent. *There is joy in the angels of Heaven over one ſinner that repenteth;* and ſurely this joy is not incommunicable to ſouls diſentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let

Let hope therefore dictate, what revelation does not confute, that the union of souls may still remain; and that we who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have our part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion: when we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater Power? and to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest POWER is the BEST?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the *gospel*, which has brought *life and immortality to light*. The precepts of *Epicurus*, who teaches us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of *Zeno*, who commands us to look with indifference on external things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promises of Him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurance of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from the eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but Religion only can give patience.

I am, &c.

NUMB.

NUMB. 42. SATURDAY, *February* 3, 1759.

THE ſubject of the following letter is not wholly unmentioned by the RAMBLER. The SPECTATOR has alſo a letter containing a caſe not much different. I hope my correſpondent's performance is more an effort of genius, than effuſion of the paſſions; and that ſhe hath rather attempted to paint ſome poſſible diſtreſs, than really feels the evils which ſhe has deſcribed.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

THERE is a cauſe of miſery, which, though certainly known both to you and your predeceſſors, has been little taken notice of in your papers; I mean the ſnares that the bad behaviour of parents extends over the paths of life which their children are to tread after them; and as I make no doubt but the *Idler* holds the ſhield for virtue, as well as the glaſs for folly, that he will employ his leiſure hours as much to his own ſatisfaction in warning his readers againſt a danger, as in laughing them out of a faſhion: for this reaſon I am tempted to aſk admittance for my ſtory in your paper, though it has nothing to recommend it but truth, and the honeſt wiſh of warning others to ſhun the track which I am afraid may lead me at laſt to ruin.

I am the child of a father, who, having always lived in one ſpot in the country where he was born, and having had no genteel education himſelf, thought no qualifications in the world deſirable but as they led up to fortune, and no learning neceſſary to happineſs but ſuch as might moſt effectually teach me to make the beſt market of myſelf: I was unfortunately born a beauty, to a full ſenſe of which my father took care to flatter me; and having, when very young, put me to a ſchool in the country, afterwards tranſplanted me to another in town, at the inſtigation of his friends, where his ill-judged fondneſs let me remain no longer than to learn juſt enough experience to convince me of

of the ſordidneſs of his views, to give me an idea of perfections which my preſent ſituation will never ſuffer me to reach, and to teach me ſufficient morals to dare to deſpiſe what is bad, though it be in a father.

Thus equipped (as he thought completely) for life, I was carried back into the country and lived with him and my mother in a ſmall village, within a few miles of the county-town; where I mixed, at firſt with reluctance among company which, though I never deſpiſed, I could not approve, as they were brought up with other inclinations, and narrower views than my own. My father took great pains to ſhew me every where, both at his own houſe, and at ſuch publick diverſions as the country afforded: he frequently told the people all he had was for his daughter; took care to repeat the civilities I had received from all his friends in *London*; told how much I was admired, and all his little ambition could ſuggeſt to ſet me in a ſtronger light.

Thus have I continued tricked out for ſale, as I may call it, and doomed, by parental authority, to a ſtate little better than that of proſtitution. I look on myſelf as growing cheaper every hour, and am loſing all that honeſt pride, that modeſt confidence, in which the virgin dignity conſiſts. Nor does my misfortune ſtop here: though many would be too generous to impute the follies of a father to a child whoſe heart has ſet her above them; yet I am afraid the moſt charitable of them will hardly think it poſſible for me to be a daily ſpectatreſs of his vices without tacitly allowing them, and at laſt conſenting to them, as the eye of the frighted infant is, by degrees, reconciled to the darkneſs of which at firſt it was afraid. It is a common opinion, he himſelf muſt very well know, that vices, like diſeaſes, are often hereditary; and that the property of the one is to infect the manners, as the other poiſons the ſprings, of life.

Yet this, though bad, is not the worſt; my father deceives himſelf the hopes of the very child he has brought into the world; he ſuffers his houſe to be the ſeat of drunkeneſs, riot, and irreligion; who ſeduces, almoſt in my ſight, the menial ſervant, converſes with the proſtitute, and corrupts the wife! Thus I, who from my earlieſt dawn of reaſon was taught to think that at my approach every eye ſparkled with pleaſure, or was dejected as conſcious of ſuperior charms, am excluded from ſociety, through fear

fear left I ſhould partake, if not of my father's crimes, at leaſt of his reproach. Is a parent, who is ſo little ſolicitous for the welfare of a child, better than a pirate who turns a wretch adrift in a boat at ſea, without a ſtar to ſteer by, or an anchor to hold it faſt? Am I not to lay all my miſeries at thoſe doors which ought to have opened only for my protection? And if doomed to add at laſt one more to the number of thoſe wretches whom neither the world nor its law befriends, may I not juſtly ſay that I have been awed by a parent into ruin? But though a parent's power is ſcreened from inſult and violation by the very words of heaven, yet ſurely no laws, divine or human, forbid me to remove myſelf from the malignant ſhade of a plant that poiſons all around it, blaſts the bloom of youth, checks its improvements, and makes all its flowrets fade: but to whom can the wretched, can the dependant fly? For me to fly a father's houſe, is to be a beggar: I have only one comforter amidſt my anxieties, a pious relation, who bids me appeal to heaven for a witneſs to my juſt intentions, fly as a deſerted wretch to its protection; and, being aſked who my father is, point, like the antient philoſopher, with my finger to the heavens.

The hope in which I write this, is, that you will give it a place in your paper; and, as your eſſays ſometimes find their way into the country, that my father may read my ſtory there; and, if not for his own ſake, yet for mine, ſpare to perpetuate that worſt of calamities to me, the loſs of character, from which all his diſſimulation has not been able to reſcue himſelf. Tell the world, Sir, that it is poſſible for virtue to keep its throne unſhaken without any other guard than itſelf; that it is poſſible to maintain that purity of thought ſo neceſſary to the completion of human excellence even in the midſt of temptations; when they have no friend within, nor are aſſiſted by the voluntary indulgence of vicious thoughts.

If the inſertion of a ſtory like this does not break in on the plan of your paper, you have it in your power to be a better friend than her father to

PERDITA.

NUMB.

NUMB. 43. SATURDAY, *February* 10, 1759.

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other, the rotation of seasons diversifies the year, the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and the year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth; the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its silence and darkness shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

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He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a motion equable and eaſy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhable uniformity, we ſhould never mark its approaches to the end of the courſe. If one hour were like another; if the paſſage of the ſun did not ſhew that the day is waſting; if the change of ſeaſons did not impreſs upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobſerved. If the parts of time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their departure or ſucceſſion, but ſhould live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without will, and perhaps without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already loſt with that which may probably remain.

But the courſe of time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is obſerved even by the birds of paſſage, and by nations who have raiſed their minds very little above animal inſtinct: there are human beings whoſe language does not ſupply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for ſummer and winter.

Yet it is certain, that theſe admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with ſuch accuracy the courſe of time, appear to have little ſenſibility of the decline of life. Every man has ſomething to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurprize us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, afer an abſence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to and her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left children, find can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as men. The traveller viſits in age thoſe countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory proſperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the laſt years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From

From this inattention, ſo general and ſo miſchievous, let it be every man's ſtudy to exempt himſelf. Let him that deſires to ſee others happy make haſte to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away ſomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him, who purpoſes his own happineſs, reflect, that while he forms his purpoſe the day rolls on, and *the night cometh when no man can work.*

Numb. 44. Saturday, *February* 17, 1759.

MEMORY is, among the faculties of the human mind, that of which we make the moſt frequent uſe, or rather that of which the agency is inceſſant or perpetual. Memory is the primary and fundamental power, without which there could be no other intellectual operation. Judgement and ratiocination ſuppoſe ſomething already known, and draw their deciſions only from experience. Imagination ſelects ideas from the treaſures of remembrance, and produces novelty only by varied combinations. We do not even form conjectures of diſtant, or anticipations of future events, but by concluding what is poſſible from what is paſt.

The two offices of memory are collection and diſtribution; by one images are accumulated, and by the other produced for uſe. Collection is always the employment of our firſt years; and diſtribution commonly that of our advanced age.

To collect and repoſite the various forms of things, is far the moſt pleaſing part of mental occupation. We are naturally delighted with novelty, and there is a time when all that we ſee is new. When firſt we enter into the world, whitherſoever we turn our eyes, they meet knowledge with pleaſure at her ſide; every diverſity of nature pours ideas in upon the ſoul; neither ſearch nor labour are neceſſary; we have nothing more to do than to open our eyes, and curioſity is gratified.

Much of the pleafure which the firft furvey of the world affords, is exhaufted before we are confcious of our own felicity, or able to compare our condition with fome other poffible ftate. We have therefore few traces of the joy of our earlieft difcoveries; yet we all remember a time when nature had fo many untafted gratifications, that every excurfion gave delight which can now be found no longer, when the noife of a torrent, the ruftle of a wood, the fong of birds, or the play of lambs, had power to fill the attention, and fufpend all perception of the courfe of time.

But thefe eafy pleafures are foon at an end; we have feen in a very little time fo much, that we call out for new objects of obfervation, and endeavour to find variety in books and life. But ftudy is laborious, and not always fatisfactory; and converfation has its pains as well as pleafures; we are willing to learn, but not willing to be taught; we are pained by ignorance, but pained yet more by another's knowledge.

From the vexation of pupillage men commonly fet themfelves free about the middle of life, by fhutting up the avenues of intelligence, and refolving to reft in their prefent ftate; and they, whofe ardour of enquiry continues longer, find themfelves infenfibly forfaken by their inftructors. As every man advances in life, the proportion between thofe that are younger and that are older than himfelf is continually changing; and he that has lived half a century finds few that do not require from him that information which he once expected from thofe that went before him.

Then it is that the magazines of memory are opened, and the ftores of accumulated knowledge are difplayed by vanity or benevolence, or in honeft commerce of mutual intereft. Every man wants others, and is therefore glad when he is wanted by them. And as few men will endure the labour of intenfe meditation without neceffity, he that has learned enough for his profit or his honour, feldom endeavours after further acquifitions.

The pleafure of recollecting fpeculative notions would not be much lefs than that of gaining them, if they could be kept pure and unmingled with the paffages of life; but fuch is the neceffary concatenation of our thoughts, that good and evil are linked together, and no pleafure recurs but affociated with pain. Every revived idea reminds us of a time when fomething was enjoyed that is now loft, when

fome

ſome hope was not yet blaſted, when ſome purpoſe had yet not languiſhed into ſluggiſhneſs or indifference.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts, or, What is in the event juſt the ſame, that evil makes deeper impreſſion than good, it is certain that few can review the time paſt without heavineſs of heart. He remembers many calamities incurred by folly, many opportunities loſt by negligence. The ſhades of the dead riſe up before him; and he laments the companions of his youth, the partners of his amuſements, the aſſiſtants of his labours, whom the hand of death has ſnatched away.

When an offer was made to *Themiſtocles* of teaching him the art of memory, he anſwered, that he would rather wiſh for the art of forgetfulneſs. He felt his imagination haunted by phantoms of miſery which he was unable to ſuppreſs, and would gladly have calmed his thoughts with ſome *oblivious antidote*. In this we all reſemble one another; the hero and the ſage are, like vulgar mortals, overburthened by the weight of life; all ſhrink from recollection, and all wiſh for an art of forgetfulneſs.

NUMB. 45. SATURDAY, *February* 24, 1759.

THERE is in many minds a kind of vanity exerted to the diſadvantage of themſelves; a deſire to be praiſed for ſuperior acuteneſs diſcovered only in the degradation of their ſpecies, or cenſure of their country.

Defamation is ſufficiently copious. The general lampooner of mankind may find long exerciſe for his zeal or wit, in the defects of nature, the vexations of life, the follies of opinion, and the corruptions of practice. But fiction is eaſier than diſcernment; and moſt of theſe writers ſpare themſelves the labour of enquiry, and exhauſt their virulence upon imaginary crimes, which, as they never exiſted, can never be amended.

That the painters find no encouragement among the *Engliſh* for many other works than portraits, has been imputed to national ſelfiſhneſs. 'Tis vain, ſays the ſatiriſt, to

ſet before any *Engliſhman* the ſcenes of landſcape, or the heroes of hiſtory; nature and antiquity are nothing in his eye; he has no value but for himſelf; nor deſires any copy but of his own form.

Whoever is delighted with his own picture muſt derive his pleaſure from the pleaſure of another. Every man is always preſent to himſelf, and has, therefore, little need of his own reſemblance, nor can deſire it, but for the ſake of thoſe whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This uſe of the art is a natural and reaſonable conſequence of affection; and though, like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even ſuch pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it.

Genius is chiefly exerted in hiſtorical pictures; and the art of the painter of portraits is often loſt in the obſcurity of his ſubject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greateſt is not always beſt. I ſhould grieve to ſee *Reynolds* tranſfer to heroes and to goddeſſes, to empty ſplendour and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffuſing friendſhip, in reviving tenderneſs, in quickening the affections of the abſent, and continuing the preſence of the dead.

Yet in a nation great and opulent there is room, and ought to be patronage, for an art like that of painting through all its diverſities; and it is to be wiſhed, that the reward now offered for an hiſtorical picture may excite an honeſt emulation, and give beginning to an *Engliſh* ſchool.

It is not very eaſy to find an action or event that can be efficaciouſly repreſented by a painter.

He muſt have an action not ſucceſſive but inſtantaneous; for the time of a picture is a ſingle moment. For this reaſon, the death of *Hercules* cannot well be painted, though at the firſt view it flatters the imagination with very glittering ideas: the gloomy mountain, overhanging the ſea, and covered with trees, ſome bending to the wind, and ſome torn from their roots by the raging hero; the violence with which he rends from his ſhoulders the invenomed garment; the propriety with which his muſcular nakedneſs may be diſplayed; the death of *Lycas* whirled from the promontory; the gigantic preſence of *Philoctetes*; the blaze of the fatal pile,

pile, which the deities behold with grief and terror from the ſky.

All theſe images fill the mind, but will not compoſe a picture, becauſe they cannot be united in a ſingle moment. *Hercules* muſt have rent his fleſh at one time, and toſſed *Lycas* into the air at another; he muſt firſt tear up the trees, and then lie down upon the pile.

The action muſt be circumſtantial and diſtinct. There is a paſſage in the Iliad which cannot be read without ſtrong emotions. A *Trojan* prince, ſeized by *Achilles* in the battle, falls at his feet, and in moving terms ſupplicates for life. *How can a wretch like thee*, ſays the haughty *Greek*, *entreat to live, when thou knoweſt that the time muſt come when Achilles is to die?* This cannot be painted, becauſe no peculiarity of attitude or diſpoſition can ſo ſupply the place of language as to impreſs the ſentiment.

The event painted muſt be ſuch as excites paſſion, and different paſſions in the ſeveral actors, or a tumult of contending paſſions in the chief.

Perhaps the diſcovery of *Ulyſſes* by his nurſe is of this kind. The ſurpriſe of the nurſe mingled with joy; that of *Ulyſſes* checked by prudence, and clouded by ſolicitude; and the diſtinctneſs of the action by which the ſcar is found; all concur to complete the ſubject. But the pictures, having only two figures, will want variety.

A much nobler aſſemblage may be furniſhed by the death of *Epaminondas*. The mixture of gladneſs and grief in the face of the meſſenger who brings his dying general an account of the victory; the various paſſions of the attendants; the ſublimity of compoſure in the hero, while the dart is by his own command drawn from his ſide, and the faint gleam of ſatisfaction that diffuſes itſelf over the langour of death; are worthy of that pencil which yet I do not wiſh to ſee employed upon them.

If the deſign were not too multifarious and extenſive, I ſhould wiſh that our painters would attempt the diſſolution of the parliament by *Cromwell*. The point of time may be choſen when *Cromwell*, looking round the Pandæmonium with contempt, ordered the bauble to be taken away; and *Harriſon* laid hands on the Speaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances, which rage, and terror, and aſtoniſhment, and guilt, might exhibit in the faces of that hateful aſſembly, of whom the principal perſons may be faithfully

faithfully drawn from portraits or prints; the irresolute repugnance of some, the hypocritical submissions of others, the ferocious insolence of *Cromwell*, the rugged brutality of *Harrison* and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would, if some proper disposition could be contrived, make a picture of unexampled variety, and irresistible instruction.

NUMB. 46. SATURDAY, *March* 3, 1759.

MR. IDLER,

I AM encouraged, by the notice you have taken of *Betty Broom*, to represent the miseries which I suffer from a species of tyranny which, I believe, is not very uncommon, though perhaps it may have escaped the observation of those who converse little with fine ladies, or see them only in their publick characters.

To this method of venting my vexation I am the more inclined, because if I do not complain to you, I must burst in silence; for my mistress has teazed me and teazed me till I can hold no longer, and yet I must not tell her of her tricks. The girls that live in common services can quarrel, and give warning, and find other places; but we that live with great ladies, if we once offend them, have nothing left but to return into the country.

I am waiting-maid to a lady who keeps the best company, and is seen at every place of fashionable resort. I am envied by all the maids in the square, for few countesses leave off so many clothes as my mistress, and nobody shares with me: so that I supply two families in the country with finery for the assizes and horse-races, besides what I wear myself. The steward and house-keeper have joined against me to procure my removal, that they may advance a relation of their own; but their designs are found out by my lady, who says I need not fear them, for she will never have dowdies about her.

You would think, Mr. *Idler*, like others, that I am very happy, and may well be contented with my lot. But I will tell you. My lady has an odd humour. She never orders any

any thing in direct words, for she loves a sharp girl that can take a hint.

I would not have you suspect that she has any thing to hint which she is ashamed to speak at length; for none can have greater purity of sentiment, or rectitude of intention. She has nothing to hide, yet nothing will she tell. She always gives her directions obliquely and allusively, by the mention of something relative or consequential, without any other purpose than to exercise my acuteness and her own.

It is impossible to give a notion of this style otherwise than by examples. One night, when she had sat writing letters till it was time to be dressed, *Molly*, said she, *the Ladies are all to be at Court to-night in white aprons.* When she means that I should send to order the chair, she says, *I think the streets are clean, I may venture to walk.* When she would have something put into its place, she bids me *lay it on the floor.* If she would have me snuff the candles, she asks *whether I think her eyes are like a cat's?* If she thinks her chocolate delayed, she talks of *the benefit of abstinence.* If any needle-work is forgotten, she supposes *that I have heard of the lady who died by pricking her finger.*

She always imagines that I can recall every thing past from a single word. If she wants her head from the milliner, she only says, *Molly, you know Mrs. Tape.* If she would have the mantua-maker sent for, she remarks that *Mr. Taffaty, the mercer, was here last week.* She ordered a fortnight ago, that the first time she was abroad all day I should chuse her a new set of coffee-cups at the china shop: of this she reminded me yesterday, as she was going down stairs, by saying, *You can't find your way now to Pall-mall.*

All this would never vex me, if, by encreasing my trouble, she spared her own; but, dear Mr. *Idler*, is it not as easy to say *coffee-cups*, as *Pall-mall?* and to tell me in plain words what I am to do, and when it is to be done, as to torment her own head with the labour of finding hints, and mine with that of understanding them?

When first I came to this lady, I had nothing like the learning that I have now; for she has many books, and I have much time to read; so that of late I seldom have missed her meaning; but when she first took me I was an ignorant girl; and she, who, as is very common, confounded want of knowledge with want of understanding, began once to despair of bringing me to any thing, because, when

when I came into her chamber at the call of her bell, ſhe aſked me, *Whether we lived in Zembla;* and I did not gueſs the meaning of her enquiry, but modeſtly anſwered, that *I could not tell.* She had happened to ring once when I did not hear her, and meant to put me in mind of that country where ſounds are ſaid to be congealed by the froſt.

Another time, as I was dreſſing her head, ſhe began to talk on a ſudden of *Meduſa*, and *ſnakes*, and *men turned into ſtone*, and *maids that, if they were not watched, would let their miſtreſſes be Gorgons.* I looked round me half frightened, and quite bewildered; till at laſt, finding that her literature was thrown away upon me, ſhe bid me, with great vehemence, reach the curling-irons.

It is not without ſome indignation, Mr. *Idler*, that I diſcover, in theſe artifices of vexation, ſomething worſe than foppery or caprice; a mean delight in ſuperiority, which knows itſelf in no danger of reproof or oppoſition; a cruel pleaſure in ſeeing the perplexity of a mind obliged to find what is ſtudiouſly concealed, and a mean indulgence of petty malevolence, in the ſharp cenſure of involuntary, and very often of inevitable, failings. When, beyond her expectation, I hit upon her meaning, I can perceive a ſudden cloud of diſappointment ſpread over her face; and have ſometimes been afraid, leſt I ſhould loſe her favour by underſtanding her when ſhe means to puzzle me.

This day, however, ſhe has conquered my ſagacity. When ſhe went out of her dreſſing-room, ſhe ſaid nothing, but, *Molly, you know*, and haſtened to her chariot. What I am to know is yet a ſecret; but if I do not know, before ſhe comes back, what I yet have no means of diſcovering, ſhe will make my dullneſs a pretence for a fortnight's ill humour, treat me as a creature devoid of the faculties neceſſary to the common duties of life, and perhaps give the next gown to the houſekeeper.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant.

Molly Quick.

Numb.

NUMB. 47. SATURDAY, *March* 10, 1759.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I AM the unfortunate wife of a city wit, and cannot but think that my caſe may deſerve equal compaſſion with any of thoſe which have been repreſented in your paper.

I married my huſband within three months after the expiration of his apprenticeſhip; we put our money together, and furniſhed a large and ſplendid ſhop, in which he was for five years and a half diligent and civil. The notice which curioſity or kindneſs commonly beſtows on beginners, was continued by confidence and eſteem; one cuſtomer, pleaſed with his treatment and his bargain, recommended another; and we were buſy behind the counter from morning to night.

Thus every day encreaſed our wealth and our reputation. My huſband was often invited to dinner openly on the *Exchange* by hundred thouſand pounds men; and whenever I went to any of the halls, the wives of the aldermen made me low courteſies. We always took up our notes before the day, and made all conſiderable payments by draughts upon our banker.

You will eaſily believe that I was well enough pleaſed with my condition; for what happineſs can be greater than that of growing every day richer and richer? I will not deny, that, imagining myſelf likely to be in a ſhort time the ſheriff's lady, I broke off my acquaintance with ſome of my neighbours; and adviſed my huſband to keep good company, and not to be ſeen with men that were worth nothing.

In time he found that ale diſagreed with his conſtitution, and went every night to drink his pint at a tavern, where he met with a ſet of criticks, who diſputed upon the merit of the different theatrical performers. By theſe idle fellows he was taken to the play, which at firſt he did not ſeem much to heed; for he owned, that he very ſeldom knew what

what they were doing, and that, while his companions would let him alone, he was commonly thinking on his laſt bargain.

Having once gone, however, he went again and again, though I often told him that three ſhillings were thrown away; at laſt he grew uneaſy if he miſſed a night, and importuned me to go with him. I went to a tragedy which they called *Macbeth;* and, when I came home, told him, that I could not bear to ſee men and women make themſelves ſuch fools, by pretending to be witches and ghoſts, generals and kings, and to walk in their ſleep when they were as much awake as thoſe that looked at them. He told me, that I muſt get higher notions, and that a play was the moſt rational of all entertainments, and moſt proper to relax the mind after the buſineſs of the day.

By degrees he gained knowledge of ſome of the players; and, when the play was over, very frequently treated them with ſuppers; for which he was admitted to ſtand behind the ſcenes.

He ſoon began to loſe ſome of his morning hours in the ſame folly, and was for one winter very diligent in his attendance on the rehearſals; but of this ſpecies of idleneſs he grew weary, and ſaid, that the play was nothing without the company.

His ardour for the diverſion of the evening increaſed; he bought a ſword, and paid five ſhillings a night to ſit in the boxes; he went ſometimes into a place which he calls the green-room, where all the wits of the age aſſemble; and, when he had been there, could do nothing, for two or three days, but repeat their jeſts, or tell their diſputes.

He has now loſt his regard for every thing but the play-houſe; he invites, three times a week, one or other to drink claret, and talk of the drama. His firſt care in the morning is to read the play-bills; and, if he remembers any lines of the tragedy which is to be repreſented, walks about the ſhop, repeating them ſo loud, and with ſuch ſtrange geſtures, that the paſſengers gather round the door.

His greateſt pleaſure when I married him was to hear the ſituation of his ſhop commended, and to be told how many eſtates have been got in it by the ſame trade; but of late he grows peeviſh at any mention of buſineſs, and delights in nothing ſo much as to be told that he ſpeaks like *Moſſop*.

Among

Among his new aſſociates he has learned another language, and ſpeaks in ſuch a ſtrain that his neighbours cannot underſtand him. If a cuſtomer talks longer than he is willing to hear, he will complain that he has been excruciated with unmeaning verboſity; he laughs at the letters of his friends for their tameneſs of expreſſion, and often declares himſelf weary of attending to the *minutiæ* of a ſhop.

It is well for me that I know how to keep a book, for of late he is ſcarcely ever in the way. Since one of his friends told him that he had a genius for tragick poetry, he has locked himſelf in an upper room ſix or ſeven hours a day; and, when I carry him any paper to be read or ſigned, I hear him talking vehemently to himſelf, ſometimes of love and beauty, ſometimes of friendſhip and virtue, but more frequently of liberty and his country.

I would gladly, Mr. *Idler*, be informed what to think of a ſhopkeeper, who is inceſſantly talking about liberty; a word, which ſince his acquaintance with polite life, my huſband has always in his mouth; he is, on all occaſions, afraid of our liberty, and declares his reſolution to hazard all for liberty. What can the man mean? I am ſure he has liberty enough; it were better for him and me if his liberty was leſſened.

He has a friend, whom he calls a critick, that comes twice a week to read what he is writing. This critick tells him that his piece is a little irregular, but that ſome detached ſcenes will ſhine prodigiouſly, and that in the character of *Bombulus* he is wonderfully great. My ſcribbler then ſqueezes his hand, calls him the beſt of friends, thanks him for his ſincerity, and tells him that he hates to be flattered. I have reaſon to believe that he ſeldom parts with his dear friend without lending him two guineas, and am afraid that he gave bail for him three days ago.

By this courſe of life our credit as traders is leſſened; and I cannot forbear to ſuſpect, that my huſband's honour as a wit is not much advanced, for he ſeems to be always the loweſt of the company, and is afraid to tell his opinion till the reſt have ſpoken. When he was behind his counter, he uſed to be briſk, active, and jocular, like a man that knew what he was doing, and did not fear to look another in the face; but among wits and criticks he is timorous and aukward, and hangs down his head at his own table. Dear Mr. *Idler*, perſuade him, if you can, to return once more to his native element. Tell him that wit will never make

him

him rich, but that there are places where riches will always make a wit.

I am, Sir, &c.
Deborah Ginger.

Numb. 48. Saturday, *March* 17, 1759.

There is no kind of idleneſs by which we are ſo eaſily ſeduced, as that which dignifies itſelf by the appearance of buſineſs, and by making the loiterer imagine that he has ſomething to do which muſt not be neglected, keeps him in perpetual agitation, and hurries him rapidly from place to place.

He that ſits ſtill, or repoſes himſelf upon a couch, no more deceives himſelf than he deceives others; he knows that he is doing nothing, and has no other ſolace of his inſignificance than the reſolution, which the lazy hourly make, of changing his mode of life.

To do nothing every man is aſhamed; and to do much almoſt every man is unwilling or afraid. Innumerable expedients have therefore been invented to produce motion without labour, and employment without ſolicitude. The greater part of thoſe whom the kindneſs of fortune has left to their own direction, and whom want does not keep chained to the counter or the plough, play throughout life with the ſhadows of buſineſs and know not at laſt what they have been doing.

Theſe imitators of action are of all denominations. Some are ſeen at every auction without intention to purchaſe; others appear punctually at the *Exchange*, though they are known there only by their faces. Some are always making parties to viſit collections for which they have no taſte; and ſome neglect every pleaſure and every duty to hear queſtions, in which they have no intereſt, debated in parliament.

Theſe men never appear more ridiculous than in the diſtreſs which they imagine themſelves to feel, from ſome accidental interruption of thoſe empty purſuits. A tiger newly

newly impriſoned is indeed more formidable, but not more angry, than *Jack Tulip* with-held from a floriſt's feaſt, or *Tom Diſtich* hindered from ſeeing the firſt repreſentation of a play.

As political affairs are the higheſt and moſt extenſive of temporal concerns; the mimick of a politician is more buſy and important than any other trifler. Monſieur *le Noir*, a man who, without property or importance in any corner of the earth, has, in the preſent confuſion of the world, declared himſelf a ſteady adherent to the *French*, is made miſerable by a wind that keeps back the packet-boat, and ſtill more miſerable by every account of a *Malouin* privateer caught in his cruize; he knows well that nothing can be done or ſaid by him which can produce any effect but that of laughter, that he can neither haſten nor retard good or evil, that his joys and ſorrows have ſcarcely any partakers; yet ſuch is his zeal, and ſuch his curioſity, that he would run barefooted to *Graveſend*, for the ſake of knowing firſt that the *Engliſh* had loſt a tender, and would ride out to meet every mail from the continent if he might be permitted to open it.

Learning is generally confeſſed to be deſirable, and there are ſome who fancy themſelves always buſy in acquiring it. Of theſe ambulatory ſtudents, one of the moſt buſy is my friend *Tom Reſtleſs*.

Tom has long had a mind to be a man of knowledge, but he does not care to ſpend much time among authors; for he is of opinion that few books deſerve the labour of peruſal, that they give the mind an unfaſhionable caſt, and deſtroy that freedom of thought and eaſineſs of manners indiſpenſably requiſite to acceptance in the world. *Tom* has therefore found another way to wiſdom. When he riſes he goes into a coffee-houſe, where he creeps ſo near to men whom he takes to be reaſoners as to hear their diſcourſe, and endeavours to remember ſomething which, when it has been ſtrained thro' *Tom's* head, is ſo near to nothing, that what it once was cannot be diſcovered. This he carries round from friend to friend, through a circle of viſits, till, hearing what each ſays upon the queſtion, he becomes able at dinner to ſay a little himſelf; and, as every great genius relaxes himſelf among his inferiors, meets with ſome who wonder how ſo young a man can talk ſo wiſely.

At night he has a new feaſt prepared for his intellects; he always runs to a diſputing ſociety, or a ſpeaking club, where

where he half hears what, if he had heard the whole, he would but half underſtand; goes home pleaſed with the conſciouſneſs of a day well ſpent, lies down full of ideas, and riſes in the morning empty as before.

Numb. 49. Saturday, *March* 24, 1759.

I SUPPED three nights ago with my friend *Will Marvel*. His affairs obliged him lately to take a journey into *Devonſhire*, from which he has juſt returned. He knows me to be a very patient hearer, and was glad of my company, as it gave him an opportunity of diſburthening himſelf by a minute relation of the caſualties of his expedition.

Will is not one of thoſe who go out and return with nothing to tell. He has a ſtory of his travels, which will ſtrike a home-bred citizen with horror, and has in ten days ſuffered ſo often the extremes of terror and joy, that he is in doubt whether he ſhall ever again expoſe either his body or mind to ſuch danger and fatigue.

When he left *London* the morning was bright, and a fair day was promiſed. But *Will* is born to ſtruggle with difficulties. That happened to him, which has ſometimes, perhaps, happened to others. Before he had gone more than ten miles, it began to rain. What courſe was to be taken? His ſoul diſdained to turn back. He did what the King of *Pruſſia* might have done; he flapped his hat, buttoned up his cape, and went forwards, fortifying his mind by the ſtoical conſolation, that whatever is violent will be ſhort.

His conſtancy was not long tried; at the diſtance of about half a mile he ſaw an inn, which he entered wet and weary, and found civil treatment and proper refreſhment. After a reſpite of about two hours, he looked abroad, and ſeeing the ſky clear, called for his horſe, and paſſed the firſt ſtage without any other memorable accident.

Will conſidered, that labour muſt be relieved by pleaſure, and that the ſtrength which great undertakings require muſt be maintained by copious nutriment; he therefore ordered himſelf an elegant ſupper, drank two bottles of claret, and paſſed the beginning of the night in ſound ſleep;

ſleep; but, waking before light, was forewarned of the troubles of the next day, by a ſhower beating againſt his windows with ſuch violence as to threaten the diſſolution of nature. When he aroſe, he found what he expected, that the country was under water. He joined himſelf, however, to a company that was travelling the ſame way, and came ſafely to the place of dinner, though every ſtep of his horſe daſhed the mud into the air.

In the afternoon, having parted from his company, he ſet forward alone, and paſſed many collections of water, of which it was impoſſible to gueſs the depth, and which he now cannot review without ſome cenſure of his own raſhneſs; but what a man undertakes he muſt perform, and *Marvel* hates a coward at his heart.

Few that lie warm in their beds think what others undergo, who have perhaps been as tenderly educated, and have as acute ſenſations as themſelves. My friend was now to lodge the ſecond night almoſt fifty miles from home, in a houſe which he never had ſeen before, among people to whom he was totally a ſtranger, not knowing whether the next man he ſhould meet would prove good or bad; but ſeeing an inn of a good appearance, he rode reſolutely into the yard; and knowing that reſpect is often paid in proportion as it is claimed, delivered his injunction to the hoſtler with ſpirit, and entering the houſe, called vigorouſly about him.

On the third day up roſe the ſun and Mr. *Marvel*. His troubles and his dangers were now ſuch as he wiſhes no other man ever to encounter. The ways were leſs frequented, and the country more thinly inhabited. He rode many a lonely hour through mire and water, and met not a ſingle ſoul for two miles together with whom he could exchange a word. He cannot deny that, looking round upon the dreary region, and ſeeing nothing but bleak fields and naked trees, hills obſcured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for ſome time ſuffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wiſhed himſelf again ſafe at home. One comfort he had, which was, to conſider that none of his friends were in the ſame diſtreſs, for whom, if they had been with him, he ſhould have ſuffered more than for himſelf; he could not forbear ſometimes to conſider how happily the *Idler* is ſettled in an eaſier condition, who, ſurrounded like him with terrors, could have done nothing but lie down and die.

Amidſt

Amidſt theſe reflections he came to a town and found a dinner which diſpoſed him to more cheerful ſentiments: but the joys of life are ſhort, and its miſeries are long; he mounted and travelled fifteen miles more through dirt and deſolation.

At laſt the ſun ſet, and all the horrors of darkneſs came upon him. He then repented the weak indulgence in which he had gratified himſelf at noon with too long an interval of reſt: yet he went forward along a path which he could no longer ſee, ſometimes ruſhing ſuddenly into water, and ſometimes incumbered with ſtiff clay, ignorant whither he was going, and uncertain whether his next ſtep might not be the laſt.

In this diſmal gloom of nocturnal peregrination his horſe unexpectedly ſtood ſtill. *Marvel* had heard many relations of the inſtinct of horſes, and was in doubt what danger might be at hand. Sometimes he fancied that he was on the bank of a river ſtill and deep, and ſometimes that a dead body lay acroſs the track. He ſat ſtill awhile to recollect his thoughts; and as he was about to alight and explore the darkneſs, out ſtepped a man with a lantern, and opened the turnpike. He hired a guide to the town, arrived in ſafety, and ſlept in quiet.

The reſt of his journey was nothing but danger. He climbed and deſcended precipices on which vulgar mortals tremble to look; he paſſed marſhes like the *Serbonian bog, where armies whole have ſunk*; he forded rivers where the current roared like the *Egre* or the *Severn*; or ventured himſelf on bridges that trembled under him, from which he looked down on foaming whirlpools, or dreadful abyſſes; he wandered over houſeleſs heaths, amidſt all the rage of the elements, with the ſnow driving in his face, and the tempeſt howling in his ears.

Such are the colours in which *Marvel* paints his adventures. He has accuſtomed himſelf to ſounding words and hyperbolical images, till he has loſt the power of true deſcription. In a road through which the heavieſt carriages paſs without difficulty, and the poſt-boy every day and night goes and returns, he meets with hardſhips like thoſe which are endured in *Siberian* deſerts, and miſſes nothing of romantick danger but a giant and a dragon. When his dreadful ſtory is told in proper terms, it is only that the way was dirty in winter, and that he experienced the common viciſſitudes of rain and ſunſhine.

NUMB

NUMB. 50. SATURDAY, *March* 31, 1759.

THE character of Mr. *Marvel* has raiſed the merriment of ſome and the contempt of others, who do not ſufficiently conſider how often they hear and practiſe the ſame arts of exaggerated narration.

There is not, perhaps, among the multitudes of all conditions that ſwarm upon the earth, a ſingle man who does not believe that he has ſomething extraordinary to relate of himſelf; and who does not, at one time or other, ſummon the attention of his friends to the caſualties of his adventures and the viciſſitudes of his fortune; caſualties and viciſſitudes that happen alike in lives uniform and diverſified; to the commander of armies, and the writer at a deſk; to the ſailor who reſigns himſelf to the wind and water, and the farmer whoſe longeſt journey is to the market.

In the preſent ſtate of the world man may paſs through *Shakeſpeare's* ſeven ſtages of life, and meet nothing ſingular or wonderful. But ſuch is every man's attention to himſelf, that what is common and unheeded when it is only ſeen, becomes remarkable and peculiar when we happen to feel it.

It is well enough known to be according to the uſual proceſs of nature that men ſhould ſicken and recover, that ſome deſigns ſhould ſucceed and others miſcarry, that friends ſhould be ſeparated and meet again, that ſome ſhould be made angry by endeavours to pleaſe them, and ſome be pleaſed when no care has been uſed to gain their approbation; that men and women ſhould at firſt come together by chance, like each other ſo well as to commence acquaintance, improve acquaintance into fondneſs, increaſe or extinguiſh fondneſs by marriage, and have children of different degrees of intellects and virtue, ſome of whom die before their parents, and others ſurvive them.

Yet let any man tell his own ſtory, and nothing of all this has ever befallen him according to the common order of things; ſomething has always diſcriminated his caſe; ſome unuſual concurrence of events has appeared which made him more happy or more miſerable than other mortals; for

in pleasures or calamities, however common, every one has comforts and afflictions of his own.

It is certain that without some artificial augmentations, many of the pleasures of life, and almost all its embellishments, would fall to the ground. If no man was to express more delight than he felt, those who felt most would raise little envy. If travellers were to describe the most laboured performances of art with the same coldness as they survey them, all expectations of happiness from change of place would cease. The pictures of *Raphael* would hang without spectators, and the gardens of *Versailles* might be inhabited by hermits. All the pleasure that is received ends in an opportunity of splendid falsehood, in the power of gaining notice by the display of beauties which the eye was weary of beholding, and a history of happy moments, of which, in reality, the most happy was the last.

The ambition of superior sensibility and superior eloquence disposes the lovers of arts to receive rapture at one time, and communicate it at another; and each labours first to impose upon himself, and then to propagate the imposture.

Pain is less subject than pleasure to caprices of expression. The torments of disease, and the grief for irremediable misfortunes, sometimes are such as no words can declare, and can only be signified by groans, or sobs, or inarticlate ejaculations. Man has from nature a mode of utterance peculiar to pain, but he has none peculiar to pleasure, because he never has pleasure but in such degrees as the ordinary use of language may equal or surpass.

It is nevertheless certain, that many pains as well as pleasures are heightened by rhetorical affectation, and that the picture is, for the most part, bigger than the life.

When we describe our sensations of another's sorrows, either in friendly or ceremonious condolence, the customs of the world scarcely admit of rigid veracity. Perhaps the fondest friendship would enrage oftener than comfort, were the tongue on such occasions faithfully to represent the sentiments of the heart; and I think the strictest moralists allow forms of address to be used without much regard to their literal acceptation, when either respect or tenderness requires them, because they are universally known to denote not the degree but the species of our sentiments.

But

But the ſame indulgence cannot be allowed to him who aggravates dangers incurred or ſorrow endured by himſelf, becauſe he darkens the proſpect of futurity, and multiplies the pains of our condition by uſeleſs terror. Thoſe who magnify their delights are leſs criminal deceivers, yet they raiſe hopes which are ſure to be diſappointed. It would be undoubtedly beſt, if we could ſee and hear every thing as it is, that nothing might be too anxiouſly dreaded, or too ardently purſued.

NUMB. 51. SATURDAY, *April* 7, 1759.

IT has been commonly remarked, that eminent men are leaſt eminent at home, that bright characters loſe much of their ſplendor at a nearer view, and many who fill the world with their fame, excite very little reverence among thoſe that ſurround them in their domeſtick privacies.

To blame or to ſuſpect is eaſy and natural. When the fact is evident, and the cauſe doubtful, ſome accuſation is always engendered between idleneſs and malignity. This diſparity of general and familiar eſteem is therefore imputed to hidden vices, and to practices indulged in ſecret, but carefully covered from the publick eye.

Vice will indeed always produce contempt. The dignity of *Alexander*, though nations fell proſtrate before him, was certainly held in little veneration by the partakers of his midnight revels, who had ſeen him, in the madneſs of wine, murder his friend, or ſet fire to the *Perſian* palace at the inſtigation of a harlot; and it is well remembered among us, that the avarice of *Marlborough* kept him in ſubjection to his wife, while he was dreaded by *France* as her conqueror, and honoured by the emperor as his deliverer.

But though, where there is vice there muſt be want of reverence, it is not reciprocally true, that where there is want of reverence there is always vice. That awe which great actions or abilities impreſs will be inevitably diminiſhed by acquaintance, though nothing either mean or criminal ſhould be found.

Of men, as of every thing elſe, we muſt judge according to our knowledge. When we ſee of a hero only his battles, or of a writer only his books, we have nothing to allay our ideas of their greatneſs. We conſider the one only as the guardian of his country, and the other only as the inſtructor of mankind. We have neither opportunity nor motive to examine the minuter parts of their lives, or the leſs apparent peculiarities of their characters; we name them with habitual reſpect, and forget, what we ſtill continue to know, that they are men like other mortals.

But ſuch is the conſtitution of the world, that much of life muſt be ſpent in the ſame manner by the wiſe and the ignorant, the exalted and the low. Men, however diſtinguiſhed by external accidents or intrinſick qualities, have all the ſame wants, the ſame pains, and, as far as the ſenſes are conſulted, the ſame pleaſures. The petty cares and petty duties are the ſame in every ſtation to every underſtanding, and every hour brings ſome occaſion on which we all ſink to the common level. We are all naked till we are dreſſed, and hungry till we are fed; and the general's triumph, and ſage's diſputation, end, like the humble labours of the ſmith or plowman, in a dinner or in ſleep.

Thoſe notions which are to be collected by reaſon, in oppoſition to the ſenſes, will ſeldom ſtand forward in the mind, but lie treaſured in the remoter repoſitories of memory, to be found only when they are ſought. Whatever any man may have written or done, his precepts or his valour will ſcarcely overbalance the unimportant uniformity which runs through his time. We do not eaſily conſider him as great, whom our own eyes ſhew us to be little; nor labour to keep preſent to our thoughts the latent excellences of him who ſhares with us all our weakneſſes and many of our follies; who like us is delighted with ſlight amuſements, buſied with trifling employments, and diſturbed by little vexations.

Great powers cannot be exerted, but when great exigences make them neceſſary. Great exigences can happen but ſeldom, and therefore thoſe qualities which have a claim to the veneration of mankind, lie hid, for the moſt part, like ſubterranean treaſures, over which the foot paſſes as on common ground, till neceſſity breaks open the golden cavern.

In the ancient celebrations of victory, a ſlave was placed on the triumphal car, by the ſide of the general, who reminded

minded him by a ſhort ſentence, that he was a man. Whatever danger there might be left a leader, in his paſſage to the capitol, ſhould forget the frailties of his nature, there was ſurely no need of ſuch an admonition; the intoxication could not have continued long; he would have been at home but a few hours before ſome of his dependants would have forgot his greatneſs, and ſhewn him, that notwithſtanding his laurels he was yet a man.

There are ſome who try to eſcape this domeſtick degradation, by labouring to appear always wiſe or always great; but he that ſtrives againſt nature, will for ever ſtrive in vain. To be grave of mien and ſlow of utterance; to look with ſolicitude and ſpeak with heſitation, is attainable at will; but the ſhew of wiſdom is ridiculous when there is nothing to cauſe doubt, as that of valour where there is nothing to be feared.

A man who has duly conſidered the condition of his being, will contentedly yield to the courſe of things: he will not pant for diſtinction where diſtinction would imply no merit; but though on great occaſions he may wiſh to be greater than others, he will be ſatisfied in common occurrences not to be leſs.

NUMB. 52. SATURDAY, *April* 14, 1759.

Reſponſare cupidinibus. HOR.

THE practice of ſelf-denial, or the forbearance of lawful pleaſure, has been conſidered by almoſt every nation, from the remoteſt ages, as the higheſt exaltation of human virtue; and all have agreed to pay reſpect and veneration to thoſe who abſtained from the delights of life, even when they did not cenſure thoſe who enjoy them.

The general voice of mankind, civil and barbarous, confeſſes that the mind and body are at variance, and that neither can be made happy by its proper gratifications but at the expence of the other; that a pampered body will darken the mind, and an enlightened mind will macerate the

the body. And none have failed to confer their eſteem on thoſe who prefer intellect to ſenſe, who controul their lower by their higher faculties, and forget the wants and deſires of animal life for rational diſquiſitions or pious contemplations.

The earth has ſcarcely a country ſo far advanced towards political regularity as to divide the inhabitants into claſſes, where ſome orders of men or women are not diſtinguiſhed by voluntary ſeverities, and where the reputation of their ſanctity is not increaſed in proportion to the rigour of their rules, and the exactneſs of their performance.

When an opinion to which there is no temptation of intereſt ſpreads wide and continues long, it may be reaſonably preſumed to have been infuſed by nature or dictated by reaſon. It has been often obſerved that the fictions of impoſture, and illuſions of fancy, ſoon give way to time and experience; and that nothing keeps its ground but truth, which gains every day new influence by new confirmation.

But truth, when it is reduced to practice, eaſily becomes ſubject to caprice and imagination; and many particular acts will be wrong, though their general principle be right. It cannot be denied that a juſt conviction of the reſtraint neceſſary to be laid upon the appetites has produced extravagant and unnatural modes of mortification, and inſtitutions, which, however favourably conſidered, will be found to violate nature without promoting piety.

But the doctrine of ſelf-denial is not weakened in itſelf by the errors of thoſe who miſinterpret or miſapply it; the encroachment of the appetites upon the underſtanding is hourly perceived; and the ſtate of thoſe, whom ſenſuality has enſlaved, is known to be in the higheſt degree deſpicable and wretched.

The dread of ſuch ſhameful captivity may juſtly raiſe alarms, and wiſdom will endeavour to keep danger at a diſtance. By timely caution and ſuſpicious vigilance thoſe deſires may be repreſſed, to which indulgence would ſoon give abſolute dominion; thoſe enemies may be overcome, which, when they have been a while accuſtomed to victory, can no longer be reſiſted.

Nothing is more fatal to happineſs or virtue, than that confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own ſtrength, and by aſſuring us of the power of retreat precipitates us into hazard. Some may ſafely venture farther than

others

others into the regions of delight, lay themſelves more open to the golden ſhafts of pleaſure, and advance nearer to the reſidence of the Syrens; but he that is beſt armed with conſtancy and reaſon is yet vulnerable in one part or other, and to every man there is a point fixed, beyond which, if he paſſes, he will not eaſily return. It is certainly moſt wiſe, as it is moſt ſafe, to ſtop before he touches the utmoſt limit, ſince every ſtep of advance will more and more entice him to go forward, till he ſhall at laſt enter into the receſſes of voluptuouſneſs, and ſloth and deſpondency cloſe the paſſage behind him.

To deny early and inflexibly, is the only art of checking the importunity of deſire, and of preſerving quiet and innocence. Innocent gratifications muſt be ſometimes withheld; he that complies with all lawful deſires will certainly loſe his empire over himſelf, and in time either ſubmit his reaſon to his wiſhes, and think all his deſires lawful, or diſmiſs his reaſon as troubleſome and intruſive, and reſolve to ſnatch what he may happen to wiſh, without enquiring about right and wrong.

No man, whoſe appetites are his maſters, can perform the duties of his nature with ſtrictneſs and regularity; he that would be ſuperior to external influences muſt firſt become ſuperior to his own paſſions.

When the *Roman* general, ſitting at ſupper with a plate of turnips before him, was ſolicited by large preſents to betray his truſt, he aſked the meſſengers whether he that could ſup on turnips was a man likely to ſell his own country. Upon him who has reduced his ſenſes to obedience, temptation has loſt its power; he is able to attend impartially to virtue, and execute her commands without heſitation.

To ſet the mind above the appetites is the end of abſtinence, which one of the Fathers obſerves to be not a virtue, but the ground-work of virtue. By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we may add hourly new vigour or reſolution, and ſecure the power of reſiſtance when pleaſure or intereſt ſhall lend their charms to guilt.

NUMB. 53. SATURDAY, *April* 21, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I HAVE a wife that keeps good company. You know that the word *good* varies its meaning according to the value ſet upon different qualities in different places. To be a good man in a college, is to be learned; in a camp, to be brave; and in the city, to be rich. By good company in the place which I have the misfortune to inhabit, we underſtand not only thoſe from whom any good can be learned, whether wiſdom or virtue; or by whom any good can be conferred, whether profit or reputation. Good company is the company of thoſe whoſe birth is high, and whoſe riches are great; or of thoſe whom the rich and noble admit to familiarity.

I am a gentleman of a fortune by no means exuberant, but more than equal to the wants of my family, and for ſome years equal to our deſires. My wife, who had never been accuſtomed to ſplendour, joined her endeavours to mine in the ſuperintendence of our œconomy; we lived in decent plenty, and were not excluded from moderate pleaſures.

But ſlight cauſes produce great effects. All my happineſs has been deſtroyed by change of place; virtue is too often merely local; in ſome ſituations the air diſeaſes the body, and in others poiſons the mind. Being obliged to remove my habitation, I was led by my evil genius to a convenient houſe in a ſtreet where many of the nobility reſide. We had ſcarcely ranged our furniture, and aired our rooms, when my wife began to grow diſcontented, and to wonder what the neighbours would think when they ſaw ſo few chairs and chariots at her door.

Her acquaintance, who came to ſee her from the quarter that we had left, mortified her without deſign, by continual enquiries about the ladies whoſe houſes they viewed from our windows. She was aſhamed to confeſs that ſhe had

had no intercourſe with them, and ſheltered her diſtreſs under general anſwers, which always tended to raiſe ſuſpicion that ſhe knew more than ſhe would tell; but ſhe was often reduced to difficulties, when the courſe of talk introduced queſtions about the furniture or ornaments of their houſes, which, when ſhe could get no intelligence, ſhe was forced to paſs ſlightly over, as things which ſhe ſaw ſo often that ſhe never minded them.

To all theſe vexations ſhe was reſolved to put an end, and redoubled her viſits to thoſe few of her friends who viſited thoſe who kept good company; and, if ever ſhe met a lady of quality, forced herſelf into notice by reſpect and aſſiduity. Her advances were generally rejected; and ſhe heard them, as they went down ſtairs, talk how ſome creatures put themſelves forward.

She was not diſcouraged, but crept forward from one to another; and, as perſeverance will do great things, ſapped her way unperceived, till, unexpectedly, ſhe appeared at the card-table of lady *Biddy Porpoiſe*, a lethargick virgin of ſeventy-ſix, whom all the families in the next ſquare viſited very punctually when ſhe was not at home.

This was the firſt ſtep of that elevation to which my wife has ſince aſcended. For five months ſhe had no name in her mouth but that of lady *Biddy*, who, let the world ſay what it would, had a fine underſtanding, and ſuch a command of her temper, that, whether ſhe won or loſt, ſhe ſlept over her cards.

At lady *Biddy's* ſhe met with lady *Tawdry*, whoſe favour ſhe gained by eſtimating her ear-rings, which were counterfeit, at twice the value of real diamonds. When ſhe had once entered two houſes of diſtinction, ſhe was eaſily admitted into more, and in ten weeks had all her time anticipated by parties and engagements. Every morning ſhe is beſpoke, in the ſummer, for the gardens; in the winter for a ſale; every afternoon ſhe has viſits to pay, and every night brings an inviolable appointment, or an aſſembly in which the beſt company in the town were to appear.

You will eaſily imagine that much of my domeſtick comfort is withdrawn. I never ſee my wife but in the hurry of preparation, or the languor of wearineſs. To dreſs and to undreſs is almoſt her whole buſineſs in private, and the ſervants take advantage of her negligence to increaſe expence. But I can ſupply her omiſſions by my own diligence, and ſhould not much regret this new courſe of life, if it did

did nothing more than transfer to me the care of our accounts. The changes which it has made are more vexatious. My wife has no longer the use of her understanding. She has no rule of action but the fashion. She has no opinion but that of the people of quality. She has no language but the dialect of her own set of company. She hates and admires in humble imitation; and echoes the words *charming* and *detestable* without consulting her own perceptions.

If for a few minutes we sit down together, she entertains me with the repartees of lady *Cackle*, or the conversation of lord *Whiffler* and miss *Quick*, and wonders to find me receiving with indifference sayings which put all the company into laughter.

By her old friends she is no longer very willing to be seen, but she must not rid herself of them all at once; and is sometimes surprised by her best visitants in company which she would not shew, and cannot hide; but from the moment that a countess enters, she takes care neither to hear nor see them: they soon find themselves neglected, and retire; and she tells her ladyship that they are somehow related at a great distance, and that as they are good sort of people she cannot be rude to them.

As by this ambitious union with those that are above her, she is always forced upon disadvantageous comparisons of her condition with theirs, she has a constant source of misery within; and never returns from glittering assemblies and magnificent apartments but she growls out her discontent, and wonders why she was doomed to so indigent a state. When she attends the duchess to a sale, she always sees something that she cannot buy; and, that she may not seem wholly insignificant, she will sometimes venture to bid, and often make acquisitions which she did not want at prices which she cannot afford.

What adds to all this uneasiness is, that this expence is without use, and this vanity without honour; she forsakes houses where she might be courted, for those where she is only suffered; her equals are daily made her enemies, and her superiors will never be her friends.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Nume.

NUMB. 54. SATURDAY, *April* 28, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

YOU have lately entertained your admirers with the caſe of an unfortunate huſband, and thereby given a demonſtrative proof you are not averſe even to hear appeals and terminate differences between man and wife; I therefore take the liberty to preſent you with the caſe of an injured lady, which, as it chiefly relates to what I think the lawyers call a point of law, I ſhall do in as juridical a manner as I am capable, and ſubmit it to the conſideration of the learned gentlemen of that profeſſion.

Imprimis. In the ſtyle of my marriage articles, a marriage was *had and ſolemnized*, about ſix months ago, between me and Mr. *Savecharges*, a gentleman poſſeſſed of a plentiful fortune of his own, and one who, I was perſuaded, would improve, and not ſpend, mine.

Before our marriage, Mr. *Savecharges* had all along preferred the ſalutary exerciſe of walking on foot to the diſtempered eaſe, as he terms it, of lolling in a chariot; but, notwithſtanding his fine panegyricks on walking, the great advantages the infantry were in the ſole poſſeſſion of, and the many dreadful dangers they eſcaped, he found I had very different notions of an equipage, and was not eaſily to be converted, or gained over to his party.

An equipage I was determined to have, whenever I married. I too well knew the diſpoſition of my intended conſort to leave the providing one intirely to his honour, and flatter myſelf Mr. *Savecharges* has, in the articles made previous to our marriage, *agreed to keep me a coach*; but leſt I ſhould be miſtaken, or the attorneys ſhould not have done me juſtice in methodizing or legalizing theſe half dozen words, I will ſet about and tranſcribe that part of the agreement, which will explain the matter to you much better than can be done by one who is ſo deeply intereſted in the event;

event; and ſhew on what foundation I build my hopes of being ſoon under the tranſporting, delightful denomination of a faſhionable lady, who enjoys the exalted and much-envied felicity of bowling about in her own coach.

" And further the ſaid *Solomon Savecharges*, for divers " good cauſes and conſiderations him hereunto moving, " hath agreed, and doth hereby agree, that the ſaid *Solomon* " *Savecharges* ſhall and will, ſo ſoon as conveniently may " be after the ſolemnization of the ſaid intended marriage, " at his own proper coſt and charges, find and provide a " *certain vehicle or four-wheel carriage, commonly called or* " *known by the name of a coach*; which ſaid vehicle or wheel- " carriage, ſo called or known by the name of a coach, " ſhall be *uſed and enjoyed* by the ſaid *Sukey Modiſh*, his in- " tended wife," [pray mind that, Mr. *Idler*] " at ſuch times " and in ſuch manner as ſhe the ſaid *Sukey Modiſh* ſhall " think fit and convenient."

Such, Mr. *Idler*, is the agreement my *paſſionate admirer* entered into; and what the *dear frugal huſband* calls a performance of it remains to be deſcribed. Soon after the ceremony of ſigning and ſealing was over, our wedding-clothes being ſent home, and, in ſhort, every thing in readineſs except the coach, my own ſhadow was ſcarcely more conſtant than my paſſionate lover in his attendance on me: wearied by his perpetual importunities for what he called a completion of his bliſs, I conſented to make him happy; in a few days I gave him my hand, and, attended by *Hymen* in his ſaffron robes, retired to a country-ſeat of my huſband's, where the honey-moon flew over our heads ere we had time to recollect ourſelves, or think of our engagements in town. Well, to town we came, and you may be ſure, Sir, I expected to ſtep into my coach on my arrival here; but what was my ſurprize and diſappointment, when, inſtead of this, he began to ſound in my ears, " That the intereſt of money was low, very low; and what a terrible thing it was to be incumbered with a little regiment of ſervants in theſe hard times!" I could eaſily perceive what all this tended to, but would not ſeem to underſtand him; which made it highly neceſſary for Mr. *Savecharges* to explain himſelf more intelligibly; to harp upon and proteſt he dreaded the expence of keeping a coach. And truly, for his part, he could not conceive how the pleaſure reſulting from ſuch a convenience could be any way adequate to the heavy expence attending it. I now thought it high time to ſpeak with

with equal plainneſs, and told him, as the fortune I brought fairly entitled me to ride in my own coach, and as I was ſenſible his circumſtances would very well afford it, he muſt pardon me if I inſiſted on a performance of his agreement.

I appeal to you, Mr. *Idler*, whether any thing could be more civil, more complaiſant, than this? And, would you believe it, the creature in return, a few days after, accoſted me, in an offended tone, with, "Madam, I can now tell "you your coach is ready; and ſince you are ſo paſſionately "fond of one, I intend you the honour of keeping a pair "of horſes.—You inſiſted upon having an article of pin-"money, and horſes are no part of my agreement." Baſe, deſigning wretch!—I beg your pardon, Mr. *Idler*, the very recital of ſuch mean, ungentleman-like behaviour fires my blood, and lights up a flame within me. But hence, thou worſt of monſters, ill-timed Rage, and let me not ſpoil my cauſe for want of temper.

Now, though I am convinced I might make a worſe uſe of part of the pin-money, than by extending my bounty towards the ſupport of ſo uſeful a part of the brute creation; yet, like a true-born Engliſhwoman, I am ſo tenacious of my rights and privileges, and moreover ſo good a friend to the gentlemen of the law, that I proteſt, Mr. *Idler*, ſooner than tamely give up the point, and be quibbled out of my right, I will receive my pin-money, as it were, with one hand, and pay it to them with the other; provided they will give me, or, which is the ſame thing, my truſtees encouragement to commence a ſuit againſt this dear, frugal huſband of mine.

And of this I can't have the leaſt ſhadow of doubt, inaſmuch as I have been told by very good authority, it is ſome way or other laid down as a rule, "* *That whenever* the "law doth give any thing to one, it giveth impliedly what-"ever is neceſſary for the taking and enjoying the ſame." Now, I would gladly know what enjoyment I, or any lady in the kingdom, can have of a coach without horſes? The anſwer is obvious—None at all! For as Serj. *Catlyne* very wiſely obſerves, "Though a coach has wheels, to the end "it may thereby and by virtue thereof be enabled to move; "yet in point of utility it may as well have none, if they "are not put in motion by means of its vital parts, that is, "the horſes."

And

* Coke on Littleton.

And therefore, Sir, I humbly hope you and the learned in the law will be of opinion, that two certain animals, or quadruped creatures, commonly called or known by the name of horſes, ought to be annexed to, and go along with, the coach.

SUKEY SAVECHARGES.

NUMB. 55. SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1759.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

I HAVE taken the liberty of laying before you my complaint, and of deſiring advice or conſolation with the greater confidence, becauſe I believe many other writers have ſuffered the ſame indignities with myſelf, and hope my quarrel will be regarded by you and your readers as the common cauſe of literature.

Having been long a ſtudent, I thought myſelf qualified in time to become an author. My enquiries have been much diverſified and far extended, and not finding my genius directing me by irreſiſtible impulſe to any particular ſubject, I deliberated three years which part of knowledge to illuſtrate by my labours. Choice is more often determined by accident than by reaſon: I walked abroad one morning with a curious lady, and by her enquiries and obſervations was incited to write the natural hiſtory of the county in which I reſide.

Natural hiſtory is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be purſued on a ſoft couch, but nature muſt be obſerved in the open air. I have collected materials with indefatigable pertinacity. I have gathered glow-worms in the evening, and ſnails in the morning; I have ſeen the daiſy cloſe and open, I have heard the owl ſhriek at midnight, and hunted inſects in the heat of noon.

Seven

Seven years I was employed in collecting animals and vegetables, and then found that my design was yet imperfect. The subterranean treasures of the place had been passed unobserved, and another year was to be spent in mines and coal-pits. What I had already done supplied a sufficient motive to do more. I acquainted myself with the black inhabitants of metallic caverns, and, in defiance of damps and floods, wandered through the gloomy labyrinths, and gathered fossils from every fissure.

At last I began to write, and as I finished any section of my book, read it to such of my friends as were most skilful in the matter which it treated. None of them were satisfied; one disliked the disposition of the parts, another the colours of the style; one advised me to enlarge, another to abridge. I resolved to read no more, but to take my own way and write on, for by consultation I only perplexed my thoughts and retarded my work.

The book was at last finished, and I did not doubt but my labour would be repaid by profit, and my ambition satisfied with honours. I considered that natural history is neither temporary nor local, and that though I limited my enquiries to my own country, yet every part of the earth has productions common to all the rest. Civil history may be partially studied, the revolutions of one nation may be neglected by another; but after that in which all have an interest, all must be inquisitive. No man can have sunk so far into stupidity as not to consider the properties of the ground on which he walks, of the plants on which he feeds, or the animals that delight his ear, or amuse his eye; and therefore I computed that universal curiosity would call for many editions of my book, and that in five years I should gain fifteen thousand pounds by the sale of thirty thousand copies.

When I began to write, I insured the house; and suffered the utmost solicitude when I entrusted my book to the carrier, though I had secured it against mischances by lodging two transcripts in different places. At my arrival, I expected that the patrons of learning would contend for the honour of a dedication, and resolved to maintain the dignity of letters, by a haughty contempt of pecuniary solicitations.

I took lodgings near the house of the Royal Society, and expected every morning a visit from the president. I walked in the Park, and wondered that I overheard no mention of the great naturalist. At last I visited a noble earl, and

told

told him of my work: he anſwered, that he was under an engagement never to ſubſcribe. I was angry to have that refuſed which I did not mean to aſk, and concealed my deſign of making him immortal. I went next day to another, and, in reſentment of my late affront, offered to prefix his name to my new book. He ſaid, coldly, that *he did not underſtand thoſe things*; another thought *there were too many books*; and another would *talk with me when the races were over*.

Being amazed to find a man of learning ſo indecently ſlighted, I reſolved to indulge the philoſophical pride of retirement and independence. I then ſent to ſome of the principal bookſellers the plan of my book, and beſpoke a large room in the next tavern, that I might more commodiouſly ſee them together, and enjoy the conteſt, while they were outbidding one another. I drank my coffee, and yet nobody was come; at laſt I received a note from one, to tell me that he was going out of town; and from another, that natural hiſtory was out of his way. At laſt there came a grave man, who deſired to ſee the work, and, without opening it, told me, that a book of that ſize *would never do*.

I then condeſcended to ſtep into ſhops, and mention my work to the maſters. Some never dealt with authors; others had their hands full; ſome never had known ſuch a dead time; others had loſt by all that they had publiſhed for the laſt twelve months. One offered to print my work, if I could procure ſubſcriptions for five hundred, and would allow me two hundred copies for my property. I loſt my patience, and gave him a kick; for which he has indicted me.

I can eaſily perceive, that there is a combination among them to defeat my expectations; and I find it ſo general, that I am ſure it muſt have been long concerted. I ſuppoſe ſome of my friends, to whom I read the firſt part, gave notice of my deſign, and, perhaps, ſold the treacherous intelligence at a higher price than the fraudulence of trade will now allow me for my book.

Inform me, Mr. *Idler*, what I muſt do; where muſt knowledge and induſtry find their recompence, thus neglected by the high, and cheated by the low! I ſometimes reſolve to print my book at my own expence, and, like the Sibyl, double the price; and ſometimes am tempted, in emulation of *Raleigh*, to throw it into the fire, and leave

this

this ſordid generation to the curſes of poſterity. Tell me, dear *Idler*, what I ſhall do.

I am, SIR, &c.

NUMB. 56. SATURDAY, *May* 21, 1759.

THERE is ſuch difference between the purſuits of men, that one part of the inhabitants of a great city lives to little other purpoſe than to wonder at the reſt. Some have hopes and fears, wiſhes and averſions, which never enter into the thoughts of others, and enquiry is laborioſly exerted to gain that which thoſe who poſſeſs it are ready to throw away.

To thoſe who are accuſtomed to value every thing by its uſe, and have no ſuch ſuperfluity of time or money as may prompt them to unnatural wants or capricious emulations, nothing appears more improbable or extravagant than the love of curioſities, or that deſire of accumulating trifles, which diſtinguiſhes many by whom no other diſtinction could have ever been obtained.

He that has lived without knowing to what height deſire may be raiſed by vanity, with what rapture baubles are ſnatched out of the hands of rival collectors, how the eagerneſs of one raiſes eagerneſs in another, and one worthleſs purchaſe makes a ſecond neceſſary, may, by paſſing a few hours at an auction, learn more than can be ſhewn by many volumes of maxims or eſſays.

The advertiſement of a ſale is a ſignal which at once puts a thouſand hearts in motion, and brings contenders from every part of the ſcene of diſtribution. He that had reſolved to buy no more, feels his conſtancy ſubdued; there is now ſomething in the catalogue which completes his cabinet, and which he was never before able to find. He whoſe ſober reflections inform him, that of adding collection to collection there is no end, and that it is wiſe to leave early that which muſt be left imperfect at laſt, yet cannot withhold himſelf from coming to ſee what it is that brings ſo many together, and when he comes is ſoon overpowered by his habitual paſſion; he is attracted by rarity, ſeduced by example, and inflamed by competition.

 While

While the ſtores of pride and happineſs are ſurveyed, one looks with longing eyes and gloomy countenance on that which he deſpairs to gain from a richer bidder; another keeps his eye with care from ſettling too long on that which he moſt earneſtly deſires; and another, with more art than virtue, depreciates that which he values moſt, in hope to have it at an eaſy rate.

The novice is often ſurprized to ſee what minute and unimportant diſcriminations increaſe or diminiſh value. An irregular contortion of a turbinated ſhell, which common eyes paſs unregarded, will ten times treble its price in the imagination of philoſophers. Beauty is far from operating upon collectors as upon low and vulgar minds, even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deſerve notice. Among the ſhells that pleaſe by their variety of colours, if one can be found accidentally deformed by a cloudy ſpot, it is boaſted as the pride of the collection. China is ſometimes purchaſed for little leſs than its weight in gold, only becauſe it is old, though neither leſs brittle, nor better painted, than the modern; and brown china is caught up with extaſy, though no reaſon can be imagined for which it ſhould be preferred to common veſſels of common clay.

The fate of prints and coins is equally inexplicable. Some prints are treaſured up as ineſtimably valuable, becauſe the impreſſion was made before the plate was finiſhed. Of coins the price riſes not from the purity of the metal, the excellence of the workmanſhip, the elegance of the legend, or the chronological uſe. A piece, of which neither the inſcription can be read, nor the face diſtinguiſhed, if there remain of it but enough to ſhew that it is rare, will be ſought by contending nations, and dignify the treaſury in which it ſhall be ſhown.

Whether this curioſity, ſo barren of immediate advantage, and ſo liable to depravation, does more harm or good, is not eaſily decided. Its harm is apparent at the firſt view. It fills the mind with trifling ambition; fixes the attention upon things which have ſeldom any tendency towards virtue or wiſdom; employs in idle enquiries the time that is given for better purpoſes; and often ends in mean and diſhoneſt practices, when deſire increaſes by indulgence beyond the power of honeſt gratification.

Theſe are the effects of curioſity in exceſs; but what paſſion in exceſs will not become vicious? All indifferent qualities

qualities and practices are bad if they are compared with those which are good, and good if they are opposed to those that are bad. The pride or the pleasure of making collections, if it be restrained by prudence and morality, produces a pleasing remission after more laborious studies; furnishes an amusement not wholly unprofitable for that part of life, the greater part of many lives, which would otherwise be lost in idleness or vice; it produces an useful traffick between the industry of indigence and the curiosity of wealth; it brings many things to notice that would be neglected, and, by fixing the thoughts upon intellectual pleasures, resists the natural encroachments of sensuality, and maintains the mind in her lawful superiority.

Numb. 57. Saturday, *May* 19, 1759.

PRUDENCE is of more frequent use than any other intellectual quality; it is exerted on slight occasions, and called into act by the cursory business of common life.

Whatever is universally necessary, has been granted to mankind on easy terms. Prudence, as it is always wanted, is without great difficulty obtained. It requires neither extensive view nor profound search, but forces itself, by spontaneous impulse, upon a mind neither great nor busy, neither ingrossed by vast designs, nor distracted by multiplicity of attention.

Prudence operates on life in the same manner as rules on composition: it produces vigilance rather than elevation, rather prevents loss than procures advantage; and often escapes miscarriages, but seldom reaches either power or honour. It quenches that ardour of enterprize, by which every thing is done that can claim praise or admiration; and represses that generous temerity which often fails and often succeeds. Rules may obviate faults, but can never confer beauties; and prudence keeps life safe, but does not often make it happy. The world is not amazed with prodigies of excellence, but when wit tramples upon rules, and magnanimity breaks the chains of prudence.

One of the moſt prudent of all that have fallen within my obſervation, is my old companion *Sophron*, who has paſſed through the world in quiet, by perpetual adherence to a few plain maxims, and wonders how contention and diſtreſs can ſo often happen.

The firſt principle of *Sophron* is to *run no hazards*. Though he loves money, he is of opinion, that frugality is a more certain ſource of riches than induſtry. It is to no purpoſe that any proſpect of large profit is ſet before him; he believes little about futurity, and does not love to truſt his money out of his ſight, for nobody knows what may happen. He has a ſmall eſtate, which he lets at the old rent, becauſe *it is better to have a little than nothing;* but he rigorouſly demands payment on the ſtated day, for *he that cannot pay one quarter cannot pay two.* If he is told of any improvements in agriculture, he likes the old way, has obſerved that changes very ſeldom anſwer expectation, is of opinion that our forefathers knew how to till the ground as well as we; and concludes with an argument that nothing can overpower, that the expence of planting and fencing is immediate, and the advantage diſtant, and that *he is no wiſe man who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty.*

Another of *Sophron's* rules is, *to mind no buſineſs but his own.* In the ſtate he is of no party; but hears and ſpeaks of publick affairs with the ſame coldneſs as of the adminiſtration of ſome ancient republick. If any flagrant act of fraud or oppreſſion is mentioned, he hopes that *all is not true that is told:* if miſconduct or corruption puts the nation in a flame, he hopes that *every man means well.* At elections he leaves his dependants to their own choice, and declines to vote himſelf, for every candidate is a good man, whom he is unwilling to oppoſe or offend.

If diſputes happen among his neighbours, he obſerves an invariable and cold neutrality. His punctuality has gained him the reputation of honeſty, and his caution that of wiſdom; and few would refuſe to refer their claims to his award. He might have prevented many expenſive lawſuits, and quenched many a feud in its firſt ſmoke; but always refuſes the office of arbitration, becauſe he muſt decide againſt one or the other.

With the affairs of other families he is always unacquainted. He ſees eſtates bought and ſold, ſquandered and increaſed, without praiſing the economiſt, or cenſuring the ſpendthrift. He never courts the riſing, leſt they ſhould fall;

nor

nor insults the fallen, lest they should rise again. His caution has the appearance of virtue, and all who do not want his help praise his benevolence; but, if any man solicits his assistance he has just sent away all his money; and, when the petitioner is gone, declares to his family that he is sorry for his misfortunes, has always looked upon him with particular kindness, and therefore could not lend him money, lest he should destroy their friendship by the necessity of enforcing payment.

Of domestick misfortunes he has never heard. When he is told the hundredth time of a gentleman's daughter who has married the coachman, he lifts up his hands with astonishment, for he always thought her a very sober girl. When nuptial quarrels, after having filled the country with talk and laughter, at last end in separation, he never can conceive how it happened, for he looked upon them as a happy couple.

If his advice is asked, he never gives any particular direction, because events are uncertain, and he will bring no blame upon himself; but he takes the consulter tenderly by the hand, tells him he makes his case his own, and advises him not to act rashly, but to weigh the reasons on both sides; observes, that a man may be as easily too hasty as too slow, and that as many fail by doing too much as too little; that *a wise man has two ears and one tongue;* and *that little said is soon amended;* that he could tell him this and that, but that after all every man is the best judge of his own affairs.

With this some are satisfied, and go home with great reverence of *Sophron's* wisdom; and none are offended, because every one is left in full possession of his own opinion.

Sophron gives no characters. It is equally vain to tell him of vice and virtue; for he has remarked, that no man likes to be censured, and that very few are delighted with the praises of another. He has a few terms which he uses to all alike. With respect to fortune, he believes every family to be in good circumstances; he never exalts any understanding by lavish praise, yet he meets with none but very sensible people. Every man is honest and hearty; and every woman is a good creature.

Thus *Sophron* creeps along, neither loved nor hated, neither favoured nor opposed: he has never attempted to grow rich, for fear of growing poor; and has raised no friends, for fear of making enemies.

NUMB.

NUMB. 58. SATURDAY, *May* 26, 1759.

PLEASURE is very ſeldom found where it is ſought. Our brighteſt blazes of gladneſs are commonly kindled by unexpected ſparks. The flowers which ſcatter their odours from time to time in the paths of life, grow up without culture from ſeeds ſcattered by chance.

Nothing is more hopeleſs than a ſcheme of merriment. Wits and humoriſts are brought together from diſtant quarters by preconcerted invitations; they come attended by their admirers prepared to laugh and to applaud; they gaze a-while on each other, aſhamed to be ſilent, and afraid to ſpeak; every man is diſcontented with himſelf, grows angry with thoſe that give him pain, and reſolves that he will contribute nothing to the merriment of ſuch worthleſs company. Wine inflames the general malignity, and changes ſullenneſs to petulance, till at laſt none can bear any longer the preſence of the reſt. They retire to vent their indignation in ſafer places, where they are heard with attention; their importance is reſtored, they recover their good humour, and gladden the night with wit and jocularity.

Merriment is always the effect of a ſudden impreſſion. The jeſt which is expected is already deſtroyed. The moſt active imagination will be ſometimes torpid under the frigid influence of melancholy, and ſometimes occaſions will be wanting to tempt the mind, however volatile, to ſallies and excurſions. Nothing was ever ſaid with uncommon felicity, but by the co-operation of chance; and, therefore, wit as well as valour muſt be content to ſhare its honours with fortune.

All other pleaſures are equally uncertain; the general remedy of uneaſineſs is change of place; almoſt every one has ſome journey of pleaſure in his mind, with which he flatters his expectation. He that travels in theory has no inconvenience; he has ſhade and ſunſhine at his diſpoſal, and wherever he alights finds tables of plenty and looks of gaiety. Theſe ideas are indulged till the day of departure arrives, the chaiſe is called, and the progreſs of happineſs begins.

A few

A few miles teach him the fallacies of imagination. The road is dusty, the air is sultry, the horses are sluggish, and the postillion brutal. He longs for the time of dinner, that he may eat and rest. The inn is crowded, his orders are neglected, and nothing remains but that he devour in haste what the cook has spoiled, and drive on in quest of better entertainment. He finds at night a more commodious house, but the best is always worse than he expected.

He at last enters his native province, and resolves to feast his mind with the conversation of his old friends, and the recollection of juvenile frolicks. He stops at the house of his friend, whom he designs to overpower with pleasure by the unexpected interview. He is not known till he tells his name, and revives the memory of himself by a gradual explanation. He is then coldly received, and ceremoniously feasted. He hastes away to another, whom his affairs have called to a distant place, and, having seen the empty house, goes away disgusted, by a disappointment which could not be intended because it could not be foreseen. At the next house he finds every face clouded with misfortune, and is regarded with malevolence as an unreasonable intruder, who comes not to visit but to insult them.

It is seldom that we find either men or places such as we expect them. He that has pictured a prospect upon his fancy, will receive little pleasure from his eyes; he that has anticipated the conversation of a wit, will wonder to what prejudice he owes his reputation. Yet it is necessary to hope, though hope should always be deluded; for hope itself is happiness, and its frustrations, however frequently, are yet less dreadful than its extinction.

Numb. 59. Saturday, *June* 2, 1759.

In the common enjoyments of life, we cannot very liberally indulge the preſent hour, but by anticipating part of the pleaſure which might have relieved the tedioufneſs of another day; and any uncommon exertion of ſtrength, or perſeverance in labour, is ſucceeded by a long interval of languor and wearineſs. Whatever advantage we ſnatch beyond the certain portion allotted us by nature, is like money ſpent before it is due, which at the time of regular payment will be miſſed and regretted.

Fame, like all other things which are ſuppoſed to give or to encreaſe happineſs, is diſpenſed with the ſame equality of diſtribution. He that is loudly praiſed will be clamorouſly cenſured; he that riſes haſtily into fame will be in danger of ſinking ſuddenly into oblivion.

Of many writers who filled their age with wonder, and whoſe names we find celebrated in the books of their contemporaries, the works are now no longer to be ſeen, or are ſeen only amidſt the lumber of libraries which are ſeldom viſited, where they lie only to ſhew the deceitfulneſs of hope, and the uncertainty of honour.

Of the decline of reputation many cauſes may be aſſigned. It is commonly loſt becauſe it never was deſerved; and was conferred at firſt, not by the ſuffrage of criticiſm, but by the fondneſs of friendſhip, or ſervility of flattery. The great and popular are very freely applauded; but all ſoon grow weary of echoing to each other a name which has no other claim to notice, but that many mouths are pronouncing it at once.

But many have loſt the final reward of their labours, becauſe they were too haſty to enjoy it. They have laid hold on recent occurrences, and eminent names, and delighted their readers with alluſions and remarks, in which all were intereſted, and to which all therefore were attentive. But the effect ceaſed with its cauſe; the time quickly came when new events drove the former from memory, when the viciſſitudes of the world brought new hopes and fears, transferred the love and hatred of the publick to other agents, and the writer, whoſe works were no longer aſſiſt-

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ed by gratitude or resentment, was left to the cold regard of idle curiosity.

He that writes upon general principles, or delivers universal truths, may hope to be often read, because his work will be equally useful at all times and in every country; but he cannot expect it to be received with eagerness, or to spread with rapidity, because desire can have no particular stimulation: that which is to be loved long must be loved with reason rather than with passion. He that lays out his labours upon temporary subjects, easily finds readers, and quickly loses them; for what should make the book valued when its subject is no more?

These observations will shew the reason why the poem of *Hudibras* is almost forgotten, however embellished with sentiments and diversified with allusions, however bright with wit, and however solid with truth. The hypocrisy which it detected, and the folly which it ridiculed, have long vanished from publick notice. Those who had felt the mischief of discord, and the tyranny of usurpation, read it with rapture, for every line brought back to memory something known, and gratified resentment by the just censure of something hated. But the book which was once quoted by princes, and which supplied conversation to all the assemblies of the gay and witty, is now seldom mentioned, and even by those that affect to mention it, is seldom read. So vainly is wit lavished upon fugitive topicks, so little can architecture secure duration when the ground is false.

NUMB. 60. SATURDAY, *June* 9, 1759.

CRITICISM is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expence. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon few, and the labour of learning those sciences which may by mere labour be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idle-

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neſs keeps ignorant, may yet ſupport his vanity by the name of a Critick.

I hope it will give comfort to great numbers who are paſſing through the world in obſcurity, when I inform them how eaſily diſtinction may be obtained. All the other powers of literature are coy and haughty, they muſt be long courted, and at laſt are not always gained; but Criticiſm is a goddeſs eaſy of acceſs and forward of advance, who will meet the ſlow, and encourage the timorous; the want of meaning ſhe ſupplies with words, and the want of ſpirit ſhe recompenſes with malignity.

This profeſſion has one recommendation peculiar to itſelf, that it gives vent to malignity without real miſchief. No genius was ever blaſted by the breath of criticks. The poiſon which, if confined, would have burſt the heart, fumes away in empty hiſſes, and malice is ſet at eaſe with very little danger to merit. The Critick is the only man whoſe triumph is without another's pain, and whoſe greatneſs does not riſe upon another's ruin.

To a ſtudy at once ſo eaſy and ſo reputable, ſo malicious and ſo harmleſs, it cannot be neceſſary to invite my readers by a long or laboured exhortation; it is ſufficient, ſince all would be Criticks if they could, to ſhew by one eminent example that all can be Criticks if they will.

Dick Minim, after the common courſe of puerile ſtudies, in which he was no great proficient, was put an apprentice to a brewer, with whom he had lived two years, when his uncle died in the city, and left him a large fortune in the ſtocks. *Dick* had for ſix months before uſed the company of the lower players, of whom he had learned to ſcorn a trade, and, being now at liberty to follow his genius, he reſolved to be a man of wit and humour. That he might be properly initiated in his new character, he frequented the coffee-houſes near the theatres, where he liſtened very diligently, day after day, to thoſe who talked of language and ſentiments, and unities and cataſtrophes, till by ſlow degrees he began to think that he underſtood ſomething of the ſtage, and hoped in time to talk himſelf.

But he did not truſt ſo much to natural ſagacity as wholly to neglect the help of books. When the theatres were ſhut, he retired to *Richmond* with a few ſelect writers, whoſe opinions he impreſſed upon his memory by unwearied diligence; and, when he returned with other wits to the town, was able to tell, in very proper phraſes, that the chief

chief buſineſs of art is to copy nature; that a perfect writer is not to be expected, becauſe genius decays as judgment increaſes; that the great art is the art of blotting; and that, according to the rule of *Horace*, every piece ſhould be kept nine years.

Of the great authors he now began to diſplay the characters, laying down as an univerſal poſition, that all had beauties and defects. His opinion was, that *Shakeſpear*, committing himſelf wholly to the impulſe of nature, wanted that correctneſs which learning would have given him; and that *Jonſon*, truſting to learning, did not ſufficiently caſt his eye on nature. He blamed the *ſtanza* of *Spenſer*, and could not bear the *hexameters* of *Sidney*. *Denham* and *Waller* he held the firſt reformers of *Engliſh* numbers; and thought that if *Waller* could have obtained the ſtrength of *Denham*, or *Denham* the ſweetneſs of *Waller*, there had been nothing wanting to complete a poet. He often expreſſed his commiſeration of *Dryden's* poverty, and his indignation at the age which ſuffered him to write for bread; he repeated with rapture the firſt lines of *All for Love*, but wondered at the corruption of taſte which could bear any thing ſo unnatural as rhyming tragedies. In *Otway* he found uncommon powers of moving the paſſions, but was diſguſted by his general negligence, and blamed him for making a conſpirator his hero; and never concluded his diſquiſition, without remarking how happily the ſound of the clock is made to alarm the audience. *Southern* would have been his favourite, but that he mixes comick with tragick ſcenes, intercepts the natural courſe of the paſſions, and fills the mind with a wild confuſion of mirth and melancholy. The verſification of *Rowe* he thought too melodious for the ſtage, and too little varied in different paſſions. He made it the great fault of *Congreve*, that all his perſons were wits, and that he always wrote with more art than nature. He conſidered *Cato* rather as a poem than a play, and allowed *Addiſon* to be the complete maſter of allegory and grave humour, but paid no great deference to him as a critick. He thought the chief merit of *Prior* was in his eaſy tales and lighter poems, though he allowed that his *Solomon* had many noble ſentiments elegantly expreſſed. In *Swift* he diſcovered an inimitable vein of irony, and an eaſineſs which all would hope and few would attain. *Pope* he was inclined to degrade from a poet to a verſifier, and thought his numbers rather luſcious than ſweet. He often lamented the neglect

of

of *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, and wiſhed to ſee the ſtage under better regulations.

Theſe aſſertions paſſed commonly uncontradicted; and if now and then an opponent ſtarted up, he was quickly repreſſed by the ſuffrages of the company, and *Minim* went away from every diſpute with elation of heart and increaſe of confidence.

He now grew conſcious of his abilities, and began to talk of the preſent ſtate of dramatick poetry; wondered what was become of the comick genius which ſupplied our anceſtors with wit and pleaſantry, and why no writer could be found that durſt now venture beyond a farce. He ſaw no reaſon for thinking that the vein of humour was exhauſted, ſince we live in a country where liberty ſuffers every character to ſpread itſelf to its utmoſt bulk, and which therefore produces more originals than all the reſt of the world together. Of tragedy he concluded buſineſs to be the ſoul, and yet often hinted that love predominates too much upon the modern ſtage.

He was now an acknowledged critick, and had his own ſeat in a coffee-houſe, and headed a party in the pit. *Minim* has more vanity than ill-nature, and ſeldom deſires to do much miſchief; he will perhaps murmur a little in the ear of him that ſits next him, but endeavours to influence the audience to favour, by clapping when an actor exclaims *ye gods*, or laments the miſery of his country.

By degrees he was admitted to rehearſals, and many of his friends are of opinion, that our preſent poets are indebted to him for their happieſt thoughts; by his contrivance the bell was rung twice in *Barbaroſſa*, and by his perſuaſion the author of *Cleone* concluded his play without a couplet; for what can be more abſurd, ſaid *Minim*, than that part of a play ſhould be rhymed, and part written in blank verſe? and by what acquiſition of faculties is the ſpeaker, who never could find rhymes before, enabled to rhyme at the concluſion of an act?

He is the great inveſtigator of hidden beauties, and is particularly delighted when he finds *the ſound an echo to the ſenſe*. He has read all our poets with particular attention to this delicacy of verſification, and wonders at the ſupineneſs with which their works have been hitherto peruſed, ſo that no man has found the ſound of a drum in this diſtich:

> "When pulpit, drum eccleſiaſtic,
> "Was beat with fiſt inſtead of a ſtick;"

and

and that the wonderful lines upon honour and a bubble have hitherto paſſed without notice:

> " Honour is like the glaſſy bubble,
> " Which coſts philoſophers ſuch trouble;
> " Where, one part crack'd, the whole does fly,
> " And wits are crack'd to find out why."

In theſe verſes, ſays *Minim*, we have two ſtriking accommodations of the ſound to the ſenſe. It is impoſſible to utter the two lines emphatically without an act like that which they deſcribe; *bubble* and *trouble* cauſing a momentary inflation of the cheeks by the retention of the breath, which is afterwards forcibly emitted, as in the practice of *blowing bubbles*. But the greateſt excellence is in the third line, which is *crack'd* in the middle to expreſs a crack, and then ſhivers into monoſyllables. Yet has this diamond lain neglected with common ſtones, and among the innumerable admirers of *Hudibras* the obſervation of this ſuperlative paſſage has been reſerved for the ſagacity of *Minim*.

Numb. 61. Saturday, *June* 15, 1759.

Mr. *Minim* had now advanced himſelf to the zenith of critical reputation; when he was in the pit, every eye in the boxes was fixed upon him; when he entered his coffee-houſe, he was ſurrounded by circles of candidates, who paſſed their noviciate of literature under his tuition: his opinion was aſked by all who had no opinion of their own, and yet loved to debate and decide; and no compoſition was ſuppoſed to paſs in ſafety to poſterity, till it had been ſecured by *Minim's* approbation.

Minim profeſſes great admiration of the wiſdom and munificence by which the academies of the continent were raiſed; and often wiſhes for ſome ſtandard of taſte, for ſome tribunal, to which merit may appeal from caprice, prejudice, and malignity. He has formed a plan for an academy of criticiſm, where every work of imagination may be read

read before it is printed, and which ſhall authoritatively direct the theatres what pieces to receive or reject, to exclude or to revive.

Such an inſtitution would, in *Dick's* opinion, ſpread the fame of *Engliſh* literature over *Europe*, and make *London* the metropolis of elegance and politeneſs, the place to which the learned and ingenious of all countries would repair for inſtruction and improvement, and where nothing would any longer be applauded or endured that was not conformed to the niceſt rules, and finiſhed with the higheſt elegance.

Till ſome happy conjunction of the planets ſhall diſpoſe our princes or miniſters to make themſelves immortal by ſuch an academy, *Minim* contents himſelf to preſide four nights in a week in a critical ſociety ſelected by himſelf, where he is heard without contradiction, and whence his judgment is diſſeminated through the great vulgar and the ſmall.

When he is placed in the chair of criticiſm, he declares loudly for the noble ſimplicity of our anceſtors, in oppoſition to the petty refinements, and ornamental luxuriance. Sometimes he is ſunk in deſpair, and perceives falſe delicacy daily gaining ground, and ſometimes brightens his countenance with a gleam of hope, and predicts the revival of the true ſublime. He then fulminates his loudeſt cenſures againſt the monkiſh barbarity of rhyme; wonders how beings that pretend to reaſon can be pleaſed with one line always ending like another; tells how unjuſtly and unnaturally ſenſe is ſacrificed to ſound; how often the beſt thoughts are mangled by the neceſſity of confining or extending them to the dimenſions of a couplet; and rejoices that genius has, in our days, ſhaken off the ſhackles which had encumbered it ſo long. Yet he allows that rhyme may ſometimes be borne, if the lines be often broken, and the pauſes judiciouſly diverſified.

From blank verſe he makes an eaſy tranſition to *Milton*, whom he produces as an example of the ſlow advance of laſting reputation. *Milton* is the only writer in whoſe books *Minim* can read for ever without wearineſs. What cauſe it is that exempts this pleaſure from ſatiety he has long and diligently enquired, and believes it to conſiſt in the perpetual variation of the numbers, by which the ear is gratified and the attention awakened. The lines that are commonly thought rugged and unmuſical, he conceives to have

have been written to temper the melodious luxury of the reſt, or to expreſs things by a proper cadence: for he ſcarcely finds a verſe that has not this favourite beauty; he declares that he could ſhiver in a hot-houſe when he reads that

" the ground
" Burns frore, and cold performs th' effect of fire;

and that, when *Milton* bewails his blindneſs, the verſe,

" So thick a drop ſerene has quench'd theſe orbs,"

has, he knows not how, ſomething that ſtrikes him with an obſcure ſenſation like that which he fancies would be felt from the ſound of darkneſs.

Minim is not ſo confident of his rules of judgment as not very eagerly to catch new light from the name of the author. He is commonly ſo prudent as to ſpare thoſe whom he cannot reſiſt, unleſs, as will ſometimes happen, he finds the publick combined againſt them. But a freſh pretender to fame he is ſtrongly inclined to cenſure, till his own honour requires that he commend him. Till he knows the ſucceſs of a compoſition, he intrenches himſelf in general terms; there are ſome new thoughts and beautiful paſſages, but there is likewiſe much which he would have adviſed the author to expunge. He has ſeveral favourite epithets, of which he has never ſettled the meaning, but which are very commodiouſly applied to books which he has not read, or cannot underſtand. One is *manly*, another is *dry*, another *ſtiff*, and another *ſlimzy*; ſometimes he diſcovers delicacy of ſtyle, and ſometimes meets with *ſtrange expreſſions*.

He is never ſo great, or ſo happy, as when a youth of promiſing parts is brought to receive his directions for the proſecution of his ſtudies. He then puts on a very ſerious air; he adviſes the pupil to read none but the beſt authors, and, when he finds one congenial to his own mind, to ſtudy his beauties, but avoid his faults, and when he ſits down to write, to conſider how his favourite author would think at the preſent time on the preſent occaſion. He exhorts him to catch thoſe moments when he finds his thoughts expanded and his genius exalted, but to take care leſt imagination hurry him beyond the bounds of nature. He holds diligence the mother of ſucceſs; yet enjoins him, with

with great earneſtneſs, not to read more than he can digeſt, and not to confuſe his mind by purſuing ſtudies of contrary tendencies. He tells him, that every man has his genius, and that *Cicero* could never be a poet. The boy retires illuminated, reſolves to follow his genius, and to think how *Milton* would have thought: and *Minim* feaſts upon his own beneficence till another day brings another pupil.

NUMB. 62. SATURDAY, *June* 23, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

AN opinion prevails almoſt univerſally in the world, that he who has money has every thing. This is not a modern paradox, or the tenet of a ſmall and obſcure ſect, but a perſuaſion which appears to have operated upon moſt minds in all ages, and which is ſupported by authorities ſo numerous and ſo cogent, that nothing but long experience could have given me confidence to queſtion its truth.

But experience is the teſt by which all the philoſophers of the preſent age agree, that ſpeculation muſt be tried; and I may be therefore allowed to doubt the power of money, ſince I have been a long time rich, and have not yet found that riches can make me happy.

My father was a farmer, neither wealthy nor indigent, who gave me a better education than was ſuitable to my birth, becauſe my uncle in the city deſigned me for his heir, and deſired that I might be bred a gentleman. My uncle's wealth was the perpetual ſubject of converſation in the houſe; and when any little misfortune befel us, or any mortification dejected us, my father always exhorted me to hold up my head, for my uncle would never marry.

My uncle, indeed, kept his promiſe. Having his mind completely buſied between his warehouſe and the 'Change, he felt no tedioufneſs of life, nor any want of domeſtick amuſements. When my father died, he received me kindly;

kindly; but, after a few months, finding no great pleasure in the conversation of each other, we parted; and he remitted me a small annuity, on which I lived a quiet and studious life, without any wish to grow great by the death of my benefactor.

But though I never suffered any malignant impatience to take hold on my mind, I could not forbear sometimes to imagine to myself the pleasure of being rich; and, when I read of diversions and magnificence, resolved to try, when time should put the trial in my power, what pleasure they could afford.

My uncle, in the latter spring of his life, when his ruddy cheek and his firm nerves promised him a long and healthy age, died of an apoplexy. His death gave me neither joy nor sorrow. He did me good, and I regarded him with gratitude; but I could not please him, and therefore could not love him.

He had the policy of little minds, who love to surprize; and, having always represented his fortune as less than it was, had, I suppose, often gratified himself with thinking, how I should be delighted to find myself twice as rich as I expected. My wealth was such as exceeded all the schemes of expence which I had formed; and I soon began to expand my thoughts, and look round for some purchase of felicity.

The most striking effect of riches is the splendour of dress, which every man has observed to enforce respect, and facilitate reception; and my first desire was to be fine. I sent for a taylor who was employed by the nobility, and ordered such a suit of clothes as I had often looked on with involuntary submission, and am ashamed to remember with what flutters of expectation I waited for the hour when I should issue forth in all the splendour of embroidery. The clothes were brought, and for three days I observed many eyes turned towards me as I passed: but I felt myself obstructed in the common intercourse of civility, by an uneasy consciousness of my new appearance; as I thought myself more observed, I was more anxious about my mien and behaviour; and the mien which is formed by care is commonly ridiculous. A short time accustomed me to myself, and my dress was without pain, and without pleasure.

For a little while I tried to be a rake, but I began too late; and having by nature no turn for a frolick, was in

great danger of ending in a drunkard. A fever, in which not one of my companions paid me a viſit, gave me time for reflection. I found that there was no great pleaſure in breaking windows and lying in the round-houſe; and reſolved to aſſociate no longer with thoſe whom, though I had treated and bailed them, I could not make friends.

I then changed my meaſures, kept running horſes, and had the comfort of ſeeing my name very often in the news. I had a cheſnut horſe, the grandſon of *Childers*, who won four plates, and ten by-matches; and a bay filly, who carried off the five years old plate, and was expected to form much greater exploits, when my groom broke her wind, becauſe I happened to catch him ſelling oats for beer. This happineſs was ſoon at an end; there was no pleaſure when I loſt, and when I won I could not much exalt myſelf by the virtues of my horſe. I grew aſhamed of the company of jockey lords, and reſolved to ſpend no more of my time in the ſtable.

It was now known that I had money and would ſpend it, and I paſſed four months in the company of architects, whoſe whole buſineſs was to perſuade me to build a houſe. I told them that I had more room than I wanted, but could not get rid of their importunities. A new plan was brought me every morning; till at laſt my conſtancy was overpowered, and I began to build. The happineſs of building laſted but a little while, for though I love to ſpend, I hate to be cheated; and I ſoon found, that to build is to be robbed.

How I proceed in the purſuit of happineſs, you ſhall hear when I find myſelf diſpoſed to write.

I am, Sir, &c.

Tim. Ranger.

Numb.

Numb. 63. Saturday, *June* 30, 1759.

THE natural progreſs of the works of men is from rudeneſs to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The firſt labour is enforced by neceſſity. The ſavage finds himſelf incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he ſhelters himſelf in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the ſun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chace, or the convenience of paſturage leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himſelf, by planting ſtakes at proper diſtances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of ſkill and induſtry produces a houſe, cloſed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and diſpoſed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement ſucceeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a leſs, till eaſe in time is advanced to pleaſure.

The mind, ſet free from the importunities of natural want, gains leiſure to go in ſearch of ſuperfluous gratifications, and adds to the uſes of habitation the delights of proſpect. Then begins the reign of ſymmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reaſon, than that the eye may not be offended.

The paſſage is very ſhort from elegance to luxury. *Ionick* and *Corinthian* columns are ſoon ſucceeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which ſhew rather the wealth than the taſte of the poſſeſſor.

Language proceeds, like every thing elſe, through improvement to degeneracy. The rovers who firſt take poſſeſſion of a country, having not many ideas, and thoſe not nicely modified or diſcriminated, were contented, if by general terms and abrupt ſentences they could make their thoughts known to one another; as life begins to be more regulated, and property to become limited, diſputes muſt be decided and claims adjuſted; the differences of things

are noted, and diſtinctneſs and propriety of expreſſion become neceſſary. In time, happineſs and plenty give riſe to curioſity, and the ſciences are cultivated for eaſe and pleaſure; to the arts, which are now to be taught, emulation ſoon adds the art of teaching; and the ſtudious and ambitious contend not only who ſhall think beſt, but who ſhall tell their thoughts in the moſt pleaſing manner.

Then begin the arts of rhetorick and poetry, the regulation of figures, the ſelection of words, the modulation of periods, the graces of tranſition, the complication of clauſes, and all the delicacies of ſtyle and ſubtilites of compoſition, uſeful while they advance perſpicuity, and laudable while they increaſe pleaſure, but eaſy to be refined by needleſs ſcrupuloſity till they ſhall more embarraſs the writer than aſſiſt the reader or delight him.

The firſt ſtate is commonly antecedent to the practice of writing; the ignorant eſſays of imperfect diſtinction paſs away with the ſavage generation that uttered them. No nation can trace their language beyond the ſecond period, and even of that it does not often happen that many monuments remain.

The fate of the *Engliſh* tongue is like that of others. We know nothing of the ſcanty jargon of our barbarous anceſtors; but we have ſpecimens of our language when it began to be adapted to civil and religious purpoſes, and find it ſuch as might naturally be expected, artleſs and ſimple, unconnected and conciſe. The writers ſeem to have deſired little more than to be underſtood, and perhaps ſeldom aſpired to the praiſe of pleaſing. Their verſes were conſidered chiefly as memorial, and therefore did not ſuffer from proſe but by the meaſure or the rhyme.

In this ſtate, varied a little according to the different purpoſes or abilities of writers, our language may be ſaid to have continued to the time of *Gower*, whom *Chaucer* calls his maſter, and who, however obſcured by his ſcholar's popularity, ſeems juſtly to claim the honour which has been hitherto denied him, of ſhewing his countrymen that ſomething more was to be deſired, and that *Engliſh* verſe might be exalted into poetry.

From the time of *Gower* and *Chaucer*, the *Engliſh* writers have ſtudied elegance, and advanced their language, by ſucceſſive improvements, to as much harmony as it can eaſily receive, and as much copiouſneſs as human knowledge has hitherto required. Theſe advances have not been made at all

all times with the ſame diligence or the ſame ſucceſs. Negligence has ſuſpended the courſe of improvement, or affectation turned it aſide; time has elapſed with little change, or change has been made without amendment. But elegance has been long kept in view with attention as near to conſtancy as life permits, till every man now endeavours to excel others in accuracy, or outſhine them in ſplendour of ſtyle, and the danger is, leſt care ſhould too ſoon paſs to affectation.

NUMB. 64. SATURDAY, *July* 7, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

AS nature has made every man deſirous of happineſs, I flatter myſelf, that you and your readers cannot but feel ſome curioſity to know the ſequel of my ſtory; for though, by trying the different ſchemes of pleaſure, I have yet found nothing in which I could finally acquieſce; yet the narrative of my attempts will not be wholly without uſe, ſince we always approach nearer to truth as we detect more and more varieties of error.

When I had ſold my racers, and put the orders of architecture out of my head, my next reſolution was to be a *fine gentleman*. I frequented the polite coffee-houſes, grew acquainted with all the men of humour, and gained the right of bowing familiarly to half the nobility. In this new ſcene of life my great labour was to learn to laugh. I had been uſed to conſider laughter as the effect of merriment; but I ſoon learned that it is one of the arts of adulation, and, from laughing only to ſhew that I was pleaſed, I now began to laugh when I wiſhed to pleaſe. This was at firſt very difficult. I ſometimes heard the ſtory with dull indifference, and, not exalting myſelf to merriment by due gradations, burſt out ſuddenly into an aukward noiſe, which was not always favourably interpreted. Sometimes I was behind

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the reſt of the company, and loſt the grace of laughing by delay, and ſometimes when I began at the right time was deficient in loudneſs or in length. But, by diligent imitation of the beſt models, I attained at laſt ſuch flexibility of muſcles, that I was always a welcome auditor of a ſtory, and got the reputation of a good-natured fellow.

This was ſomething; but much more was to be done, that I might be univerſally allowed to be a fine gentleman. I appeared at court on all publick days; betted at gaming tables; and played at all the routs of eminence. I went every night to the opera, took a fidler of diſputed merit under my protection, became the head of a muſical faction, and had ſometimes concerts at my own houſe. I once thought to have attained the higheſt rank of elegance, by taking a foreign ſinger into keeping. But my favourite fidler contrived to be arreſted on the night of a concert, for a finer ſuit of clothes than I had ever preſumed to wear, and I loſt all the fame of patronage by refuſing to bail him.

My next ambition was to ſit for my picture. I ſpent a whole winter in going from painter to painter, to beſpeak a whole length of one, and a half length of another; I talked of nothing but attitudes, draperies, and proper lights; took my friends to ſee the pictures after every ſitting; heard every day of a wonderful performer in crayons and miniature, and ſent my pictures to be copied; was told by the judges that they were not like, and was recommended to other artiſts. At length, being not able to pleaſe my friends, I grew leſs pleaſed myſelf, and at laſt reſolved to think no more about it.

It was impoſſible to live in total idleneſs: and wandering about in ſearch of ſomething to do, I was invited to a weekly meeting of virtuoſos, and felt myſelf inſtantaneouſly ſeized with an unextinguiſhable ardour for all natural curioſities. I ran from auction to auction, became a critick in ſhells and foſſils, bought a *Hortus ſiccus* of ineſtimable value, and purchaſed a ſecret art of preſerving inſects, which made my collection the envy of the other philoſophers. I found this pleaſure mingled with much vexation. All the faults of my life were for nine months circulated through the town with the moſt active malignity, becauſe I happened to catch a moth of peculiar variegation; and becauſe I once out-bid all the lovers of ſhells and carried off a nautilus, it was hinted that the validity of my uncle's will ought

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to be disputed. I will not deny that I was very proud both of the moth and of the shell, and gratified myself with the envy of my companions, perhaps more than became a benevolent being. But in time I grew weary of being hated for that which produced no advantage, gave my shells to children that wanted play things, and suppressed the art of drying butterflies, because I would not tempt idleness and cruelty to kill them.

I now began to feel life tedious, and wished to store myself with friends, with whom I might grow old in the interchange of benevolence. I had observed that popularity was most easily gained by an open table, and therefore hired a French cook, furnished my side-board with great magnificence, filled my cellar with wines of pompous appellations, bought every thing that was dear before it was good, and invited all those who were most famous for judging of a dinner. In three weeks my cook gave me warning, and, upon enquiry, told me that Lord *Queasy*, who dined with me the day before, had sent him an offer of double wages. My pride prevailed; I raised his wages, and invited his lordship to another feast. I love plain meat, and was therefore soon weary of spreading a table of which I could not partake. I found that my guests, when they went away, criticised their entertainment, and censured my profusion; my cook thought himself necessary, and took upon him the direction of the house; and I could not rid myself of flatterers, or break from slavery, but by shutting up my house, and declaring my resolution to live in lodgings.

After all this, tell me, dear *Idler*, what I must do next; I have health, I have money, and hope that I have understanding; yet, with all these, I have never been able to pass a single day which I did not wish at an end before sun-set. Tell me, dear *Idler*, what I shall do. I am

Your humble servant,

TIM. RANGER.

NUMB

NUMB. 65. SATURDAY, *July* 14, 1759.

THE ſequel of *Clarendon's* hiſtory, at laſt happily publiſhed, is an acceſſion to *Engliſh* literature equally agreeable to the admirers of elegance and the lovers of truth; many doubtful facts may now be aſcertained, and many queſtions, after long debate, may be determined by deciſive authority. He that records tranſactions in which himſelf was engaged, has not only an opportunity of knowing innumerable particulars which eſcape ſpectators, but has his natural powers exalted by that ardour which always riſes at the remembrance of our own importance, and by which every man is enabled to relate his own actions better than another's.

The difficulties through which this work has ſtruggled into light, and the delays with which our hopes have been long mocked, naturally lead the mind to the conſideration of the common fate of poſthumous compoſitions.

He who ſees himſelf ſurrounded by admirers, and whoſe vanity is hourly feaſted with all the luxuries of ſtudied praiſe, is eaſily perſuaded that his influence will be extended beyond his life; that they who cringe in his preſence will reverence his memory; and that thoſe who are proud to be numbered among his friends, will endeavour to vindicate his choice by zeal for his reputation.

With hopes like theſe, to the executors of *Swift* was committed the hiſtory of the laſt years of Queen *Anne*, and to thoſe of *Pope* the works which remained unprinted in his cloſet. The performances of *Pope* were burnt by thoſe whom he had perhaps ſelected from all mankind as moſt likely to publiſh them; and the hiſtory had likewiſe periſhed, had not a ſtraggling tranſcript fallen into buſy hands.

The papers left in the cloſet of *Peireſc* ſupplied his heirs with a whole winter's fuel; and many of the labours of the learned Biſhop *Lloyd* were conſumed in the kitchen of his deſcendants.

Some works, indeed, have eſcaped total deſtruction, but yet have had reaſon to lament the fate of orphans expoſed to the frauds of unfaithful guardians. How *Hale* would have

have born the mutilations which his *Pleas of the Crown* have ſuffered from the editor, they who know his character will eaſily conceive.

The original copy of *Burnet's* hiſtory, though promiſed to ſome publick * library, has been never given; and who then can prove the fidelity of the publication, when the authenticity of *Clarendon's* hiſtory, though printed with the ſanction of one of the firſt univerſities of the world, had not an unexpected manuſcript been happily diſcovered, would, with the help of factious credulity, have been brought into queſtion by the two loweſt of all human beings, a ſcribbler for a party, and a commiſſioner of exciſe.

Vanity is often no leſs miſchievous than negligence or diſhoneſty. He that poſſeſſes a valuable manuſcript, hopes to raiſe its eſteem by concealment, and delights in the diſtinction which he imagines himſelf to obtain by keeping the key of a treaſure which he neither uſes nor imparts. From him it falls to ſome other owner, leſs vain but more negligent, who conſiders it as uſeleſs lumber, and rids himſelf of the incumbrance.

Yet there are ſome works which the authors muſt conſign unpubliſhed to poſterity, however uncertain be the event, however hopeleſs be the truſt. He that writes the hiſtory of his own times, if he adheres ſteadily to truth, will write that which his own times will not eaſily endure. He muſt be content to repoſite his book till all private paſſions ſhall ceaſe, and love and hatred give way to curioſity.

But many leave the labours of half their life to their executors and to chance, becauſe they will not ſend them abroad unfiniſhed, and are unable to finiſh them, having preſcribed to themſelves ſuch a degree of exactneſs as human diligence can ſcarcely attain. *Lloyd*, ſays Burnet, *did not lay out his learning with the ſame diligence as he laid it in.* He was always heſitating and enquiring, raiſing objections and removing them, and waiting for clearer light and fuller diſcovery. *Baker*, after many years paſſed in biography, left his manuſcripts to be buried in a library, becauſe that was imperfect which could never be perfected.

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* It would be proper to repoſite, in ſome publick place, the manuſcript of *Clarendon*, which has not eſcaped all ſuſpicion of unfaithful publication.

Of these learned men, let those who aspire to the same praise imitate the diligence, and avoid the scrupulosity. Let it be always remembered that life is short, that knowledge is endless, and that many doubts deserve not to be cleared. Let those whom nature and study have qualified to teach mankind, tell us what they have learned while they are yet able to tell it, and trust their reputation only to themselves.

Numb. 66. Saturday, *July* 21, 1759.

No complaint is more frequently repeated among the learned, than that of the waste made by time among the labourers of antiquity. Of those who once filled the civilized world with their renown, nothing is now left but their names, which are left only to raise desires that never can be satisfied, and sorrow which never can be comforted.

Had all the writings of the ancients been faithfully delivered down from age to age, had the *Alexandrian* library been spared, and the *Palatine* repositories remained unimpaired, how much might we have known of which we are now doomed to be ignorant! how many laborious enquiries, and dark conjectures, how many collations of broken hints and mutilated passages, might have been spared! We should have known the successions of princes, the revolutions of empire, the actions of the great, and opinions of the wise, the laws and constitutions of every state, and the arts by which publick grandeur and happiness are acquired and preserved; we should have traced the progress of life, seen colonies from distant regions take possession of *European* deserts, and troops of savages settled into communities by the desire of keeping what they had acquired; we should have traced the gradations of civility, and travelled upward to the original of things by the light of history, till in remoter times it had glimmered in fable, and at last sunk into darkness.

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If the works of imagination had been leſs diminiſhed, it is likely that all future times might have been ſupplied with inexhauſtible amuſement by the fictions of antiquity. The tragedies of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* would all have ſhewn the ſtronger paſſions in all their diverſities; and the comedies of *Menander* would have furniſhed all the maxims of domeſtick life. Nothing would have been neceſſary to moral wiſdom but to have ſtudied theſe great maſters, whoſe knowledge would have guided doubt, and whoſe authority would have ſilenced cavils.

Such are the thoughts that riſe in every ſtudent, when his curioſity is eluded, and his ſearches are fruſtrated; yet it may perhaps be doubted, whether our complaints are not ſometimes inconſiderate, and whether we do not imagine more evil than we feel. Of the ancients, enough remains to excite our emulation, and direct our endeavours. Many of the works which time has left us, we know to have been thoſe that were moſt eſteemed, and which antiquity itſelf conſidered as models; ſo that, having the originals, we may without much regret loſe the imitations. The obſcurity which the want of contemporary writers often produces, only darkens ſingle paſſages, and thoſe commonly of ſlight importance. The general tendency of every piece may be known; and though that diligence deſerves praiſe which leaves nothing unexamined, yet its miſcarriages are not much to be lamented; for the moſt uſeful truths are always univerſal, and unconnected with accidents and cuſtoms.

Such is the general conſpiracy of human nature againſt contemporary merit, that, if we had inherited from antiquity enough to afford employment for the laborious, and amuſement for the idle, I know not what room would have been left for modern genius or modern induſtry; almoſt every ſubject would have been pre-occupied, and every ſtyle would have been fixed by a precedent from which few would have ventured to depart. Every writer would have had a rival, whoſe ſuperiority was already acknowledged, and to whoſe fame his work would, even before it was ſeen, be marked out for a ſacrifice.

We ſee how little the united experience of mankind hath been able to add to the heroick characters diſplayed by *Homer*, and how few incidents the fertile imagination of modern *Italy* has yet produced, which may not be found in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*. It is likely, that if all the works of

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the *Athenian* philoſophers had been extant, *Malbranche* and *Locke* would have been condemned to be ſilent readers of the ancient metaphyſicians; and it is apparent, that, if the old writers had all remained, the *Idler* could not have written a diſquiſition on the loſs.

NUMB. 67. SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

IN the obſervations which you have made on the various opinions and purſuits of mankind, you muſt often, in literary converſations, have met with men who conſider diſſipation as the great enemy of the intellect; and maintain, that, in proportion as the ſtudent keeps himſelf within the bounds of a ſettled plan, he will more certainly advance in ſcience.

This opinion is, perhaps, generally true; yet, when we contemplate the inquiſitive nature of the human mind, and its perpetual impatience of all reſtraint, it may be doubted whether the faculties may not be contracted by confining the attention; and whether it may not ſometimes be proper to riſque the certainty of little for the chance of much. Acquiſitions of knowledge, like blazes of genius, are often fortuitous. Thoſe who had propoſed to themſelves a methodical courſe of reading, light by accident on a new book, which ſeizes their thoughts and kindles their curioſity, and opens an unexpected proſpect, to which the way which they had preſcribed to themſelves would never have conducted them.

To enforce and illuſtrate my meaning, I have ſent you a journal of three days employment, found among the papers of a late intimate acquaintance; who, as will plainly appear, was a man of vaſt deſigns, and of vaſt performances, though he ſometimes deſigned one thing, and performed another.

another. I allow that the *Spectator's* inimitable productions of this kind may well discourage all subsequent journalists; but, as the subject of this is different from that of any which the *Spectator* has given us, I leave it to you to publish or suppress it.

Mem. The following three days I propose to give up to reading; and intend, after all the delays which have obtruded themselves upon me, to finish my *Essay on the Extent of the Mental Powers;* to revise my *Treatise on Logick;* to begin the *Epick* which I have long projected; to proceed in my perusal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment;* and at my leisure to regale myself with the works of classicks, ancient and modern, and to finish my *Ode to Astronomy.*

Monday.] Designed to rise at six, but, by my servant's lazinesS, my fire was not lighted before eight, when I dropped into a slumber that lasted till nine; at which time I rose, and, after breakfast, at ten sat down to study, proposing to begin upon my *Essay;* but, finding occasion to consult a passage in *Plato*, was absorbed in the perusal of the *Republick* till twelve. I had neglected to forbid company, and now enters *Tom Careless*, who, after half an hour's chat, insisted upon my going with him to enjoy an absurd character, that he had appointed, by an advertisement, to meet him at a particular coffee-house. After we had for some time entertained ourselves with him, we sallied out, designing each to repair to his home; but, as it fell out, coming up in the street to a man whose steel by his side declared him a butcher, we overheard him opening an address to a genteelish sort of young Lady, whom he walked with: "Miss, though your father is master of a coal-"lighter, and you will be a great fortune, 'tis true; yet I "wish I may be cut into quarters if it is not only love, "and not lucre of gain, that is my motive for offering terms "of marriage." As this lover proceeded in his speech, he misled us the length of three streets, in admiration at the unlimited power of the tender passion, that could soften even the heart of a butcher. We then adjourned to a tavern, and from thence to one of the publick gardens, where I was regaled with a most amusing variety of men possessing great talents, so discoloured by affectation, that they only made them eminently ridiculous; shallow things, who, by continual dissipation, had annihilated the few ideas nature had given them, and yet were celebrated for wonderful pretty gentlemen; young ladies extolled for their

their wit, becauſe they were handſome; illiterate empty women as well as men, in high life, admired for their knowledge, from their being reſolutely poſitive; and women of real underſtanding ſo far from pleaſing the polite million, that they frightened them away, and were left ſolitary. When we quitted this entertaining ſcene, *Tom* preſſed me, irreſiſtibly, to ſup with him. I reached home at twelve, and then reflected, that though indeed I had, by remarking various characters, improved my inſight into human nature, yet ſtill I had neglected the ſtudies propoſed, and accordingly took up my *Treatiſe on Logick*, to give it the intended reviſal, but found my ſpirits too much agitated, and could not forbear a few ſatirical lines, under the title of *The Evening's Walk*.

Tueſday.] At breakfaſt, ſeeing my *Ode to Aſtronomy* lying on my deſk, I was ſtruck with a train of ideas, that I thought might contribute to its improvement. I immediately rang my bell to forbid all viſitants, when my ſervant opened the door, with, "Sir, Mr. *Jeffery Gape*." My cup dropped out of one hand, and my poem out of the other. I could ſcarcely aſk him to ſit; he told me he was going to walk, but, as there was a likelihood of rain, he would ſit with me; he ſaid, he intended at firſt to have called at Mr. *Vacant's*, but, as he had not ſeen me a great while, he did not mind coming out of his way to wait on me; I made him a bow, but thanks for the favour ſtuck in my throat. I aſked him if he had been to the coffee-houſe; he replied, two hours.

Under the oppreſſion of this dull interruption, I ſat looking wiſhfully at the clock; for which, to increaſe my ſatiſfaction, I had choſen the inſcription, *Art is long, and life is ſhort*; exchanging queſtions and anſwers at long intervals, and not without ſome hints that the weather-glaſs promiſed fair weather. At half an hour after three he told me he would treſpaſs on me for a dinner, and deſired me to ſend to his houſe for a bundle of papers, about incloſing a common upon his eſtate, which he would read to me in the evening. I declared myſelf buſy, and Mr. *Gape* went away.

Having dined, to compoſe my chagrin I took up *Virgil*, and ſeveral other claſſicks, but could not calm my mind, or proceed in my ſcheme. At about five I laid my hand on a Bible that lay on my table, at firſt with coldneſs and inſenſibility; but was imperceptibly engaged in a cloſe attention

to

to its ſublime morality, and felt my heart expanded by warm philanthropy, and exalted to dignity of ſentiment. I then cenſured my too great ſolicitude, and my diſguſt conceived at my acquaintance, who had been ſo far from deſigning to offend, that he only meant to ſhew kindneſs and reſpect. In this ſtrain of mind I wrote *An Eſſay on Benevolence*, and *An Elegy on Sublunary Diſappointments*. When I had finiſhed theſe, at eleven, I ſupped, and recollected how little I had adhered to my plan, and almoſt queſtioned the poſſibility of purſuing any ſettled and uniform deſign; however, I was not ſo far perſuaded of the truth of theſe ſuggeſtions, but that I reſolved to try once more at my ſcheme. As I obſerved the moon ſhining through my window, from a calm and bright ſky ſpangled with innumerable ſtars, I indulged a pleaſing meditation on the ſplendid ſcene, and finiſhed my *Ode to Aſtronomy*.

Wedneſday.] Roſe at ſeven, and employed three hours in peruſal of the *Scriptures* with *Grotius's Comment*; and after breakfaſt fell into meditation concerning my projected *Epick*; and being in ſome doubt as to the particular lives of ſome heroes, whom I propoſed to celebrate, I conſulted *Bayle* and *Moreri*, and was engaged two hours in examining various lives and characters, but then reſolved to go to my employment. When I was ſeated at my deſk, and began to feel the glowing ſucceſſion of poetical ideas, my ſervant brought me a letter from a lawyer, requiring my inſtant attendance at *Gray's Inn* for half an hour. I went full of vexation, and was involved in buſineſs till eight at night; and then, being too much fatigued to ſtudy, ſupped, and went to bed.

HERE my friend's journal concludes, which perhaps is pretty much a picture of the manner in which many proſecute their ſtudies. I therefore reſolved to ſend it you, imagining, that, if you think it worthy of appearing in your paper, ſome of your readers may receive entertainment by recogniſing a reſemblance between my friend's conduct and their own. It muſt be left to the *Idler* accurately to aſcertain the proper methods of advancing in literature; but this one poſition, deducible from what has been ſaid above, may, I think, be reaſonably aſſerted, that he who finds himſelf ſtrongly attracted to any particular ſtudy, though it may happen to be out of his propoſed ſcheme, if it is not trifling or vicious, had better continue his application

tion to it, ſince it is likely that he will, with much more eaſe and expedition, attain that which a warm inclination ſtimulates him to purſue, than that at which a preſcribed law compels him to toil.

I am, &c.

Numb. 68. Saturday, *Auguſt* 4, 1759.

AMONG the ſtudies which have exerciſed the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more ſucceſsfully cultivated than the art of tranſlation; by which the impediments which bar the way to ſcience are, in ſome meaſure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes leſs incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing the ancients have left us models which all ſucceeding ages have laboured to imitate; but tranſlation may juſtly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the firſt ages of the world inſtruction was commonly oral and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be tranſlated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the tranſmiſſion of events more eaſy and certain, literature did not flouriſh in more than one country at once, or diſtant nations had little commerce with each other; and thoſe few whom curioſity ſent abroad in queſt of improvement, delivered their acquiſitions in their own manner, deſirous perhaps to be conſidered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

The *Greeks* for a time travelled into *Egypt*, but they tranſlated no books from the *Egyptian* language; and when the *Macedonians* had overthrown the empire of *Perſia*, the countries that became ſubject to *Grecian* dominion ſtudied only the *Grecian* literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, ſunk into oblivion; *Greece* conſidered herſelf as the miſtreſs if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was ſuppoſed to be known, and, except the ſacred writings of the Old Teſtament, I know

know not that the library of *Alexandria* adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The *Romans* confeſſed themſelves the ſcholars of the *Greeks*, and do not appear to have expected, what has ſince happened, that the ignorance of ſucceeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man, who in *Rome* aſpired to the praiſe of literature, thought it neceſſary to learn *Greek*, and had no need of verſions when they could ſtudy the originals. Tranſlation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatick poems could be underſtood by the people in no language but their own, and the *Romans* were ſometimes entertained with the tragedies of *Euripides* and the comedies of *Menander*. Other works were ſometimes attempted; in an old ſcholiaſt there is mention of a *Latin Iliad*; and we have not wholly loſt *Tully's* verſion of the peom of *Aratus*; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to tranſlate for exerciſe or amuſement, than for fame.

The *Arabs* were the firſt nation who felt the ardour of tranſlation: when they had ſubdued the eaſtern provinces of the *Greek* empire, they found their captives wiſer than themſelves, and made haſte to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They diſcovered that many might grow wiſe by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with ſpeed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haſte to lay hold on medicine and philoſophy, and turned their chief authors into *Arabick*. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was ſhort, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to thoſe of neceſſity.

The ſtudy of ancient literature was interrupted in *Europe* by the irruption of the Northern nations, who ſubverted the *Roman* empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not ſtrange, that ſuch confuſion ſhould ſuſpend literary attention; thoſe who loſt, and thoſe who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter, and immediate miſeries to redreſs, and had little leiſure, amidſt the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the diſtreſſes of forced migration, or the tumults of unſettled conqueſt, to enquire after ſpeculative truth, to enjoy the amuſement of imaginary adventures, to know the hiſtory of former ages, or ſtudy the events of any other lives. But

no ſooner had this chaos of dominion ſunk into order, than learning began again to flouriſh in the calm of peace. When life and poſſeſſions were ſecure, convenience and enjoyment were ſoon ſought, learning was found the higheſt gratification of the mind, and tranſlation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At laſt, by a concurrence of many cauſes, the *European* world was rouzed from its lethargy; thoſe arts which had been long obſcurely ſtudied in the gloom of monaſteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epidemical emulation ſpread from ſouth to north, and curioſity and tranſlation found their way to *Britain.*

Numb. 69. Saturday, *Auguſt* 11, 1759.

He that reviews the progreſs of *Engliſh* literature, will find that tranſlation was very early cultivated among us, but that ſome principles, either wholly erroneous or too far extended, hindered our ſucceſs from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally conſidered as the father of our poetry, has left a verſion of *Boetius on the Comforts of Philoſophy*, the book which ſeems to have been the favourite of the middle ages, which had been tranſlated into *Saxon* by king *Alfred*, and illuſtrated with a copious *comment* aſcribed to *Aquinas*. It may be ſuppoſed that *Chaucer* would apply more than common attention to an author of ſo much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a verſion ſtrictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to proſe, that the conſtraint of verſification might not obſtruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1474. The firſt book printed in *Engliſh* was a tranſlation. *Caxton* was both the tranſlator and printer of the *Deſtruction of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy of learning, was conſidered as the beſt account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater uſe or value,

value, ſtill continued to be read in *Caxton's Engliſh* to the beginning of the preſent century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of *Gower* and *Chaucer*, printed nothing but tranſlations from the *French*, in which the original is ſo ſcrupulouſly followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are *Engliſh*, the phraſe is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of tranſlation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of *Elizabeth* we began to find that greater liberty was neceſſary to elegance, and that elegance was neceſſary to general reception; ſome eſſays were then made upon the *Italian* poets, which deſerve the praiſe and gratitude of poſterity.

But the old practice was not ſuddenly forſaken; *Holland* filled the nation with literal tranſlation; and, what is yet more ſtrange, the ſame exactneſs was obſtinately practiſed in the verſions of the poets. This abſurd labour of conſtruing into rhyme was countenanced by *Jonſon* in his verſion of *Horace*; and whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of *Jonſon* found more imitators than the elegance of *Fairfax*; and *May*, *Sandys*, and *Holiday*, confined themſelves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for *May* and *Sandys* were poets, and *Holiday* only a ſcholar and a critick.

Feltham appears to conſider it as the eſtabliſhed law of poetical tranſlation, that the lines ſhould be neither more nor fewer than thoſe of the original; and ſo long had this prejudice prevailed, that *Denham* praiſes *Fanſhaw's* verſion of *Guarini* as the example of a *new and noble way*, as the firſt attempt to break the boundaries of cuſtom, and aſſert the natural freedom of the Muſe.

In the general emulation of wit and genius which the feſtivity of the Reſtoration produced, the poets ſhook off their conſtraint, and conſidered tranſlation as no longer confined to ſervile cloſeneſs. But reformation is ſeldom the work of pure virtue or unaſſiſted reaſon. Tranſlation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at leaſt learning equal to their genius; and being often more able to explain the ſentiments or illuſtrate the alluſions of the ancients, than to exhibit

their graces and transfuſe their ſpirit, were perhaps willing ſometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profuſion of literature, and therefore tranſlated literally, that their fidelity might ſhelter their inſipidity or harſhneſs. The wits of *Charles's* time had ſeldom more than ſlight and ſuperficial views; and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination; they therefore tranſlated always with freedom, ſometimes with licentiouſneſs, and perhaps expected that their readers ſhould accept ſpritelineſs for knowledge, and conſider ignorance and miſtake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to ſtop at difficulties, and too elevated to deſcend to minuteneſs.

Thus was tranſlation made more eaſy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if eaſe and pleaſure have found their advocates. The paraphraſtic liberties have been almoſt univerſally admitted; and *Sherbourn*, whoſe learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuſe to paſs ſlightly over obſcurities, is the only writer who in later times has attempted to juſtify or revive the ancient ſeverity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be obſerved. *Dryden* ſaw very early that cloſeneſs beſt preſerved an author's ſenſe, and that freedom beſt exhibited his ſpirit; he therefore will deſerve the higheſt praiſe, who can give a repreſentation at once faithful and pleaſing, who can convey the ſame thoughts with the ſame graces, and who, when he tranſlates, changes nothing but the language.

Numb. 70. Saturday, *August* 18, 1759.

FEW faults of ſtyle, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous claſs of readers, than the uſe of hard words.

If an author be ſuppoſed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obſcurity, and to obſtruct, by unneceſſary difficulties, a mind eager in purſuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boaſt the learning which he poſſeſſes himſelf, and wiſhes to be admired rather than underſtood, he counteracts the firſt end of writing, and juſtly ſuffers the utmoſt ſeverity of cenſure, or the more afflictive ſeverity of neglect.

But words are only hard to thoſe who do not underſtand them; and the critick ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many queſtions are ſuch as the illiterate part of makind can have neither intereſt nor pleaſure in diſcuſſing, and which therefore it would be an uſeleſs endeavour to level with common minds, by tireſome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many ſubjects of general uſe may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffuſion and explication are neceſſary to the inſtruction of thoſe who, being neither able nor accuſtomed to think for themſelves, can learn only what is expreſsly taught; but they who can form parallels, diſcover conſequences, and multiply concluſions, are beſt pleaſed with involution of argument and compreſſion of thought; they deſire only to receive the ſeeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils *to think with the wiſe, but ſpeak with the vulgar.* This is a precept ſpecious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more ſubtilty will ſeek for terms of more

more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows no wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood?

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. *Every man,* (says *Swift*) *is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before.* This could only have been said by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those, whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only because

cauſe few, that look upon an edifice, examine its parts, or analyſe its columns into their members.

The ſtate of every other art is the ſame; as it is curſorily ſurveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expreſſion become proper. In morality it is one thing to diſcuſs the niceties of the caſuiſt, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that inſtructs the farmer to plow and ſow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find neceſſary in explaining to philoſophers the proceſs of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honeſt by the ſhorteſt way, will perplex his mind with ſubtile ſpeculations; or if he, whoſe taſk is to reap and threſh, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the ſeed and circulation of the ſap; the writers whom either ſhall conſult are very little to be blamed, though it ſhould ſometimes happen that they are read in vain.

NUMB. 71. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 25, 1759.

DICK SHIFTER was born in *Cheapſide*, and, having paſſed reputably through all the claſſes of *St. Paul's* ſchool, has been for ſome years a ſtudent in the *Temple*. He is of opinion, that intenſe application dulls the faculties, and thinks it neceſſary to temper the ſeverity of the law by books that engage the mind, but do not fatigue it. He has therefore made a copious collection of plays, poems, and romances, to which he has recourſe when he fancies himſelf tired with ſtatutes and reports; and he ſeldom enquires very nicely whether he is weary or idle.

Dick has received from his favourite authors very ſtrong impreſſions of a country life; and though his furtheſt excurſions have been to *Greenwich* on one ſide, and *Chelſea* on the other, he has talked for ſeveral years, with great pomp of language and elevation of ſentiments, about a ſtate too high for contempt and too low for envy, about homely quiet and blameleſs ſimplicity, paſtoral delights and rural innocence.

His

His friends who had eſtates in the country, often invited him to paſs the ſummer among them, but ſomething or other had always hindered him; and he conſidered, that to reſide in the houſe of another man was to incur a kind of dependence inconſiſtent with that laxity of life which he had imaged as the chief good.

This ſummer he reſolved to be happy, and procured a lodging to be taken for him at a ſolitary houſe, ſituated about thirty miles from *London*, on the banks of a ſmall river, with corn fields before it, and a hill on each ſide covered with wood. He concealed the place of his retirement, that none might violate his obſcurity, and promiſed himſelf many a happy day when he ſhould hide himſelf among the trees, and contemplate the tumults and vexations of the town.

He ſtepped into the poſt-chaiſe with his heart beating and his eyes ſparkling, was conveyed through many varieties of delightful proſpects, ſaw hills and meadows, corn fields and paſture, ſucceed each other, and for four hours charged none of his poets with fiction or exaggeration. He was now within ſix miles of happineſs, when, having never felt ſo much agitation before, he began to wiſh his journey at an end, and the laſt hour was paſſed in changing his poſture, and quarrelling with his driver.

An hour may be tedious, but cannot be long. He at length alighted at his new dwelling, and was received as he expected; he looked round upon the hills and rivulets, but his joints were ſtiff and his muſcles ſore, and his firſt requeſt was to ſee his bedchamber.

He reſted well, and aſcribed the ſoundneſs of his ſleep to the ſtillneſs of the country. He expected from that time nothing but nights of quiet and days of rapture, and, as ſoon as he had riſen, wrote an account of his new ſtate to one of his friends in the *Temple*.

Dear FRANK,

I never pitied thee before. I am now as I could wiſh every man of wiſdom and virtue to be, in the regions of calm content and placid meditation; with all the beauties of nature ſoliciting my notice, and all the diverſities of pleaſure courting my acceptance; the birds are chirping in the hedges, and the flowers blooming in the mead; the breeze is whiſtling in the wood, and the ſun dancing on the water. I can now ſay, with truth,

that

that a man, capable of enjoying the purity of happineſs, is never more buſy than in his hours of leiſure, nor ever leſs ſolitary than in a place of ſolitude.

I am, dear FRANK, &c.

When he had ſent away his letter, he walked into the wood, with ſome inconvenience, from the furze that pricked his legs, and the briars that ſcratched his face. He at laſt ſat down under a tree, and heard with great delight a ſhower, by which he was not wet, rattling among the branches: this, ſaid he, is the true image of obſcurity; we hear of troubles and commotions, but never feel them.

His amuſement did not overpower the calls of nature, and he therefore went back to order his dinner. He knew that the country produces whatever is eaten or drunk, and, imagining that he was now at the ſource of luxury, reſolved to indulge himſelf with dainties which he ſuppoſed might be procured at a price next to nothing, if any price at all was expected; and intended to amaze the ruſticks with his generoſity, by paying more than they would aſk. Of twenty diſhes which he named, he was amazed to find that ſcarcely one was to be had; and heard, with aſtoniſhment and indignation, that all the fruits of the earth were ſold at a higher price than in the ſtreets of *London*.

His meal was ſhort and ſullen; and he retired again to his tree, to enquire how dearneſs could be conſiſtent with abundance, or how fraud ſhould be practiſed by ſimplicity. He was not ſatisfied with his own ſpeculations, and returning home early in the evening, went a while from window to window, and found that he wanted ſomething to do.

He enquired for a news-paper, and was told that farmers never minded news, but that they could ſend for it from the ale-houſe. A meſſenger was diſpatched, who ran away at full ſpeed, but loitered an hour behind the hedges, and at laſt coming back with his feet purpoſely bemired, inſtead of expreſſing the gratitude, which Mr. *Shifter* expected for the bounty of a ſhilling, ſaid, that the night was wet, and the way dirty, and he hoped that his worſhip would not think it much to give him half a crown.

Dick now went to bed with ſome abatement of his expectations; but ſleep, I know not how, revives our hopes, and rekindles our deſires. He roſe early in the morning, ſurveyed the landſcape, and was pleaſed. He walked out, and paſſed from field to field, without obſerving any beaten path,

path, and wondered that he had not ſeen the ſhepherdeſſes dancing, nor heard the ſwains piping to their flocks.

At laſt he ſaw ſome reapers and harveſt-women at dinner. Here, ſaid he, are the true *Arcadians*, and advanced courteouſly towards them, as afraid of confuſing them by the dignity of his preſence. They acknowledged his ſuperiority by no other token than that of aſking him for ſomething to drink. He imagined that he had now purchaſed the privilege of diſcourſe, and began to deſcend to familiar queſtions, endeavouring to accommodate his diſcourſe to the groſſneſs of ruſtick underſtandings. The clowns ſoon found that he did not know wheat from rye, and began to deſpiſe him; one of the boys, by pretending to ſhew him a bird's neſt, decoyed him into a ditch; and one of the wenches ſold him a bargain.

This walk had given him no great pleaſure; but he hoped to find other ruſticks leſs coarſe of manners, and leſs miſchievous of diſpoſition. Next morning he was accoſted by an attorney, who told him, that, unleſs he made farmer *Dobſon* ſatisfaction for trampling his graſs, he had orders to indict him. *Shifter* was offended, but not terrified; and, telling the attorney that he was himſelf a lawyer, talked ſo volubly of pettyfoggers and barraters, that he drove him away.

Finding his walks thus interrupted, he was inclined to ride, and, being pleaſed with the appearance of a horſe that was grazing in a neighbouring meadow, enquired the owner, who warranted him ſound, and would not ſell him, but that he was too fine for a plain man. *Dick* paid down the price, and, riding out to enjoy the evening, fell with his new horſe into a ditch; they got out with difficulty, and, as he was going to mount again, a countryman looked at the horſe, and perceived him to be blind. *Dick* went to the ſeller, and demanded back his money; but was told, that a man who rented his ground muſt do the beſt for himſelf, that his landlord had his rent though the year was barren, and that, whether horſes had eyes or no, he ſhould ſell them to the higheſt bidder.

Shifter now began to be tired with ruſtick ſimplicity, and on the fifth day took poſſeſſion again of his chambers, and bade farewel to the regions of calm content and placid meditation.

NUMB

NUMB. 72. SATURDAY, *September* 1, 1759.

MEN complain of nothing more frequently than of deficient memory; and, indeed, every one finds that many of the ideas which he desired to retain have slipped irretrievably away; that the acquisitions of the mind are sometimes equally fugitive with the gifts of fortune; and that a short intermission of attention more certainly lessens knowledge than impairs an estate.

To assist this weakness of our nature, many methods have been proposed, all of which may be justly suspected of being ineffectual; for no art of memory, however its effects have been boasted or admired, has been ever adopted into general use, nor have those who possessed it appeared to excel others in readiness of recollection or multiplicity of attainments.

There is another art of which all have felt the want, though *Themistocles* only confessed it. We suffer equal pain from the pertinacious adhesion of unwelcome images, as from the evanescence of those which are pleasing and useful; and it may be doubted whether we should be more benefited by the art of memory or the art of forgetfulness.

Forgetfulness is necessary to remembrance. Ideas are retained by renovation of that impression which time is always wearing away, and which new images are striving to obliterate. If useless thoughts could be expelled from the mind, all the valuable parts of our knowledge would more frequently recur, and every recurrence would reinstate them in their former place.

It is impossible to consider, without some regret, how much might have been learned, or how much might have been invented, by a rational and vigorous application of time, uselessly or painfully passed in the revocation of events, which have left neither good nor evil behind them, in grief for misfortunes either repaired or irreparable, in resentment of injuries known only to ourselves, of which death has put the authors beyond our power.

Philosophy has accumulated precept upon precept, to warn us against the anticipation of future calamities. All useless misery is certainly folly, and he that feels evils before

fore they come may be deſervedly cenſured; yet ſurely to dread the future is more reaſonable than to lament the paſt. The buſineſs of life is to go forwards; he who ſees evil in proſpect meets it in his way; but he who catches it by retroſpection turns back to find it. That which is feared may ſometimes be avoided, but that which is regretted to-day may be regretted again to-morrow.

Regret is indeed uſeful and virtuous, and not only allowable but neceſſary, when it tends to the amendment of life, or to admonition of error which we may be again in danger of committing. But a very ſmall part of the moments ſpent in meditation on the paſt, produce any reaſonable caution or ſalutary ſorrow. Moſt of the mortifications that we have ſuffered, aroſe from the concurrence of local and temporary circumſtances, which can never meet again; and moſt of our diſappointments have ſucceeded thoſe expectations, which life allows not to be formed a ſecond time.

It would add much to human happineſs, if an art could be taught of forgetting all of which the remembrance is at once uſeleſs and afflictive, if that pain which never can end in pleaſure could be driven totally away, that the mind might perform its functions without incumbrance, and the paſt might no longer encroach upon the preſent.

Little can be done well to which the whole mind is not applied; the buſineſs of every day calls for the day to which it is aſſigned; and he will have no leiſure to regret yeſterday's vexations who reſolves not to have a new ſubject of regret to-morrow.

But to forget or to remember at pleaſure, are equally beyond the power of man. Yet as memory may be aſſiſted by method, and the decays of knowledge repaired by ſtated times of recollection, ſo the power of forgetting is capable of improvement. Reaſon will, by a reſolute conteſt, prevail over imagination, and the power may be obtained of transferring the attention as judgement ſhall direct.

The incurſions of troubleſome thoughts are often violent and importunate; and it is not eaſy to a mind accuſtomed to their inroads to expel them immediately by putting better images into motion; but this enemy of quiet is above all others weakened by every defeat; the reflexion which has been once overpowered and ejected, ſeldom returns with any formidable vehemence.

Employment

Employment is the great inſtrument of intellectual dominion. The mind cannot retire from its enemy into total vacancy, or turn aſide from one object but by paſſing to another. The gloomy and the reſentful are always found among thoſe who have nothing to do, or who do nothing. We muſt be buſy about good or evil, and he to whom the preſent offers nothing will often be looking backward on the paſt.

Numb. 73. Saturday, *September* 8, 1759.

THAT every man would be rich if a wiſh could obtain riches, is a poſition which I believe few will conteſt, at leaſt in a nation like ours, in which commerce has kindled an univerſal emulation of wealth, and in which money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge and of virtue.

Yet though we are all labouring for gold as for the chief good, and, by the natural effort of unwearied diligence, have found many expeditious methods of obtaining it, we have not been able to improve the art of uſing it, or to make it produce more happineſs than it afforded in former times, when every declaimer expatiated on its miſchiefs, and every philoſopher taught his followers to deſpiſe it.

Many of the dangers imputed of old to exorbitant wealth, are now at an end. The rich are neither waylaid by robbers, nor watched by informers; there is nothing to be dreaded from proſcriptions, or ſeizures. The neceſſity of concealing treaſure has long ceaſed; no man now needs counterfeit mediocrity, and condemn his plate and jewels to caverns and darkneſs, or feaſt his mind with the conſciouſneſs of clouded ſplendour, of finery which is uſeleſs till it is ſhewn, and which he dares not ſhew.

In our time the poor are ſtrongly tempted to aſſume the appearance of wealth, but the wealthy very rarely deſire to be thought poor; for we are all at full liberty to diſplay riches by every mode of oſtentation. We fill our houſes with

with uſeleſs ornaments, only to ſhew that we can buy them; we cover our coaches with gold, and employ artiſts in the diſcovery of new faſhions of expence; and yet it cannot be found that riches produce happineſs.

Of riches, as of every thing elſe, the hope is more than the enjoyment; while we conſider them as the means to be uſed, at ſome future time, for the attainment of felicity, we preſs on our purſuit ardently and vigorouſly, and that ardour ſecures us from wearineſs of ourſelves; but no ſooner do we ſit down to enjoy our acquiſitions, than we find them inſufficient to fill up the vacuities of life.

One cauſe which is not always obſerved of the inſufficiency of riches, is, that they very ſeldom make their owner rich. To be rich, is to have more than is deſired, and more than is wanted; to have ſomething which may be ſpent without reluctance, and ſcattered without care, with which the ſudden demands of deſire may be gratified, the caſual freaks of fancy indulged, or the unexpected opportunities of benevolence improved.

Avarice is always poor, but poor by her own fault. There is another poverty to which the rich are expoſed with leſs guilt by the officiouſneſs of others. Every man, eminent for exuberance of fortune, is ſurrounded from morning to evening, and from evening to midnight, by flatterers, whoſe art of adulation conſiſts in exciting artificial wants, and in forming new ſchemes of profuſion.

Tom Tranquil, when he came to age, found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a fortune, of which the twentieth part might perhaps have made him rich. His temper is eaſy, and his affections ſoft; he receives every man with kindneſs, and hears him with credulity. His friends took care to ſettle him by giving him a wife, whom, having no particular inclination, he rather accepted than choſe, becauſe he was told that ſhe was proper for him.

He was now to live with dignity proportionate to his fortune. What his fortune requires or admits *Tom* does not know, for he has little ſkill in computation, and none of his friends think it their intereſt to improve it. If he was ſuffered to live by his own choice, he would leave every thing as he finds it, and paſs through the world diſtinguiſhed only by inoffenſive gentleneſs. But the miniſters of luxury have marked him out as one at whoſe expence they may exerciſe their arts. A companion, who had juſt learned the names of the *Italian* maſters, runs from ſale to ſale, and buys

buys pictures, for which Mr. *Tranquil* pays, without enquiring where they ſhall be hung. Another fills his garden with ſtatues, which *Tranquil* wiſhes away, but dares not remove. One of his friends is learning architecture by building him a houſe, which he paſſed by, and enquired to whom it belonged; another has been for three years digging canals and raiſing mounts, cutting trees down in one place, and planting them in another, on which *Tranquil* looks with ſerene indifference, without aſking what will be the coſt. Another projector tells him that a water-work, like that of *Verſailles*, will complete the beauties of his ſeat, and lays his draughts before him; *Tranquil* turns his eyes upon them, and the artiſt begins his explanations; *Tranquil* raiſes no objections, but orders him to begin the work, that he may eſcape from talk which he does not underſtand.

Thus a thouſand hands are buſy at his expence, without adding to his pleaſures. He pays and receives viſits, and has loitered in public or in ſolitude, talking in ſummer of the town, and in winter of the country, without knowing that his fortune is impaired, till his ſteward told him this morning, that he could pay the workmen no longer but by mortgaging a manor.

Numb. 74. Saturday, *September* 15, 1759.

In the mythological pedigree of learning, memory is made the mother of the muſes, by which the maſters of ancient wiſdom, perhaps, meant to ſhew the neceſſity of ſtoring the mind copiouſly with true notions, before the imagination ſhould be ſuffered to form fictions or collect embelliſhments; for the works of an ignorant poet can afford nothing higher than pleaſing ſound, and fiction is of no other uſe than to diſplay the treaſures of memory.

The neceſſity of memory to the acquiſition of knowledge is inevitably felt and univerſally allowed, ſo that ſcarcely any other of the mental faculties are commonly conſidered as neceſſary

neceſſary to a ſtudent: he that admires the proficiency of another, always attributes it to the happineſs of his memory; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wiſh that his memory was better.

It is evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all the attempts at eminence of knowledge muſt be vain; and as few are willing to be doomed to perpetual ignorance, I may, perhaps, afford conſolation to ſome that have fallen too eaſily into deſpondence, by obſerving that ſuch weakneſs is, in my opinion, very rare, and that few have reaſon to complain of nature as unkindly ſparing of the gifts of memory.

In the common buſineſs of life, we find the memory of one like that of another, and honeſtly impute omiſſions not to involuntary forgetfulneſs, but culpable inattention; but in literary inquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of memory than of diligence.

We conſider ourſelves as defective in memory, either becauſe we remember leſs than we deſire, or leſs than we ſuppoſe others to remember.

Memory is like all other human powers, with which no man can be ſatisfied who meaſures them by what he can conceive, or by what he can deſire. He whoſe mind is moſt capacious, finds it much too narrow for his wiſhes: he that remembers moſt, remembers little compared with what he forgets. He therefore that, after the peruſal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to conſider the diſappointment as peculiar to himſelf, or to reſign all hopes of improvement, becauſe he does not retain what even the author has perhaps forgotten.

He who compares his memory with that of others, is often too haſty to lament the inequality. Nature has ſometimes, indeed, afforded examples of enormous, wonderful, and gigantick memory. *Scaliger* reports of himſelf, that, in his youth, he could repeat above an hundred verſes, having once read them; and *Barthius* declares, that he wrote his *Comment upon Claudian* without conſulting the text. But not to have ſuch degrees of memory, is no more to be lamented, than not to have the ſtrength of *Hercules*, or the ſwiftneſs of *Achilles* He that, in the diſtribution of good, has an equal ſhare with common men, may juſtly be contented. Where there is no ſtriking diſparity, it is difficult to know of two which remembers moſt, and ſtill more difficult to diſcover which reads with greater attention, which has renewed

renewed the firſt impreſſion by more frequent repetitions, or by what accidental combination of ideas either mind might have united any particular narrative or argument to its former ſtock.

But memory, however impartially diſtributed, ſo often deceives our truſt, that almoſt every man attempts, by ſome artifice or other, to ſecure its fidelity.

It is the practice of many readers to note, in the margin of their books, the moſt important paſſages, the ſtrongeſt arguments, or the brighteſt ſentiments. Thus they load their minds with ſuperfluous attention, repreſs the vehemence of curioſity by uſeleſs deliberation, and by frequent interruption break the current of narration or the chain of reaſon, and at laſt cloſe the volume, and forget the paſſages and marks together.

Others I have found unalterably perſuaded, that nothing is certainly remembered but what is tranſcribed; and they have therefore paſſed weeks and months in transferring large quotations to a common place book. Yet, why any part of a book, which can be conſulted at pleaſure, ſhould be copied, I was never able to diſcover. The hand has no cloſer correſpondence with the memory than the eye. The act of writing itſelf diſtracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is tranſcribed. This method therefore conſumes time without aſſiſting memory.

The true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleaſure, to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure, neither turbid with care, nor agitated by pleaſure. If the repoſitories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the paſt or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain. What is read with delight is commonly retained, becauſe pleaſure always ſecures attention; but the books which are conſulted by occaſional neceſſity, and peruſed with impatience, ſeldom leave any traces on the mind.

Numb. 75. Saturday, *September* 22, 1759.

In the time when *Baſſora* was conſidered as the ſchool of *Aſia*, and flouriſhed by the reputation of its profeſſors and the confluence of its ſtudents, among the pupils that liſtened round the chair of *Albumazar* was *Gelaleddin*, a native of *Tauris* in *Perſia*, a young man amiable in his manners and beautiful in his form, of boundleſs curioſity, inceſſant diligence, and irreſiſtible genius, of quick apprehenſion and tenacious memory, accurate without narrowneſs, and eager for novelty without inconſtancy.

No ſooner did *Gelaleddin* appear at *Baſſora*, than his virtues and abilities raiſed him to diſtinction. He paſſed from claſs to claſs, rather admired than envied by thoſe whom the rapidity of his progreſs left behind; he was conſulted by his fellow-ſtudents as an oraculous guide, and admitted as a competent auditor to the conferences of the ſages.

After a few years, having paſſed through all the exerciſes of probation, *Gelaleddin* was invited to a profeſſor's ſeat, and entreated to increaſe the ſplendour of *Baſſora*. *Gelaleddin* affected to deliberate on the propoſal, with which, before he conſidered it, he reſolved to comply; and next morning retired to a garden planted for the recreation of the ſtudents, and, entering a ſolitary walk, began to meditate upon his future life.

"If I am thus eminent," ſaid he, "in the regions of "literature, I ſhall be yet more conſpicuous in any other "place; if I ſhould now devote myſelf to ſtudy and re-"tirement, I muſt paſs my life in ſilence, unacquainted "with the delights of wealth, the influence of power, the "pomp of greatneſs, and the charms of elegance, with all "that man envies and deſires, with all that keeps the world "in motion, by the hope of gaining or the fear of loſing it. "I will therefore depart to *Tauris*, where the *Perſian* "monarch reſides in all the ſplendour of abſolute domini-"on: my reputation will fly before me, my arrival will be "congratulated by my kinſmen and my friends; I ſhall ſee "the eyes of thoſe who predict my greatneſs ſparkling

"with

" with exultation, and the faces of thoſe that once deſpiſed
" me clouded with envy, or counterfeiting kindneſs by
" artificial ſmiles. I will ſhew my wiſdom by my diſcourſe,
" and my moderation by my ſilence; I will inſtruct the
" modeſt with eaſy gentleneſs, and repreſs the oſtentatious
" by ſeaſonable ſuperciliouſneſs. My apartments will be
" crowded by the inquiſitive and the vain, by thoſe that
" honour and thoſe that rival me; my name will ſoon reach
" the court; I ſhall ſtand before the throne of the emperor;
" the judges of the law will confeſs my wiſdom, and the
" nobles will contend to heap gifts upon me. If I ſhall
" find that my merit, like that of others, excites malignity,
" or feel myſelf tottering on the ſeat of elevation, I may
" at laſt retire to academical obſcurity, and become, in my
" loweſt ſtate, a profeſſor of *Baſſora*."

Having thus ſettled his determination, he declared to his friends his deſign of viſiting *Tauris*, and ſaw with more pleaſure than he ventured to expreſs, the regret with which he was diſmiſſed. He could not bear to delay the honours to which he was deſtined, and therefore haſtened away, and in a ſhort time entered the capital of *Perſia*. He was immediately immerſed in the crowd, and paſſed unobſerved to his father's houſe. He entered, and was received, though not unkindly, yet without any exceſs of fondneſs or exclamations of rapture. His father had, in his abſence, ſuffered many loſſes, and *Gelaleddin* was conſidered as an additional burthen to a falling family.

When he recovered from his ſurprize, he began to diſplay his acquiſitions, and practiſed all the arts of narration and diſquiſition: but the poor have no leiſure to be pleaſed with eloquence; they heard his arguments without reflection, and his pleaſantries without a ſmile. He then applied himſelf ſingly to his brothers and ſiſters, but found them all chained down by invariable attention to their own fortunes, and inſenſible of any other excellence than that which could bring ſome remedy for indigence.

It was now known in the neighbourhood that *Gelaleddin* was returned, and he ſate for ſome days in expectation that the learned would viſit him for conſultation, or the great for entertainment. But who will be pleaſed or inſtructed in the manſions of poverty? He then frequented places of publick reſort, and endeavoured to attract notice by the copiouſneſs of his talk. The ſpritely were ſilenced, and went away to cenſure in ſome other place his arrogance and

his pedantry; and the dull listened quietly for a while, and then wondered why any man should take pains to obtain so much knowledge which would never do him good.

He next solicited the visiers for employment, not doubting but his service would be eagerly accepted. He was told by one that there was no vacancy in his office; by another, that his merit was above any patronage but that of the emperor; by a third, that he would not forget him; and by the chief visier, that he did not think literature of any great use in publick business. He was sometimes admitted to their tables, where he exerted his wit and diffused his knowledge; but he observed, that where, by endeavour or accident, he had remarkably excelled, he was seldom invited a second time.

He now returned to *Bassora*, wearied and disgusted, but confident of resuming his former rank, and revelling again in satiety of praise. But he who had been neglected at *Tauris*, was not much regarded at *Bassora*; he was considered as a fugitive, who returned only because he could live in no other place; his companions found that they had formerly overrated his abilities, and he lived long without notice or esteem.

NUMB. 76. SATURDAY, *September* 29, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I WAS much pleased with your ridicule of those shallow criticks, whose judgement, though often right as far as it goes, yet reaches only to inferior beauties, and who, unable to comprehend the whole, judge only by parts, and from thence determine the merit of extensive works. But there is another kind of critick still worse, who judges by narrow rules, and those too often false, and which, though they should be true, and founded on nature, will lead him but a very little way toward the just estimation of the sublime beauties

beauties in works of genius; for whatever part of an art can be executed or criticiſed by rules, that part is no longer the work of genius, which implies excellence out of the reach of rules. For my own part, I profeſs myſelf an *Idler*, and love to give my judgement, ſuch as it is, from my immediate perceptions, without much fatigue of thinking; and I am of opinion, that if a man has not thoſe perceptions right, it will be vain for him to endeavour to ſupply their place by rules, which may enable him to talk more learnedly, but not to diſtinguiſh more acutely. Another reaſon which has leſſened my affection for the ſtudy of criticiſm is, that criticks, ſo far as I have obſerved, debar themſelves from receiving any pleaſure from the polite arts, at the ſame time that they profeſs to love and admire them: for theſe rules, being always uppermoſt, give them ſuch a propenſity to criticiſe, that, inſtead of giving up the reins of their imagination into their author's hands, their frigid minds are employed in examining whether the performance be according to the rules of art.

To thoſe who are reſolved to be criticks in ſpite of nature, and at the ſame time have no great diſpoſition to much reading and ſtudy, I would recommend to them to aſſume the character of connoiſſeur, which may be purchaſed at a much cheaper rate than that of a critick in poetry. The remembrance of a few names of painters, with their general characters, with a few rules of the academy, which they may pick up among the painters, will go a great way towards making a very notable connoiſſeur.

With a gentleman of this caſt, I viſited laſt week the *Cartoons* at *Hampton-court*; he was juſt returned from *Italy*, a connoiſſeur of courſe, and of courſe his mouth full of nothing but the grace of *Raffaelle*, the purity of *Domenichino*, the learning of *Pouſſin*, the air of *Guido*, the greatneſs of taſte of the *Charaches*, and the ſublimity and grand contorno of *Michael Angelo*; with all the reſt of the cant of criticiſm, which he emitted with that volubility which generally thoſe orators have who annex no ideas to their words.

As we were paſſing through the rooms, in our way to the gallery, I made him obſerve a whole length of *Charles* the Firſt by *Vandyke*, as a perfect repreſentation of the character as well as the figure of the man. He agreed it was very fine, but it wanted ſpirit and contraſt, and had not the flowing line, without which a figure could not poſſibly be graceful.

graceful. When we entered the gallery, I thought I could perceive him recollecting his rules by which he was to criticiſe *Raffaelle*. I ſhall paſs over his obſervation of the boats being too little, and other criticiſms of that kind, till we arrived at St. *Paul preaching*. "This," ſays he, "is eſteemed the moſt excellent of all the *cartoons;* what nobleneſs, what dignity, there is in that figure of St. *Paul!* and yet what an addition to that nobleneſs could *Raffaelle* have given, had the art of contraſt been known in his time! but, above all, the flowing line, which conſtitutes grace and beauty! You would not then have ſeen an upright figure ſtanding equally on both legs, and both hands ſtretched forward in the ſame direction, and his drapery, to all appearance, without the leaſt art of diſpoſition." The following picture is the *Charge to Peter*. "Here," ſays he, "are twelve upright figures; what a pity it is that *Raffaelle* was not acquainted with the pyramidal principle! He would then have contrived the figures in the middle to have been on higher ground, or the figures at the extremities ſtooping or lying, which would not only have formed the group into the ſhape of a pyramid, but likewiſe contraſted the ſtanding figures. "Indeed," added he, "I have often lamented that ſo great a genius as *Raffaelle* had not lived in this enlightened age, ſince the art has been reduced to principles, and had had his education in one of the modern academies; what glorious works might we then have expected from his divine pencil!"

I ſhall trouble you no longer with my friend's obſervations, which, I ſuppoſe, you are now able to continue by yourſelf. It is curious to obſerve, that, at the ſame time that great admiration is pretended for a name of fixed reputation, objections are raiſed againſt thoſe very qualities by which that great name was acquired.

Thoſe criticks are continually lamenting that *Raffaelle* had not the colouring and harmony of *Rubens*, or the light and ſhadow of *Rembrant*, without conſidering how much the gay harmony of the former, and affectation of the latter, would take from the dignity of *Raffaelle;* and yet *Rubens* had great harmony, and *Rembrant* underſtood light and ſhadow: but what may be an excellence in a lower claſs of painting, becomes a blemiſh in a higher; as the quick, ſpritely turn, which is the life and beauty of epigrammatick compoſitions, would but ill ſuit with the majeſty of heroick poetry.

To

To conclude; I would not be thought to infer, from any thing that has been ſaid, that rules are abſolutely unneceſſary; but to cenſure ſcrupuloſity, a ſervile attention to minute exactneſs, which is ſometimes inconſiſtent with higher excellency, and is loſt in the blaze of expanded genius.

I do not know whether you will think painting a general ſubject. By inſerting this letter, perhaps you will incur the cenſure a man would deſerve, whoſe buſineſs being to entertain a whole room, ſhould turn his back to the company, and talk to a particular perſon.

I am, Sir, &c.

Numb. 77. Saturday, *October* 6, 1759.

EASY poetry is univerſally admired; but I know not whether any rule has yet been fixed, by which it may be decided when poetry can be properly called eaſy. *Horace* has told us, that it is ſuch as *every reader hopes to equal, but after long labour finds unattainable.* This is a very looſe deſcription, in which only the effect is noted; the qualities which produce this effect remain to be inveſtigated.

Eaſy poetry is that in which natural thoughts are expreſſed without violence to the language. The diſcriminating character of eaſe conſiſts principally in the diction, for all true poetry requires that the ſentiments be natural. Language ſuffers violence by harſh or by daring figures, by tranſpoſition, by unuſual acceptations of words, and by any licence, which would be avoided by a writer of proſe. Where any artifice appears in the conſtruction of the verſe, that verſe is no longer eaſy. Any epithet which can be ejected without diminution of the ſenſe, any curious iteration of the ſame word, and all unuſual, though not ungrammatical ſtructure of ſpeech, deſtroy the grace of eaſy poetry.

The

The firſt lines of *Pope's* Iliad afford examples of many licences, which an eaſy writer muſt decline:

> *Achilles wrath*, to Greece the *direful ſpring*
> Of woes unnumber'd, *heav'nly* Goddeſs ſing,
> The wrath which *hurl'd* to Pluto's *gloomy reign*
> The ſouls of *mighty* chiefs untimely ſlain.

In the firſt couplet the language is diſtorted by inverſions, clogged with ſuperfluities, and clouded by a harſh metaphor; and in the ſecond there are two words uſed in an uncommon ſenſe, and two epithets inſerted only to lengthen the line; all theſe practices may in a long work eaſily be pardoned, but they always produce ſome degree of obſcurity and ruggedneſs.

Eaſy poetry has been ſo long excluded by ambition of ornament, and luxuriance of imagery, that its nature ſeems now to be forgotten. Affectation, however oppoſite to eaſe, is ſometimes miſtaken for it: and thoſe who aſpire to gentle elegance, collect female phraſes and faſhionable barbariſms, and imagine that ſtyle to be eaſy which cuſtom has made familiar. Such was the idea of the poet who wrote the following verſes to a *counteſs cutting paper*:

> *Pallas* grew *vap'riſh once and odd*,
> She would not *do the leaſt right thing*
> Either for Goddeſs or for God,
> Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor ſing.
>
> *Jove* frown'd, and "Uſe (he cry'd) thoſe eyes
> "So ſkilful, and thoſe hands ſo taper;
> "Do ſomething exquiſite and wiſe"—
> She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.
>
> This vexing him who gave her birth,
> Thought by all Heaven a *burning ſhame*,
> *What does ſhe next*, but bids on earth
> Her *Burlington* do juſt the ſame?
>
> *Pallas*, you give yourſelf *ſtrange airs*;
> But ſure you'll find it hard to ſpoil
> The ſenſe and taſte of one that bears
> The name of *Savile* and of *Boyle*.
>
> Alas! one bad example ſhown,
> How quickly all the ſex purſue!
> See, madam! ſee the arts o'erthrown
> Between *John Overton* and *you*.

It

It is the prerogative of eafy poetry to be underftood as long as the language lafts; but modes of fpeech, which owe their prevalence only to modifh folly, or to the eminence of thofe that ufe them, die away with their inventors, and their meaning, in a few years, is no longer known.

Eafy poetry is commonly fought in petty compofitions upon minute fubjects; but eafe, though it excludes pomp, will admit greatnefs. Many lines in *Cato's* foliloquy are at once eafy and fublime:

'Tis the divinity that ftirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itfelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
——— If there's a power above us,
And that there is all nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works, he muft delight in virtue,
And that which he delights in muft be happy.

Nor is eafe more contrary to wit than to fublimity; the celebrated ftanza of *Cowley*, on a lady elaborately dreffed, lofes nothing of its freedom by the fpirit of the fentiment:

Th' adorning thee with fo much art
Is but a barb'rous fkill,
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill:

Cowley feems to have poffeffed the power of writing eafily beyond any other of our poets; yet his purfuit of remote thought led him often into harfhnefs of expreffion. *Waller* often attempted, but feldom attained it; for he is too frequently driven into tranfpofitions. The poets from the time of *Dryden*, have gradually advanced in embellifhment, and confequently departed from fimplicity and eafe.

To require from any author many pieces of eafy poetry, would be indeed to oppref him with too hard a tafk. It is lefs difficult to write a volume of lines fwelled with epithets, brightened by figures, and ftiffened by tranfpofitions, than to produce a few couplets graced only by naked elegance and fimple purity, which require fo much care and fkill, that I doubt whether any of our authors have yet been able, for twenty lines together, nicely to obferve the true definition of eafy poetry.

Nums.

NUMB. 78. SATURDAY, *October* 13, 1759.

I HAVE paſſed the ſummer in one of thoſe places to which a mineral ſpring gives the idle and luxurious an annual reaſon for reſorting, whenever they fancy themſelves offended by the heat of *London*. What is the true motive of this periodical aſſembly, I have never yet been able to diſcover. The greater part of the viſitants neither feel diſeaſes nor fear them. What pleaſure can be expected more than the variety of the journey, I know not, for the numbers are too great for privacy, and too ſmall for diverſion. As each is known to be a ſpy upon the reſt, they all live in continual reſtraint; and having but a narrow range for cenſure, they gratify its cravings by preying on one another.

But every condition has ſome advantages. In this confinement, a ſmall circle affords opportunities for more exact obſervation. The glaſs that magnifies its object contracts the ſight to a point; and the mind muſt be fixed upon a ſingle character to remark its minute peculiarities. The quality or habit which paſſes unobſerved in the tumult of ſucceſſive multitudes, becomes conſpicuous when it is offered to the notice day after day; and perhaps I have, without any diſtinct notice, ſeen thouſands like my late companions; for when the ſcene can be varied at pleaſure, a ſlight diſguſt turns us aſide before a deep impreſſion can be made upon the mind.

There was a ſelect ſet, ſuppoſed to be diſtinguiſhed by ſuperiority of intellects, who always paſſed the evening together. To be admitted to their converſation was the higheſt honour of the place; many youths aſpired to diſtinction, by pretending to occaſional invitations; and the ladies were often wiſhing to be men, that they might partake the pleaſures of learned ſociety.

I know not whether by merit or deſtiny, I was, ſoon after my arrival, admitted to this envied party, which I frequented till I had learned the art by which each endeavoured to ſupport his character.

Tom

Tom Steady was a vehement aſſertor of uncontroverted truth; and by keeping himſelf out of the reach of contradiction had acquired all the confidence which the conſciouſneſs of irreſiſtible abilities could have given. I was once mentioning a man of eminence, and, after having recounted his virtues, endeavoured to repreſent him fully, by mentioning his faults. *Sir*, ſaid Mr. *Steady*, *that he has faults I can eaſily believe, for who is without them? No man, Sir, is now alive, among the innumerable multitudes that ſwarm upon the earth, however wiſe, or however good, who has not, in ſome degree, his failings and his faults. If there be any man faultleſs, bring him forth into publick view, ſhew him openly, and let him be known; but I will venture to affirm, and, till the contrary be plainly ſhewn, ſhall always maintain, that no ſuch man is to be found. Tell not me, Sir, of impeccability and perfection; ſuch talk is for thoſe that are ſtrangers in the world: I have ſeen ſeveral nations, and converſed with all ranks of people: I have known the great and the mean, the learned and the ignorant, the old and the young, the clerical and the lay; but I have never found a man without a fault; and I ſuppoſe ſhall die in the opinion, that to be human is to be frail.*

To all this nothing could be oppoſed. I liſtened with a hanging head; Mr. *Steady* looked round on the hearers with triumph, and ſaw every eye congratulating his victory; he departed, and ſpent the next morning in following thoſe who retired from the company, and telling them, with injunctions of ſecrecy, how poor *Spritely* began to take liberties with men wiſer than himſelf; but that he ſurpaſſed him by a deciſive argument, which put him totally to ſilence.

Dick Snug is a man of ſly remark and pithy ſententiouſneſs: he never immerges himſelf in the ſtream of converſation, but lies to catch his companions in the eddy: he is often very ſucceſsful in breaking narratives and confounding eloquence. A gentleman, giving the hiſtory of one of his acquaintance, made mention of a lady that had many lovers: *Then*, ſaid Dick, *ſhe was either handſome or rich.* This obſervation being well received, *Dick* watched the progreſs of the tale; and, hearing of a man loſt in a ſhipwreck, remarked, that *no man was ever drowned upon dry land.*

Will Startle is a man of exquiſite ſenſibility, whoſe delicacy of frame, and quickneſs of diſcernment, ſubject him to impreſſions from the ſlighteſt cauſes; and who therefore

paſſes

paſſes his life between rapture and horror, in quiverings of delight, or convulſions of diſguſt. His emotions are too violent for many words; his thoughts are always diſcovered by exclamations. *Vile, odious, horrid, deteſtable*, and *ſweet, charming, delightful, aſtoniſhing*, compoſe almoſt his whole vocabulary, which he utters with various contortions and geſticulations, not eaſily related or deſcribed.

Jack Solid is a man of much reading, who utters nothing but quotations; but having been, I ſuppoſe, too confident of his memory, he has for ſome time neglected his books, and his ſtock grows every day more ſcanty. Mr. *Solid* has found an opportunity every night to repeat, from *Hudibras*,

> Doubtleſs the pleaſure is as great
> Of being cheated, as to cheat.

and from *Waller*,

> Poets loſe half the praiſe they would have got,
> Were it but known that they diſcreetly blot.

Dick Miſty is a man of deep reſearch, and forcible penetration. Others are content with ſuperficial appearances; but *Dick* holds, that there is no effect without a cauſe, and values himſelf upon his power of explaining the difficult, and diſplaying the abſtruſe. Upon a diſpute among us, which of two young ſtrangers was more beautiful, *You*, ſays Mr. *Miſty*, turning to me, *like* Amaranthia *better than* Chloris. *I do not wonder at the preference, for the cauſe is evident: there is in man a perception of harmony, and a ſenſibility of perfection, which touches the finer fibres of the mental texture; and before reaſon can deſcend from her throne, to paſs her ſentence upon the things compared, drives us towards the object proportioned to our faculties, by an impulſe gentle, yet irreſiſtible; for the harmonick ſyſtem of the Univerſe, and the reciprocal magnetiſm of ſimilar natures, are always operating towards conformity and union; nor can the powers of the ſoul ceaſe from agitation, till they find ſomething on which they can repoſe.* To this nothing was oppoſed; and *Amaranthia* was acknowledged to excel *Chloris*.

Of the reſt you may expect an account from,

SIR, yours,

ROBIN SPRITELY.

NUMB.

NUMB. 79. SATURDAY, *October* 20, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

YOUR acceptance of a former letter on painting, gives me encouragement to offer a few more ſketches on the ſame ſubject.

Amongſt the painters, and the writers on painting, there is one maxim univerſally admitted and continually inculcated. *Imitate nature* is the invariable rule; but I know none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be underſtood; the conſequence of which is, that every one takes it in the moſt obvious ſenſe, that objects are repreſented naturally when they have ſuch relief that they ſeem real. It may appear ſtrange, perhaps, to hear this ſenſe of the rule diſputed; but it muſt be conſidered, that if the excellency of a painter conſiſted only in this kind of imitation, painting muſt loſe its rank, and be no longer conſidered as a liberal art, and ſiſter to poetry, this imitation being merely mechanical, in which the ſloweſt intellect is always ſure to ſucceed beſt; for the painter of genius cannot ſtoop to drudgery, in which the underſtanding has no part; and what pretence has the art to claim kindred with poetry, but by it's powers over the imagination? To this power the painter of genius directs him; in this ſenſe he ſtudies nature, and often arrives at his end, even by being unnatural in the confined ſenſe of the word.

The grand ſtyle of painting requires this minute attention to be carefully avoided, and muſt be kept as ſeparate from it as the ſtyle of poetry from that of hiſtory. Poetical ornaments deſtroy that air of truth and plainneſs which ought to characteriſe hiſtory; but the very being of poetry conſiſts in departing from this plain narration, and adopting every ornament that will warm the imagination. To deſire to ſee the excellences of each ſtyle united, to mingle the

Dutch

Dutch with the *Italian* ſchool, is to join contrarieties which cannot ſubſiſt together, and which deſtroy the efficacy of each other. The *Italian* attends only to the invariable, the great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in univerſal nature; the *Dutch*, on the contrary, to literal truth and a minute exactneſs in the detail, as I may ſay, of nature modified by accident. The attention to theſe petty peculiarities is the very cauſe of this naturalneſs ſo much admired in the *Dutch* pictures, which, if we ſuppoſe it to be a beauty, is certainly of a lower order, which ought to give place to a beauty of a ſuperior kind, ſince one cannot be obtained but by departing from the other.

If my opinion was aſked concerning the works of *Michael Angelo*, whether they would receive any advantage from poſſeſſing this mechanical merit, I ſhould not ſcruple to ſay they would not only receive no advantage, but would loſe, in a great meaſure, the effect which they now have on every mind ſuſceptible of great and noble ideas. His works may be ſaid to be all genius and ſoul; and why ſhould they be loaded with heavy matter, which can only counteract his purpoſe by retarding the progreſs of the imagination?

If this opinion ſhould be thought one of the wild extravagances of enthuſiaſm, I ſhall only ſay, that thoſe who cenſure it are not converſant in the works of the great maſters. It is very difficult to determine the exact degree of enthuſiaſm that the arts of painting and poetry may admit. There may perhaps be too great an idulgence, as well as too great a reſtraint of imagination; and if the one produces incoherent monſters, the other produces what is full as bad, lifeleſs inſipidity. An intimate knowledge of the paſſions, and good ſenſe, but not common ſenſe, muſt at laſt determine its limits. It has been thought, and I believe with reaſon, that *Michael Angelo* ſometimes tranſgreſſed thoſe limits; and I think I have ſeen figures of him of which it was very difficult to determine whether they were in the higheſt degree ſublime or extremely ridiculous. Such faults may be ſaid to be the ebullitions of genius; but at leaſt he had this merit, that he never was inſipid, and whatever paſſion his works may excite, they will always eſcape contempt.

What I have had under conſideration is the ſublimeſt ſtyle, particularly that of *Michael Angelo*, the *Homer* of painting. Other kinds may admit of this naturalneſs, which of

of the loweſt kind is the chief merit; but in painting as in poetry, the higheſt ſtyle has the leaſt of common nature.

One may very ſafely recommend a little more enthuſiaſm to the modern painters; too much is certainly not the vice of the preſent age. The *Italians* ſeem to have been continually declining in this reſpect from the time of *Michael Angelo* to that of *Carlo Maratti*, and from thence to the very pathos of inſipidity to which they are now ſunk; ſo that there is no need of remarking, that where I mentioned the *Italian* painters in oppoſition to the *Dutch*, I mean not the moderns, but the heads of the old *Roman* and *Bolognian* ſchools; nor did I mean to include in my idea of an *Italian* painter, the *Venetian* ſchool, which may be ſaid to be the *Dutch* part of the *Italian* genius. I have only to add a word of advice to the painters, that, however excellent they may be in painting naturally, they would not flatter themſelves very much upon it; and to the connoiſſeurs, that when they ſee a cat or a fiddle painted ſo finely, that as the phraſe is, *It looks as if you could take it up*, they would not for that reaſon immediately compare the painter to *Raffaelle* and *Michael Angelo*.

NUME.

NUMB. 80. SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1759.

THAT every day has its pains and ſorrows is univerſally experienced, and almoſt univerſally confeſſed; but let us not attend only to mournful truths; if we look impartially about us, we ſhall find that every day has likewiſe its pleaſures and its joys.

The time is now come when the town is again beginning to be full, and the ruſticated beauty ſees an end of her baniſhment. Thoſe whom the tyranny of faſhion had condemned to paſs the ſummer among ſhades and brooks, are now preparing to return to plays, balls, and aſſemblies, with health reſtored by retirement, and ſpirits kindled by expectation.

Many a mind, which has languiſhed ſome months without emotion or deſire, now feels a ſudden renovation of its faculties. It was long ago obſerved by *Pythagoras*, that ability and neceſſity dwell near each other. She that wandered in the garden without ſenſe of its fragrance, and lay day after day ſtretched upon a couch behind a green curtain, unwilling to wake, and unable to ſleep, now ſummons her thoughts to conſider which of her laſt year's clothes ſhall be ſeen again, and to anticipate the raptures of a new ſuit; the day and the night are now filled with occupation; the laces, which were too fine to be worn among ruſticks, are taken from the boxes and reviewed, and the eye is no ſooner cloſed after its labours, than whole ſhops of ſilk buſy the fancy.

But happineſs is nothing if it is not known, and very little if it is not envied. Before the day of departure a week is always appropriated to the payment and reception of ceremonial viſits, at which nothing can be mentioned but the delights of *London*. The lady who is haſtening to the ſcene of action flutters her wings, diſplays her proſpects of felicity, tells how ſhe grudges every moment of delay, and, in the preſence of thoſe whom ſhe knows condemned to

to ſtay at home, is ſure to wonder by what arts life can be made ſupportable through a winter in the country, and to tell how often, amidſt the extaſies of an opera, ſhe ſhall pity thoſe friends whom ſhe has left behind. Her hope of giving pain is ſeldom diſappointed; the affected indifference of one, the faint congratulations of another, the wiſhes of ſome openly confeſſed, and the ſilent dejection of the reſt, all exalt her opinion of her own ſuperiority.

But, however we may labour for our own deception, truth, though unwelcome, will ſometimes intrude upon the mind. They who have already enjoyed the crowds and noiſe of the great city, know that their deſire to return is little more than the reſtleſſneſs of a vacant mind, that they are not ſo much led by hope as driven by diſguſt, and wiſh rather to leave the country than to ſee the town. There is commonly in every coach a paſſenger enwrapped in ſilent expectation, whoſe joy is more ſincere, and whoſe hopes are more exalted. The virgin whom the laſt ſummer releaſed from her governeſs, and who is now going between her mother and her aunt to try the fortune of her wit and beauty, ſuſpects no fallacy in the gay repreſentation. She believes herſelf paſſing into another world, and images *London* as an elyſian region, where every hour has its proper pleaſure, where nothing is ſeen but the blaze of wealth, and nothing heard but merriment and flattery; where the morning always riſes on a ſhow, and the evening cloſes on a ball; where the eyes are uſed only to ſparkle, and the feet only to dance.

Her aunt and her mother amuſe themſelves on the road, with telling her of dangers to be dreaded, and cautions to be obſerved. She hears them as they heard their predeceſſors, with incredulity or contempt. She ſees that they have ventured and eſcaped; and one of the pleaſures which ſhe promiſes herſelf is to detect their falſehoods, and be freed from their admonitions.

We are inclined to believe thoſe whom we do not know, becauſe they never have deceived us. The fair adventurer may perhaps liſten to the *Idler*, whom ſhe cannot ſuſpect of rivalry or malice; yet he ſcarcely expects to be credited when he tells her, that her expectations will likewiſe end in diſappointment.

The uniform neceſſities of human nature produce in a great meaſure uniformity of life, and for part of the day make one place like another; to dreſs and to undreſs, to

eat and to ſleep, are the ſame in *London* as in the country. The ſupernumerary hours have indeed a great variety both of pleaſure and of pain. The ſtranger, gazed on by multitudes at her firſt appearance in the Park, is perhaps on the higheſt ſummit of female happineſs; but how great is the anguiſh when the novelty of another face draws her worſhipers away! The heart may leap for a time under a fine gown; but the ſight of a gown yet finer puts an end to rapture. In the firſt row at an opera two hours may be happily paſſed in liſtening to the muſick on the ſtage, and watching the glances of the company; but how will the night end in deſpondency when ſhe, that imagined herſelf the ſovereign of the place, ſees lords contending to lead *Iris* to her chair! there is little pleaſure in converſation to her whoſe wit is regarded but in the ſecond place; and who can dance with eaſe or ſpirit that ſees *Amaryllis* led out before her? She that fancied nothing but a ſucceſſion of pleaſures, will find herſelf engaged without deſign in numberleſs competitions, and mortified without provocation with numberleſs afflictions.

But I do not mean to extinguiſh that ardour which I wiſh to moderate, or to diſcourage thoſe whom I am endeavouring to reſtrain. To know the world is neceſſary, ſince we were born for the help of one another; and to know it early is convenient, if it be only that we may learn early to deſpiſe it. She that brings to *London* a mind well prepared for improvement, though ſhe miſſes her hope of uninterrupted happineſs, will gain in return an opportunity of adding knowledge to vivacity, and enlarging innocence to virtue.

Numb. 81. Saturday, *November* 3, 1759.

As the *English* army was paſſing towards *Quebec* along a ſoft ſavanna between a mountain and a lake, one of the petty chiefs of the inland regions ſtood upon a rock ſurrounded by his clan, and from behind the ſhelter of the buſhes contemplated the art and regularity of *European* war. It was evening, the tents were pitched: he obſerved the ſecurity with which the troops reſted in the night, and the order with which the march was renewed in the morning. He continued to purſue them with his eye till they could be ſeen no longer, and then ſtood for ſome time ſilent and penſive.

Then turning to his followers, "My children (ſaid he) "I have often heard from men hoary with long life, that "there was a time when our anceſtors were abſolute lords "of the woods, the meadows, and the lakes, wherever the "eye can reach or the foot can paſs. They fiſhed and "hunted, feaſted and danced, and when they were weary "lay down under the firſt thicket, without danger, and "without fear. They changed their habitations as the "ſeaſons required, convenience prompted, or curioſity "allured them; and ſometimes gathered the fruits of the "mountain, and ſometimes ſported in canoes along the "coaſt.

"Many years and ages are ſuppoſed to have been thus "paſſed in plenty and ſecurity; when, at laſt, a new race "of men entered our country from the great ocean. They "incloſed themſelves in habitations of ſtone, which our "anceſtors could neither enter by violence, nor deſtroy by "fire. They iſſued from thoſe faſtneſſes, ſometimes cover-"ed like the armadillo with ſhells, from which the lance "rebounded on the ſtriker, and ſometimes carried by "mighty beaſts which had never been ſeen in our vales or "foreſts, of ſuch ſtrength and ſwiftneſs, that flight and "oppoſition were vain alike. Thoſe invaders ranged over

" the continent, ſlaughtering in their rage thoſe that reſiſted, " and thoſe that ſubmitted, in their mirth. Of thoſe that " remained, ſome were buried in caverns, and condemned " to dig metals for their maſters; ſome were employed in " tilling the ground, of which foreign tyrants devour the " produce; and, when the ſword and the mines have de- " ſtroyed the natives, they ſupply their place by human be- " ings of another colour, brought from ſome diſtant coun- " try to periſh here under toil and torture.

" Some there are who boaſt their humanity, and content " themſelves to ſeize our chaces and fiſheries, who drive " us from every track of ground where fertility and plea- " ſantneſs invite them to ſettle, and make no war upon us " except when we intrude upon our own lands.

" Others pretend to have purchaſed a right of reſidence " and tyranny; but ſurely the inſolence of ſuch bargains is " more offenſive than the avowed and open dominion of " force. What reward can induce the poſſeſſor of a coun- " try to admit a ſtranger more powerful than himſelf? " Fraud or terror muſt operate in ſuch contracts; either " they promiſed protection which they never have afforded, " or inſtruction which they never imparted. We hoped " to be ſecured by their favour from ſome other evil, or to " learn the arts of *Europe*, by which we might be able to " ſecure ourſelves. Their power they never have exerted " in our defence, and their arts they have ſtudiouſly con- " cealed from us. Their treaties are only to deceive, and " their traffick only to defraud us. They have a written " law among them, of which they boaſt as derived from " Him who made the earth and ſea, and by which they " profeſs to believe that man will be made happy when " life ſhall forſake him. Why is not this law communi- " cated to us? It is concealed becauſe it is violated. For " how can they preach it to an *Indian* nation, when I am " told that one of its firſt precepts forbids them to do to " others what they would not that others ſhould do to them?

" But the time perhaps is now approaching when the " pride of uſurpation ſhall be cruſhed, and the cruelties of " invaſion ſhall be revenged. The ſons of rapacity have " now drawn their ſwords upon each other, and referred " their claims to the deciſion of war; let us look uncon- " cerned upon the ſlaughter, and remember that the death " of every *European* delivers the country from a tyrant and " a robber; for what is the claim of either nation, but the

" claim

" claim of the vulture to the leveret, of the tiger to " the fawn? Let them then continue to dispute their " title to regions which they cannot people, to pur- " chase by danger and blood the empty dignity of do- " minion over mountains, which they will never climb, " and rivers which they will never pass. Let us en- " deavour in the mean time, to learn their discipline, " and to forge their weapons; and, when they shall be " weakened with mutual slaughter, let us rush down upon " them, force their remains to take shelter in their ships, " and reign once more in our native country."

NUMB. 82. SATURDAY, *November* 10, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

DISCOURSING in my last letter on the different practice of the *Italian* and *Dutch* painters, I observed, that " the *Italian* painter attends only to the invariable, the " great and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in " universal nature."

I was led into the subject of this letter by endeavouring to fix the original cause of this conduct of the *Italian* masters. If it can be proved that by this choice they selected the most beautiful part of the creation, it will shew how much their principles are founded on reason, and, at the same time, discover the origin of our ideas of beauty.

I suppose it will be easily granted, that no man can judge whether any animal be beautiful in its kind, or deformed, who has seen only one of that species; that is as conclusive in regard to the human figure; so that if a man, born blind, was to recover his sight, and the most beautiful woman

woman was brought before him, he could not determine whether ſhe was handſome or not; nor, if the moſt beautiful and moſt deformed were produced, could he any better determine to which he ſhould give the preference, having ſeen only thoſe two. To diſtinguiſh beauty, then, implies the having ſeen many individuals of that ſpecies. If it is aſked, how is more ſkill acquired by the obſervation of greater numbers? I anſwer that, in conſequence of having ſeen many, the power is acquired, even without ſeeking after it, of diſtinguiſhing between accidental blemiſhes and excreſcences which are continually varying the ſurface of Nature's works, and the invariable general form which Nature moſt frequently produces, and always ſeems to intend in her productions.

Thus amongſt the blades of graſs or leaves of the ſame tree, though no two can be found exactly alike, yet the general form is invariable: A naturaliſt, before he choſe one as a ſample, would examine many, ſince, if he took the firſt that occurred, it might have, by accident or otherwiſe, ſuch a form as that it would ſcarcely be known to belong to that ſpecies; he ſelects, as the painter does, the moſt beautiful, that is, the moſt general form of nature.

Every ſpecies of the animal as well as the vegetable creation may be ſaid to have a fixed or determinate form towards which nature is continually inclining, like various lines terminating in the center; or it may be compared to pendulums vibrating in different directions over one central point, and as they all croſs the center, though only one paſſes through any other point, ſo it will be found that perfect beauty is oftener produced by nature than deformity; I do not mean than deformity in general, but than any one kind of deformity. To inſtance in a particular part of a feature: the line that forms the ridge of the noſe is beautiful when it is ſtrait; this then is the central form, which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that ſhall be propoſed. As we are then more accuſtomed to beauty than deformity, we may conclude that to be the reaſon why we approve and admire it, as we approve and admire cuſtoms and faſhions of dreſs for no other reaſon than that we are uſed to them; ſo that though habit and cuſtom cannot be ſaid to be the cauſe of beauty, it is certainly the cauſe of our liking it: and I have no doubt but that, if we were more uſed to deformity than beauty, deformity would then loſe the idea now annexed to it,

it, and take that of beauty; as, if the whole world ſhould agree that *yes* and *no* ſhould change their meaning, *yes* would then deny, and *no* would affirm.

Whoever undertakes to proceed further in this argument, and endeavours to fix a general criterion of beauty reſpecting different ſpecies, or to ſhew why one ſpecies is more beautiful than another, it will be required from him firſt to prove that one ſpecies is really more beautiful than another. That we prefer one to the other, and with very good reaſon, will be readily granted; but it does not follow from thence that we think it a more beautiful form; for we have no criterion of form by which to determine our judgement. He who ſays a ſwan is more beautiful than a dove, means little more than that he has more pleaſure in ſeeing a ſwan than a dove, either from the ſtatelineſs of its motions, or its being a more rare bird; and he who gives the preference to the dove, does it from ſome aſſociation of ideas of innocence that he always annexes to the dove; but, if he pretends to defend the preference he gives to one or the other by endeavouring to prove that this more beautiful form proceeds from a particular gradation of magnitude, undulation of a curve, or direction of a line, or whatever other conceit of his imagination he ſhall fix on as a criterion of form, he will be continually contradicting himſelf, and find at laſt that the great Mother of Nature will not be ſubjected to ſuch narrow rules. Among the various reaſons why we prefer one part of her works to another, the moſt general, I believe, is habit and cuſtom; cuſtom makes, in a certain ſenſe, white black, and black white; it is cuſtom alone determines our preference of the colour of the *Europeans* to the *Æthiopians*; and they, for the ſame reaſon, prefer their own colour to ours. I ſuppoſe nobody will doubt, if one of their painters were to paint the goddeſs of beauty, but that he would repreſent her black, with thick lips, flat noſe, and woolly hair; and, it ſeems to me, he would act very unnaturally if he did not: for by what criterion will any one diſpute the propriety of his idea? We, indeed, ſay, that the form and colour of the *European* is preferable to that of the *Æthiopian*; but I know of no other reaſon we have for it, but that we are more accuſtomed to it. It is abſurd to ſay, that beauty is poſſeſſed of attractive powers, which irreſiſtibly ſeize the correſponding mind with love and admiration, ſince that argument is equally concluſive in favour of the white and the black philoſopher.

The

The black and white nations muſt, in reſpect of beauty, be conſidered as of different kinds, at leaſt a different ſpecies of the ſame kind; from one of which to the other, as I obſerved, no inference can be drawn.

Novelty is ſaid to be one of the cauſes of beauty: that novelty is a very ſufficient reaſon why we ſhould admire, is not denied; but becauſe it is uncommon, is it therefore beautiful? The beauty that is produced by colour, as when we prefer one bird to another, though of the ſame form, on account of its colour, has nothing to do with this argument, which reaches only to form. I have here conſidered the word *beauty* as being properly applied to form alone. There is a neceſſity of fixing this confined ſenſe; for there can be no argument, if the ſenſe of the word is extended to every thing that is approved. A roſe may as well be ſaid to be beautiful, becauſe it has a fine ſmell, as a bird becauſe of its colour. When we apply the word *beauty* we do not mean always by it a more beautiful form, but ſomething valuable on account of its rarity, uſefulneſs, colour, or any other property. A horſe is ſaid to be a beautiful animal; but, had a horſe as few good qualities as a tortoiſe, I do not imagine that he would be then eſteemed beautiful.

A fitneſs to the end propoſed, is ſaid to be another cauſe of beauty; but ſuppoſing we were proper judges of what form is the moſt proper in an animal to conſtitute ſtrength or ſwiftneſs, we always determine concerning its beauty, before we exert our underſtanding to judge of its fitneſs.

From what has been ſaid, it may be inferred, that the works of nature, if we compare one ſpecies with another, are all equally beautiful; and that preference is given from cuſtom, or ſome aſſociation of ideas: and that, in creatures of the ſame ſpecies, beauty is the medium or center of all various forms.

To conclude, then, by way of corollary: if it has been proved, that the painter, by attending to the invariable and general ideas of nature, produces beauty, he muſt, by regarding minute particularities and accidental diſcriminations, deviate from the univerſal rule, and pollute his canvas with deformity.

NUMB. 83. SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I SUPPOSE you have forgotten that many weeks ago I promiſed to ſend you an account of my companions at the Wells. You would not deny me a place among the moſt faithful votaries of idleneſs, if you knew how often I have recollected my engagement, and contented myſelf to delay the performance for ſome reaſon which I durſt not examine becauſe I knew it to be falſe; how often I have ſet down to write, and rejoiced at interruption; and how often I have praiſed the dignity of reſolution, determined at night to write in the morning, and referred it in the morning to the quiet hours of night.

I have at laſt begun what I have long wiſhed at an end, and find it more eaſy than I expected to continue my narration.

Our aſſembly could boaſt no ſuch conſtellation of intellects as *Clarendon's* band of aſſociates. We had among us no *Selden*, *Falkland*, or *Waller*; but we had men not leſs important in their own eyes, though leſs diſtinguiſhed by the publick; and many a time have we lamented the partiality of mankind, and agreed that men of the deepeſt enquiry ſometimes let their diſcoveries die away in ſilence, that the moſt comprehenſive obſervers have ſeldom opportunities of imparting their remarks, and that modeſt merit paſſes in the crowd unknown and unheeded.

One of the greateſt men of the ſocicty was SIM SCRUPLE, who lives in a continual equipoiſe of doubt, and is a conſtant enemy to confidence and dogmatiſm. *Sim's* favourite topick of converſation is the narrowneſs of the human mind, the fallaciouſneſs of our ſenſes, the prevalence of early prejudice,

prejudice, and the uncertainty of appearances. *Sim* has many doubts about the nature of death, and is ſometimes inclined to believe that ſenſation may ſurvive motion, and that a dead man may feel though he cannot ſtir. He has ſometimes hinted that man might perhaps have been naturally a quadruped; and thinks it would be very proper, that at the Foundling Hoſpital ſome children ſhould be incloſed in an apartment in which the nurſes ſhould be obliged to walk half upon four and half upon two, that the younglings, being bred without the prejudice of example, might have no other guide than nature, and might at laſt come forth into the world as genius ſhould direct, erect or prone, on two legs or on four.

The next in dignity of mien and fluency of talk was Dick Wormwood, whoſe ſole delight is to find every thing wrong. *Dick* never enters a room but he ſhews that the door and the chimney are ill-placed. He never walks into the fields but he finds ground ploughed which is fitter for paſture. He is always an enemy to the preſent faſhion. He holds that all the beauty and virtue of women will ſoon be deſtroyed by the uſe of tea. He triumphs when he talks on the preſent ſyſtem of education, and tells us with great vehemence, that we are learning words when we ſhould learn things. He is of opinion that we ſuck-in errors at the nurſe's breaſt, and thinks it extremely ridiculous that children ſhould be taught to uſe the right hand rather than the left.

Bob Sturdy conſiders it as a point of honour to ſay again what he has once ſaid, and wonders how any man that has been known to alter his opinion, can look his neighbours in the face. *Bob* is the moſt formidable diſputant of the whole company; for without troubling himſelf to ſearch for reaſons, he tires his antagoniſt with repeated affirmations. When *Bob* has been attacked for an hour with all the powers of eloquence and reaſon, and his poſition appears to all but himſelf utterly untenable, he always cloſes the debate with his firſt declaration, introduced by a ſtout preface of contemptuous civility. "All this is very judicious; you "may talk, Sir, as you pleaſe; but I will ſtill ſay what I "ſaid at firſt." *Bob* deals much in univerſals, which he has now obliged us to let paſs without exceptions. He lives on an annuity, and holds that *there are as many thieves as traders;* he is of loyalty unſhaken, and always maintains, that *he who ſees a Jacobite ſees a raſcal.*

Phil.

PHIL GENTLE is an enemy to the rudeneſs of contradiction and the turbulence of debate. *Phil* has no notions of his own, and therefore willingly catches from the laſt ſpeaker ſuch as he ſhall drop. This inflexibility of ignorance is eaſily accommodated to any tenet; his only difficulty is, when the diſputants grow zealous, how to be of two contrary opinions at once. If no appeal is made to his judgement, he has the art of diſtributing his attention and his ſmiles in ſuch a manner, that each thinks him of his own party; but if he is obliged to ſpeak, he then obſerves that the queſtion is difficult; that he never received ſo much pleaſure from a debate before; that neither of the controvertiſts could have found his match in any other company; that Mr. *Wormwood's* aſſertion is very well ſupported, and yet there is great force in what Mr. *Scruple* advanced againſt it. By this indefinite declaration both are commonly ſatisfied; for he that has prevailed is in good humour; and he that has felt his own weakneſs is very glad to have eſcaped ſo well.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

ROBIN SPRITELY.

NUMB. 84. SATURDAY, *November* 24, 1759.

BIOGRAPHY is, of the various kinds of narrative writing, that which is moſt eagerly read, and moſt eaſily applied to the purpoſes of life.

In romances when the wild field of poſſibility lies open to invention, the incidents may eaſily be made more numerous, the viciſſitudes more ſudden, and the events more wonderful; but from the time of life when fancy begins to be over-ruled by reaſon and corrected by experience, the moſt artful tale raiſes little curioſity when it is known to be falſe; though it may, perhaps, be ſometimes read as a model

model of a neat or elegant ſtyle, not for the ſake of knowing what it contains, but how it is written; or thoſe that are weary of themſelves, may have recourſe to it as a pleaſing dream, of which, when they awake, they voluntarily diſmiſs the images from their minds.

The examples and events of hiſtory preſs, indeed, upon the mind with the weight of truth; but when they are repoſited in the memory, they are oftener employed for ſhew than uſe, and rather diverſify converſation than regulate life. Few are engaged in ſuch ſcenes as give them opportunities of growing wiſer by the downfal of ſtateſmen or the defeat of generals. The ſtratagems of war, and the intrigues of courts, are read by far the greater part of mankind with the ſame indifference as the adventures of fabled heroes, or the revolutions of a fairy region. Between falſehood and uſeleſs truth there is little difference. As gold which he cannot ſpend will make no man rich, ſo knowledge which he cannot apply will make no man wiſe.

The miſchievous conſequences of vice and folly, of irregular deſires and predominant paſſions, are beſt diſcovered by thoſe relations which are levelled with the general ſurface of life, which tell not how any man became great, but how he was made happy; not how he loſt the favour of his prince, but how he became diſcontented with himſelf.

Thoſe relations are therefore commonly of moſt value in which the writer tells his own ſtory. He that recounts the life of another, commonly dwells moſt upon conſpicuous events, leſſens the familiarity of his tale to increaſe its dignity, ſhews his favourite at a diſtance, decorated and magnified like the ancient actors in their tragick dreſs, and endeavours to hide the man that he may produce a hero.

But if it be true, which was ſaid by a *French* prince, *That no man was a hero to the ſervants of his chamber*, it is equally true, that every man is yet leſs a hero to himſelf. He that is moſt elevated above the crowd by the importance of his employments, or the reputation of his genius, feels himſelf affected by fame or buſineſs but as they influence his domeſtick life. The high and low, as they have the ſame faculties and the ſame ſenſes, have no leſs ſimilitude in their pains and pleaſures. The ſenſations are the ſame in all, though produced by very different occaſions. The prince feels the ſame pain when an invader ſeizes a province, as the farmer when a thief drives away his cow. Men thus equal in themſelves will appear equal in honeſt and impar-

tial

tial biography; and thoſe whom fortune or nature place at the greateſt diſtance may afford inſtruction to each other.

The writer of his own life has at leaſt the firſt qualification of an hiſtorian, the knowledge of the truth; and though it may be plauſibly objected that his temptations to diſguiſe it are equal to his opportunities of knowing it, yet I cannot but think that impartiality may be expected with equal confidence from him that relates the paſſages of his own life, as from him that delivers the tranſactions of another.

Certainty of knowledge not only excludes miſtake, but fortifies veracity. What we collect by conjecture, and by conjecture only can one man judge of another's motives or ſentiments, is eaſily modified by fancy or by deſire; as objects imperfectly diſcerned take forms from the hope or fear of the beholder. But that which is fully known cannot be falſified but with reluctance of underſtanding, and alarm of conſcience: of underſtanding, the lover of truth; of conſcience, the ſentinel of virtue.

He that writes the life of another is either his friend or his enemy, and wiſhes either to exalt his praiſe or aggravate his infamy; many temptations to falſehood will occur in the diſguiſe of paſſions, too ſpacious to fear much reſiſtance. Love of virtue will animate panegyrick, and hatred of wickedneſs imbitter cenſure. The zeal of gratitude, the ardour of patriotiſm, fondneſs for an opinion, or fidelity to a party, may eaſily overpower the vigilance of a mind habitually well diſpoſed, and prevail over unaſſiſted and unfriended veracity.

But he that ſpeaks of himſelf has no motive to falſehood or partiality except ſelf-love, by which all have ſo often been betrayed, that all are on the watch againſt its artifices. He that writes an apology for a ſingle action, to confute an accuſation, to recommend himſelf to favour, is indeed always to be ſuſpected of favouring his own cauſe; but he that ſits down calmly and voluntarily to review his life for the admonition of poſterity, or to amuſe himſelf, and leaves this account unpubliſhed, may be commonly preſumed to tell truth, ſince falſehood cannot appeaſe his own mind, and fame will not be heard beneath the tomb.

Numb. 85. Saturday, *December* 1, 1759.

ONE of the peculiarities which diſtinguiſh the preſent age is the multiplication of books. Every day brings new advertiſements of literary undertakings, and we are flattered with repeated promiſes of growing wiſe on eaſier terms than our progenitors.

How much either happineſs or knowledge is advanced by this multitude of authors, it is not very eaſy to decide.

He that teaches us any thing which we knew not before, is undoubtedly to be reverenced as a maſter.

He that conveys knowledge by more pleaſing ways, may very properly be loved as a benefactor; and he that ſupplies life with innocent amuſement, will be certainly careſſed as a pleaſing companion.

But few of thoſe who fill the world with books, have any pretenſions to the hope either of pleaſing or inſtructing. They have often no other taſk than to lay two books before them, out of which they compile a third, without any new materials of their own, and with very little application of judgement to thoſe which former authors have ſupplied.

That all compilations are uſeleſs I do not aſſert. Particles of ſcience are often very widely ſcattered. Writers of extenſive comprehenſion have incidental remarks upon topicks very remote from the principal ſubject, which are often more valuable than formal treatiſes, and which yet are not known becauſe they are not promiſed in the title. He that collects thoſe under proper heads is very laudably employed, for though he exerts no great abilities in the work, he facilitates the progreſs of others, and by making that eaſy of attainment which is already written, may give ſome mind, more vigorous or more adventurous than his own, leiſure for new thoughts and original deſigns.

But the collections poured lately from the preſs have been ſeldom made at any great expence of time or inquiry, and therefore

therefore only ſerve to diſtract choice without ſupplying any real want.

It is obſerved that *a corrupt ſociety has many laws*; I know not whether it is not equally true, that *an ignorant age has many books*. When the treaſures of ancient knowledge lie unexamined, and original authors are neglected and forgotten, compilers and plagiaries are encouraged, who give us again what we had before, and grow great by ſetting before us what our own ſloth had hidden from our view.

Yet are not even theſe writers to be indiſcriminately cenſured and rejected. Truth like beauty varies its faſhions, and is beſt recommended by different dreſſes to different minds; and he that recalls the attention of mankind to any part of learning which time has left behind it, may be truly ſaid to advance the literature of his own age. As the manners of nations vary, new topicks of perſuaſion become neceſſary, and new combinations of imagery are produced; and he that can accommodate himſelf to the reigning taſte may always have readers who perhaps would not have looked upon better performances.

To exact of every man who writes that he ſhould ſay ſomething new, would be to reduce authors to a ſmall number; to oblige the moſt fertile genius to ſay only what is new, would be to contract his volumes to a few pages. Yet, ſurely, there ought to be ſome bounds to repetition; libraries ought no more to be heaped for ever with the ſame thoughts differently expreſſed, than with the ſame books differently decorated.

The good or evil which theſe ſecondary writers produce is ſeldom of any long duration. As they owe their exiſtence to change of faſhion, they commonly diſappear when a new faſhion becomes prevalent. The authors that in any nation laſt from age to age are very few, becauſe there are very few that have any other claim to notice than that they catch hold on preſent curioſity, and gratify ſome accidental deſire, or produce ſome temporary conveniency.

But however the writers of the day may deſpair of future fame, they ought at leaſt to forbear any preſent miſchief. Though they cannot arrive at eminent heights of excellence, they might keep themſelves harmleſs. They might take care to inform themſelves before they attempt to inform others, and exert the little influence which they have for honeſt purpoſes.

But

But ſuch is the preſent ſtate of our literature, that the ancient ſage, who thought *a great book a great evil*, would now think the multitude of books a multitude of evils. He would conſider a bulky writer who engroſſed a year, and a ſwarm of pamphletcers who ſtole each an hour, as equal waſters of human life, and would make no other difference between them, than between a beaſt of prey, and a flight of locuſts.

NUMB. 86. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 11, 1759.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I AM a young lady newly married to a young gentleman. Our fortune is large, our minds are vacant, our diſpoſitions gay, our acquaintances numerous, and our relations ſplendid. We conſidered that marriage, like life, has its youth; that the firſt year is the year of gaiety and revel, and reſolved to ſee the ſhews and feel the joys of *London* before the increaſe of our family ſhould confine us to domeſtick cares and domeſtick pleaſures.

Little time was ſpent in preparation; the coach was harneſſed, and a few days brought us to *London*, and we alighted at a lodging provided for us by Miſs *Biddy Trifle*, a maiden niece of my huſband's father, where we found apartments on a ſecond floor, which my couſin told us would ſerve us till we could pleaſe ourſelves with a more commodious and elegant habitation, and which ſhe had taken at a very high price, becauſe it was not worth the while to make a hard bargain for ſo ſhort a time.

Here

Here I intended to lie concealed till my new clothes were made, and my new lodging hired; but Miſs *Trifle* had ſo induſtriouſly given notice of our arrival to all her acquaintance, that I had the mortification next day of ſeeing the door thronged with painted coaches and chairs with coronets, and was obliged to receive all my huſband's relations on a ſecond floor.

Inconveniences are often balanced by ſome advantage: the elevation of my apartments furniſhed a ſubject for converſation, which, without ſome ſuch help, we ſhould have been in danger of wanting. Lady *Stately* told us how many years had paſſed ſince ſhe climbed ſo many ſteps. Miſs *Airy* ran to the window, and thought it charming to ſee the walkers ſo little in the ſtreet; and Miſs *Gentle* went to try the ſame experiment, and ſcreamed to find herſelf ſo far above the ground.

They all knew that we intended to remove, and therefore all gave me advice about a proper choice. One ſtreet was recommended for the purity of its air, another for its freedom from noiſe, another for its nearneſs to the park, another becauſe there was but a ſtep from it to all places of diverſion, and another, becauſe its inhabitants enjoyed at once the town and country.

I had civility enough to hear every recommendation with a look of curioſity while it was made, and of acquieſcence when it was concluded, but in my heart felt no other deſire than to be free from the diſgrace of a ſecond floor, and cared little where I ſhould fix, if the apartments were ſpacious and ſplendid.

Next day a chariot was hired, and Miſs *Trifle* was diſpatched to find a lodging. She returned in the afternoon, with an account of a charming place, to which my huſband went in the morning to make the contract. Being young and unexperienced, he took with him his friend *Ned Quick*, a gentleman of great ſkill in rooms and furniture, who ſees, at a ſingle glance, whatever there is to be commended or cenſured. Mr. *Quick*, at the firſt view of the houſe declared that it could not be inhabited, for the ſun in the afternoon ſhone with full glare on the windows of the dining-room.

Miſs *Trifle* went out again, and ſoon diſcovered another lodging, which Mr. *Quick* went to ſurvey, and found, that, whenever the wind ſhould blow from the eaſt, all the ſmoke of the city would be driven upon it.

A magnificent ſet of rooms was then found in one of the ſtreets near *Weſtminſter-Bridge*, which Miſs *Trifle* preferred to any which ſhe had yet ſeen; but Mr. *Quick*, having muſed upon it for a time, concluded that it would be too much expoſed in the morning to the fogs that riſe from the river.

Thus Mr. *Quick* proceeded to give us every day new teſtimonies of his taſte and circumſpection; ſometimes the ſtreet was too narrow for a double range of coaches; ſometimes it was an obſcure place, not inhabited by perſons of quality. Some places were dirty, and ſome crowded; in ſome houſes the furniture was ill-ſuited, and in others the ſtairs were too narrow. He had ſuch fertility of objections that Miſs *Trifle* was at laſt tired, and deſiſted from all attempts for our accommodation.

In the mean time I have ſtill continued to ſee my company on a ſecond floor, and am aſked twenty times a day when I am to leave thoſe odious lodgings, in which I live tumultuouſly without pleaſure, and expenſively without honour. My huſband thinks ſo highly of Mr. *Quick*, that he cannot be perſuaded to remove without his approbation; and Mr. *Quick* thinks his reputation raiſed by the multiplication of difficulties.

In this diſtreſs to whom can I have recourſe? I find my temper vitiated by daily diſappointment, by the ſight of pleaſures which I cannot partake, and the poſſeſſion of riches which I cannot enjoy. Dear Mr. *Idler*, inform my huſband that he is trifling away, in ſuperfluous vexation, that few months which cuſtom has appropriated to delight; that matrimonial quarrels are not eaſily reconciled between thoſe that have no children; that wherever we ſettle he muſt always find ſome inconvenience; but nothing is ſo much to be avoided as a perpetual ſtate of enquiry and ſuſpence.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

Peggy Heartless.

Numb.

Numb. 87. Saturday, *December* 15, 1759.

OF what we know not, we can only judge by what we know. Every novelty appears more wonderful as it is more remote from any thing with which experience or teſtimony have hitherto acquainted us; and if it paſſes further beyond the notions that we have been accuſtomed to form, it becomes at laſt incredible.

We ſeldom conſider that human knowledge is very narrow, that national manners are formed by chance, that uncommon conjunctures of cauſes produce rare effects, or that what is impoſſible at one time or place may yet happen in another. It is always eaſier to deny than to enquire. To refuſe credit confers for a moment an appearance of ſuperiority, which every little mind is tempted to aſſume when it may be gained ſo cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities. The moſt pertinacious and vehement demonſtrator may be wearied in time by continual negation; and incredulity, which an old poet, in his addreſs to *Raleigh*, calls *the wit of fools*, obtunds the argument which it cannot anſwer, as woolſacks deaden arrows though they cannot repel them.

Many relations of travellers have been ſlighted as fabulous till more frequent voyages have confirmed their veracity; and it may reaſonably be imagined, that many ancient hiſtorians are unjuſtly ſuſpected of falſehood, becauſe our own times afford nothing that reſembles what they tell.

Had only the writers of antiquity informed us that there was once a nation in which the wife lay down upon the burning pile only to mix her aſhes with thoſe of her huſband, we ſhould have thought it a tale to be told with that of *Endymion's* commerce with the Moon. Had only a ſingle traveller related that many nations of the earth were black, we ſhould have thought the accounts of the *Negroes* and of the *Phœnix* equally credible. But of black men the num-

bers are too great who are now repining under *Engliſh* cruelty, and the cuſtom of voluntary cremation is not yet loſt among the ladies of *India*.

Few narratives will either to men or women appear more incredible than the hiſtories of the *Amazons*; of female nations of whoſe conſtitution it was the eſſential and fundamental law, to exclude men from all participation either of publick affairs or domeſtick buſineſs; where female armies marched under female captains, female farmers gathered the harveſt, female partners danced together, and female wits diverted one another.

Yet ſeveral ages of antiquity have tranſmitted accounts of the *Amazons* of *Caucaſus*; and of the *Amazons* of *America*, who have given their name to their greateſt river in the world. *Condamine* lately found ſuch memorials, as can be expected among erratick and unlettered nations, where events are recorded only by tradition, and new ſwarms ſettling in the country from time to time, confuſe and efface all traces of former times.

To die with huſbands, or to live without them, are the two extremes which the prudence and moderation of *European* ladies have, in all ages, equally declined; they have never been allured to death by the kindneſs or civility of the politeſt nations, nor has the roughneſs and brutality of more ſavage countries ever provoked them to doom their male aſſociates to irrevocable baniſhment. The *Bohemian* matrons are ſaid to have made one ſhort ſtruggle for ſuperiority, but inſtead of baniſhing the men they contented themſelves with condemning them to ſervile offices; and their conſtitution thus left imperfect was quickly overthrown.

There is, I think, no claſs of *Engliſh* women from whom we are in any danger of *Amazonian* uſurpation. The old maids ſeem neareſt to independence, and moſt likely to be animated by revenge againſt maſculine authority; they often ſpeak of men with acrimonious vehemence, but it is ſeldom found that they have any ſettled hatred againſt them, and it is yet more rarely obſerved that they have any kindneſs for each other. They will not eaſily combine in any plot; and if they ſhould ever agree to retire and fortify themſelves in caſtles or in mountains, the ſentinel will betray the paſſes in ſpite, and the garriſon will capitulate upon eaſy terms, if the beſiegers have handſome ſword-knots, and are well ſupplied with fringe and lace.

The

The gamesters, if they were united, would make a formidable body; and since they consider men only as beings that are to lose their money, they might live together without any wish for the officiousness of gallantry or the delights of diversified conversation. But as nothing would hold them together but the hope of plundering one another, their government would fail from the defect of its principles, the men would need only to neglect them, and they would perish in a few weeks by a civil war.

I do not mean to censure the ladies of *England* as defective in knowledge or in spirit, when I suppose them unlikely to revive the military honours of their sex. The character of the ancient *Amazons* was rather terrible than lovely; the hand could not be very delicate that was only employed in drawing the bow and brandishing the battle axe; their power was maintained by cruelty, their courage was deformed by ferocity, and their example only shews that men and women live best together.

Numb. 88. Saturday, *December* 22, 1759.

When the philosophers of the last age were first congregated into the Royal Society, great expectations were raised of the sudden progress of useful arts; the time was supposed to be near, when engines should turn by a perpetual motion, and health be secured by the universal medicine; when learning should be facilitated by a real character, and commerce extended by ships which could reach their ports in defiance of the tempest.

But improvement is naturally slow. The Society met and parted without any visible diminution of the miseries of life. The gout and stone were still painful, the ground that was not plowed brought no harvest, and neither oranges nor grapes would grow upon the hawthorn. At last, those who were

were disappointed began to be angry; those likewise who hated innovation were glad to gain an opportunity of ridiculing men who had depreciated, perhaps with too much arrogance, the knowledge of antiquity. And it appears from some of their earliest apologies, that the philosophers felt with great sensibility the unwelcome importunities of those who were daily asking, "What have ye done?"

The truth is, that little had been done compared with what fame had been suffered to promise; and the question could only be answered by general apologies and by new hopes, which, when they were frustrated, gave a new occasion to the same vexatious enquiry.

This fatal question has disturbed the quiet of many other minds. He that in the latter part of his life too strictly enquires what he has done, can very seldom receive from his own heart such an account as will give him satisfaction.

We do not indeed so often to disappoint others as ourselves. We not only think more highly than others of our own abilities, but allow ourselves to form hopes which we never communicate, and please our thoughts with employments which none ever will allot us, and with elevations to which we are never expected to rise; and when our days and years have passed away in common business or common amusements, and we find at last that we have suffered our purposes to sleep till the time of action is past, we are reproached only by our own reflections; neither our friends nor our enemies wonder that we live and die like the rest of mankind; that we live without notice, and die without memorial; they know not what task we had proposed, and therefore cannot discern whether it is finished.

He that compares what he has done with what he has left undone, will feel the effect which must always follow the comparison of imagination with reality; he will look with contempt on his own unimportance, and wonder to what purpose he came into the world; he will repine that he shall leave behind him no evidence of his having been, that he has added nothing to the system of life, but has glided from youth to age among the crowd, without any effort for distinction.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity, or to believe that he does little only because every individual is a very little being. He is better content to

want

want diligence than power, and ſooner confeſſes the depravity of his will than the imbecillity of his nature.

From this miſtaken notion of human greatneſs it proceeds, that many who pretend to have made great advances in wiſdom ſo loudly declare that they deſpiſe themſelves. If I had ever found any of the ſelf-contemners much irritated or pained by the conſciouſneſs of their meanneſs, I ſhould have given them conſolation by obſerving, that a little more than nothing is as much as can be expected from a being, who with reſpect to the multitudes about him is himſelf little more than nothing. Every man is obliged by the Supreme Maſter of the univerſe to improve all the opportunities of good which are afforded him, and to keep in continual activity ſuch abilities as are beſtowed upon him. But he has no reaſon to repine, though his abilities are ſmall and his opportunities few. He that has improved the virtue, or advanced the happineſs of one fellow-creature, he that has aſcertained a ſingle moral propoſition, or added one uſeful experiment to natural knowledge, may be contented with his own performance, and, with reſpect to mortals like himſelf, may demand, like *Auguſtus*, to be diſmiſſed at his departure with applauſe.

NUMB. 89. SATURDAY, *December* 29, 1759.

Ἀνέχου καὶ ἀπέχου. EPICT.

HOW evil came into the world; for what reaſon it is that life is overſpread with ſuch boundleſs varieties of miſery; why the only thinking being of this globe is doomed to think merely to be wretched, and to paſs his time from youth to age in fearing or in ſuffering calamities, is a queſtion which philoſophers have long aſked, and which philoſophy could never anſwer.

Religion

Religion informs us that misery and sin were produced together. The depravation of human will was followed by a disorder of the harmony of nature; and by that providence which often places antidotes in the neighbourhood of poisons, vice was checked by misery, lest it should swell to universal and unlimited dominion.

A state of innocence and happiness is so remote from all that we have ever seen, that though we can easily conceive it possible, and may therefore hope to attain it, yet our speculations upon it must be general and confused. We can discover that where there is universal innocence, there will probably be universal happiness; for why should afflictions be permitted to infest beings who are not in danger of corruption from blessings, and where there is no use of terrour nor cause of punishment? But in a world like ours, where our senses assault us, and our hearts betray us, we should pass on from crime to crime, heedless and remorseless, if misery did not stand in our way, and our own pains admonish us of our folly.

Almost all the moral good which is left among us, is the apparent effect of physical evil.

Goodness is divided by divines into soberness, righteousness, and godliness. Let it be examined how each of these duties would be practised if there were no physical evil to enforce it.

Sobriety, or temperance, is nothing but the forbearance of pleasure; and if pleasure was not followed by pain, who would forbear it? We see every hour those in whom the desire of present indulgence overpowers all sense of past and all foresight of future misery. In a remission of the gout, the drunkard returns to his wine, and the glutton to his feast; and if neither disease nor poverty were felt or dreaded, every one would sink down in idle sensuality, without any care of others, or of himself. To eat and drink, and lie down to sleep, would be the whole business of mankind.

Righteousness, or the system of social duty, may be subdivided into justice and charity. Of justice one of the Heathen sages has shewn, with great acuteness, that it was impressed upon mankind only by the inconveniences which injustice had produced. "In the first ages," says he, "men acted without any rule but the impulse of desire; "they practised injustice upon others, and suffered it from "others in their turn; but in time it was discovered, that "the

" the pain of ſuffering wrong was greater than the plea-
" ſure of doing it; and mankind, by a general compact,
" ſubmitted to the reſtraint of laws, and reſigned the plea-
" ſure to eſcape the pain."

Of charity it is ſuperfluous to obſerve, that it could have no place if there were no want; for of a virtue which could not be practiſed, the omiſſion could not be culpable. Evil is not only the occaſional but the efficient cauſe of charity; we are incited to the relief of miſery by the conſciouſneſs that we have the ſame nature with the ſufferer, that we are in danger of the ſame diſtreſſes, and may ſometimes implore the ſame aſſiſtance.

Godlineſs, or piety, is elevation of the mind towards the Supreme Being, and extenſion of the thoughts of another life. The other life is future, and the Supreme Being, is inviſible. None would have recourſe to an inviſible power, but that all other ſubjects have eluded their hopes. None would fix their attention upon the future, but that they are diſcontented with the preſent. If the ſenſes were feaſted with perpetual pleaſure, they would always keep the mind in ſubjection. Reaſon has no authority over us, but by its power to warn us againſt evil.

In childhood, while our minds are yet unoccupied, religion is impreſſed upon them, and the firſt years of almoſt all who have been well educated are paſſed in a regular diſcharge of the duties of piety. But as we advance forward into the crowds of life, innumerable delights ſolicit our inclinations, and innumerable cares diſtract our attention; the time of youth is paſſed in noiſy frolicks; manhood is led on from hope to hope, and from project to project; the diſſoluteneſs of pleaſure, the inebriation of ſucceſs, the ardour of expectation, and the vehemence of competition, chain down the mind alike to the preſent ſcene, nor is it remembered how ſoon this miſt of trifles muſt be ſcattered, and the bubbles that float upon the rivulet of life be loſt for ever in the gulph of eternity. To this conſideration ſcarcely any man is awakened but by ſome preſſing and reſiſtleſs evil. The death of thoſe from whom he derived his pleaſures, or to whom he deſtined his poſſeſſions, ſome diſeaſe which ſhews him the vanity of all external acquiſitions, or the gloom of age, which intercepts his proſpects of long enjoyment, forces him to fix his hopes upon another ſtate, and when he has contended with the tempeſts of life till his ſtrength fails him, he flies at laſt to the ſhelter of religion.

That

That misery does not make all virtuous, experience too certainly informs us; but it is no less certain that of what virtue there is, misery produces far the greater part. Physical evil may be therefore endured with patience, since it is the cause of moral good; and patience itself is one virtue by which we are prepared for that state in which evil shall be no more.

NUMB. 90. SATURDAY, *January* 5, 1760.

IT is a complaint which has been made from time to time, and which seems to have lately become more frequent, that *English* oratory, however forcible in argument, or elegant in expression, is deficient and inefficacious, because our speakers want the grace and energy of action.

Among the numerous projectors who are desirous to refine our manners, and improve our faculties, some are willing to supply the deficiency of our speakers. We have had more than one exhortation to study the neglected art of moving the passions, and have been encouraged to believe that our tongues, however feeble in themselves, may, by the help of our hands and legs, obtain an uncontroulable dominion over the most stubborn audience, animate the insensible, engage the careless, force tears from the obdurate, and money from the avaricious.

If by slight of hand, or nimbleness of foot, all these wonders can be performed, he that shall neglect to attain the free use of his limbs may be justly censured as criminally lazy. But I am afraid that no specimen of such effects will easily be shewn. If I could once find a speaker in *Change-Alley* raising the price of stocks by the power of persuasive gestures, I should very zealously recommend the study of his art; but having never seen any action by which language was much assisted, I have been hitherto inclined to

to doubt whether my countrymen are not blamed too haſtily for their calm and motionleſs utterance.

Foreigners of many nations accompany their ſpeech with action; but why ſhould their example have more influence upon us than ours upon them? Cuſtoms are not to be changed but for better. Let thoſe who deſire to reform us ſhew the benefits of the change propoſed. When the *Frenchman* waves his hands and writhes his body in recounting the revolutions of a game at cards, or the *Neapolitan*, who tells the hour of the day, ſhews upon his fingers the number which he mentions; I do not perceive that their manual exerciſe is of much uſe, or that they leave any image more deeply impreſſed by their buſtle and vehemence of communication.

Upon the *Engliſh* ſtage there is no want of action; but the difficulty of making it at once various and proper, and its perpetual tendency to become ridiculous, notwithſtanding all the advantages which art and ſhow, and cuſtom and prejudice, can give it, may prove how little it can be admitted into any other place, where it can have no recommendation but from truth and nature.

The uſe of *Engliſh* oratory is only at the bar, in the parliament, and in the church. Neither the judges of our laws nor the repreſentatives of our people would be much affected by laboured geſticulation, or believe any man the more becauſe he rolled his eyes, or puffed his cheeks, or ſpread abroad his arms, or ſtamped the ground, or thumped his breaſt, or turned his eyes ſometimes to the cieling and ſometimes to the floor. Upon men intent only upon truth, the arm of an orator has little power; a credible teſtimony, or a cogent argument, will overcome all the art of modulation, and all the violence of contortion.

It is well known that, in the city which may be called the parent of oratory, all the arts of mechanical perſuaſion were baniſhed from the court of ſupreme judicature. The judges of the *Areopagus* conſidered action and vociferation as a fooliſh appeal to the external ſenſes, and unworthy to be practiſed before thoſe who had no deſire of idle amuſement, and whoſe only pleaſure was to diſcover right.

Whether action may not be yet of uſe in churches, where the preacher addreſſes a mingled audience, may deſerve enquiry. It is certain that the ſenſes are more powerful as the reaſon is weaker; and that he whoſe ears convey little to his mind, may ſometimes liſten with his eyes till truth

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may gradually take poſſeſſion of his heart. If there be any uſe of geſticulation, it muſt be applied to the ignorant and rude, who will be more affected by vehemence than delighted by propriety. In the pulpit little action can be proper, for action can illuſtrate nothing but that to which it may be referred by nature or by cuſtom. He that imitates by his hand a motion which he deſcribes, explains it by natural ſimilitude; he that lays his hand on his breaſt, when he expreſſes pity, enforces his words by a cuſtomary illuſion. But theology has few topicks to which action can be appropriated; that action which is vague and indeterminate will at laſt ſettle into habit, and habitual peculiarities are quickly ridiculous.

It is perhaps the character of the *Engliſh* to deſpiſe trifles; and that art may ſurely be accounted a trifle which is at once uſeleſs and oſtentatious, which can ſeldom be practiſed with propriety, and which, as the mind is more cultivated, is leſs powerful. Yet as all innocent means are to be uſed for the propagation of truth, I would not deter thoſe who are employed in preaching to common congregations from any practice which they may find perſuaſive; for, compared with the converſion of ſinners, propriety and elegance are leſs than nothing.

Numb. 91. Saturday, *January* 12, 1760.

It is common to overlook what is near, by keeping the eye fixed upon ſomething remote. In the ſame manner preſent opportunities are neglected, and attainable good is ſlighted, by minds buſied in extenſive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, however ſhort, is made ſtill ſhorter by waſte of time, and its progreſs towards happineſs, though naturally ſlow, is yet retarded by unneceſſary labour.

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The difficulty of obtaining knowledge is univerſally confeſſed. To fix deeply in the mind the principles of ſcience, to ſettle their limitations, and deduce the long ſucceſſion of their conſequences; to comprehend the whole compaſs of complicated ſyſtems, with all the arguments, objections, and ſolutions, and to repoſite in the intellectual treaſury the numberleſs facts, experiments, apophthegms, and poſitions, which muſt ſtand ſingle in the memory, and of which none has any perceptible connexion with the reſt, is a taſk which, though undertaken with ardour and purſued with diligence, muſt at laſt be left unfiniſhed by the frailty of our nature.

To make the way to learning either leſs ſhort or leſs ſmooth, is certainly abſurd; yet this is the apparent effect of the prejudice which ſeems to prevail among us in favour of foreign authors, and of the contempt of our native literature, which this excurſive curioſity muſt neceſſarily produce. Every man is more ſpeedily inſtructed by his own language, than by any other; before we ſearch the reſt of the world for teachers, let us try whether we may not ſpare our trouble by finding them at home.

The riches of the *Engliſh* language are much greater than they are commonly ſuppoſed. Many uſeful and valuable books lie buried in ſhops and libraries, unknown and unexamined, unleſs ſome lucky compiler opens them by chance, and finds an eaſy ſpoil of wit and learning. I am far from intending to inſinuate, that other lauguages are not neceſſary to him who aſpires to eminence, and whoſe whole life is devoted to ſtudy; but to him who reads only for amuſement, or whoſe purpoſe is not to deck himſelf with the honours of literature, but to be qualified for domeſtick uſefulneſs, and ſit down content with ſubordinate reputation, we have authors ſufficient to fill up all the vacancies of his time, and gratify moſt of his wiſhes for information.

Of our poets I need ſay little, becauſe they are perhaps the only authors to whom their country has done juſtice. We conſider the whole ſucceſſion from *Spenſer* to *Pope*, as ſuperior to any names which the continent can boaſt; and therefore the poets of other nations, however familiarly they may be ſometimes mentioned, are very little read, except by thoſe who deſign to borrow their beauties.

There is, I think, not one of the liberal arts which may not be competently learned in the *Engliſh* language.

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He that ſearches after mathematical knowledge may buſy himſelf among his own countrymen, and will find one or other able to inſtruct him in every part of thoſe abſtruſe ſciences. He that is delighted with experiments, and wiſhes to know the nature of bodies from certain and viſible effects, is happily placed where the mechanical philoſophy was firſt eſtabliſhed by a publick inſtitution, and from which it was ſpread to all other countries.

The more airy and elegant ſtudies of philology and criticiſm have little need of any foreign help. Though our language, not being very analogical, gives few opportunities for grammatical reſearches, yet we have not wanted authors who have conſidered the principles of ſpeech; and with critical writings we abound ſufficiently to enable pedantry to impoſe rules which can ſeldom be obſerved, and vanity to talk of books which are ſeldom read.

But our own language has, from the Reformation to the preſent time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, conſidered as commentators, controvertiſts, or preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them. No vulgar language can boaſt ſuch treaſures of theological knowledge, or ſuch multitudes of authors at once learned, elegant, and pious. Other countries and other communions have authors perhaps equal in abilities and diligence to ours; but if we unite number with excellence, there is certainly no nation which muſt not allow us to be ſuperior. Of morality little is neceſſary to be ſaid, becauſe it is comprehended in practical divinity, and is perhaps better taught in *Engliſh* ſermons than in any other books ancient and modern. Nor ſhall I dwell on our excellence in metaphyſical ſpeculations, becauſe he that reads the works of our divines will eaſily diſcover how far human ſubtilty has been able to penetrate.

Political knowledge is forced upon us by the form of our conſtitution; and all the myſteries of government are diſcovered in the attack or defence of every miniſter. The original law of ſociety, the rights of ſubjects, and the prerogatives of kings, have been conſidered with the utmoſt nicety, ſometimes profoundly inveſtigated, and ſometimes familiarly explained.

Thus copiouſly inſtructive is the *Engliſh* language; and thus needleſs is all recourſe to foreign writers. Let us not therefore

therefore make our neighbours proud by ſoliciting help which we do not want, nor diſcourage our own induſtry by difficulties which we need not ſuffer.

Numb. 92. Saturday, *January* 19, 1760.

WHATEVER is uſeful or honourable will be deſired by many who never can obtain it; and that which cannot be obtained when it is deſired, artifice or folly will be diligent to counterfeit. Thoſe to whom fortune has denied gold and diamonds decorate themſelves with ſtones and metals, which have ſomething of the ſhow but little of the value; and every moral excellence or intellectual faculty has ſome vice or folly which imitates its appearance.

Every man wiſhes to be wiſe, and they who cannot be wiſe are almoſt always cunning. The leſs is the real diſcernment of thoſe whom buſineſs or converſation brings together, the more illuſions are practiſed; nor is caution ever ſo neceſſary as with aſſociates or opponents of feeble minds.

Cunning differs from wiſdom as twilight from open day. He that walks in the ſunſhine goes boldly forward by the neareſt way; he ſees that where the path is ſtreight and even he may proceed in ſecurity, and where it is rough and crooked he eaſily complies with the turns, and avoids the obſtructions. But the traveller in the duſk fears more as he ſees leſs; he knows there may be danger, and therefore ſuſpects that he is never ſafe, tries every ſtep before he fixes his foot, and ſhrinks at every noiſe leſt violence ſhould approach him. Wiſdom comprehends at once the end and the means, eſtimates eaſineſs or difficulty, and is cautious or confident in due proportion. Cunning diſcovers little at a time, and has no other means of certainty than multiplication

cation of ſtratagems and ſuperfluity of ſuſpicion. The man of cunning always conſiders that he can never be too ſafe, and therefore always keeps himſelf enveloped in a miſt, impenetrable, as he hopes, to the eye of rivalry or curioſity.

Upon this principle, *Tom Double* has formed a habit of eluding the moſt harmleſs queſtion. What he has no inclination to anſwer, he pretends ſometimes not to hear, and endeavours to divert the enquirer's attention by ſome other ſubject; but if he be preſſed hard by repeated interrogation, he always evades a direct reply. Aſk him whom he likes beſt on the ſtage; he is ready to tell that there are ſeveral excellent performers. Enquire when he was laſt at the coffee-houſe; he replies, that the weather has been bad lately. Deſire him to tell the age of any of his acquaintance; he immediately mentions another who is older or younger.

Will Puzzle values himſelf upon a long reach. He foreſees every thing before it will happen, though he never relates his prognoſtications till the event is paſt. Nothing has come to paſs for theſe twenty years of which Mr. *Puzzle* had not given broad hints, and told at leaſt that it was not proper to tell. Of thoſe predictions, which every concluſion will equally verify, he always claims the credit, and wonders that his friends did not underſtand them. He ſuppoſes very truly that much may be known which he knows not, and therefore pretends to know much of which he and all mankind are equally ignorant. I deſired his opinion yeſterday of the *German* war, and was told, that if the *Pruſſians* were well ſupported, ſomething great may be expected; but that they have very powerful enemies to encounter; that the *Auſtrian* general has long experience, and the *Ruſſians* are hardy and reſolute; but that no human power is invincible. I then drew the converſation to our own affairs, and invited him to balance the probabilities of war and peace. He told me that war requires courage, and negotiation judgment, and that the time will come when it will be ſeen whether our ſkill in treaty is equal to our bravery in battle. To this general prattle he will appeal hereafter, and will demand to have his foreſight applauded, whoever ſhall at laſt be conquered or victorious.

With *Ned Smuggle* all is a ſecret. He believes himſelf watched by obſervation and malignity on every ſide, and rejoices in the dexterity by which he has eſcaped ſnares that never were laid. *Ned* holds that a man is never deceived

ceived if he never trusts, and therefore will not tell the name of his taylor or his hatter. He rides out every morning for the air, and pleases himself with thinking that nobody knows where he has been. When he dines with a friend, he never goes to his house the nearest way, but walks up a bye-street to perplex the scent. When he has a coach called, he never tells him at the door the true place to which he is going, but stops him in the way that he may give him directions where nobody can hear him. The price of what he buys or sells is always concealed. He often takes lodgings in the country by a wrong name, and thinks that the world is wondering where he can be hid. All these transactions he registers in a book, which, he says, will some time or other amaze posterity.

It is remarked by *Bacon*, that many men try to procure reputation only by objections, of which, if they are once admitted, the nullity never appears, because the design is laid aside. *This false feint of wisdom*, says he, *is the ruin of business*. The whole power of cunning is privative; to say nothing, and to do nothing, is the utmost of its reach. Yet men thus narrow by nature, and mean by art, are sometimes able to rise by the miscarriages of bravery and the openness of integrity; and by watching failures and snatching opportunities, obtain advantages which belong properly to higher characters.

NUMB. 93. SATURDAY, *January* 26, 1760.

SAM SOFTLY was bred a sugar-baker; but succeeding to a considerable estate on the death of his elder brother, he retired early from business, married a fortune, and settled in a country house near *Kentish-town*. *Sam*, who formerly was a sportsman, and in his apprenticeship used to frequent *Barnet* races, keeps a high chaise, with a brace of seasoned

geldings. During the ſummer months, the principal paſſion and employment of *Sam's* life is to viſit, in this vehicle, the moſt eminent ſeats of the nobility and gentry in different parts of the kingdom, with his wife and ſome ſelect friends. By theſe periodical excurſions *Sam* gratifies many important purpoſes. He aſſiſts the ſeveral pregnancies of his wife; he ſhews his chaiſe to the beſt advantage; he indulges his inſatiable curioſity for finery, which, ſince he has turned gentleman, has grown upon him to an extraordinary degree; he diſcovers taſte and ſpirit; and, what is above all, he finds frequent opportunities of diſplaying to the party, at every houſe he ſees, his knowledge of family connection. At firſt, *Sam* was contented with driving a friend between *London* and his villa. Here he prided himſelf in pointing out the boxes of the citizens on each ſide of the road, with an accurate detail of their reſpective failures or ſucceſſes in trade; and harangued on the ſeveral equipages that were accidentally paſſing. Here, too, the ſeats, interſperſed on the ſurrounding hills, afforded ample matter for *Sam's* curious diſcoveries. For one, he told his companion, a rich *Jew* had offered money; and that a retired widow was courted at another, by an eminent dry-ſalter. At the ſame time he diſcuſſed the utility, and enumerated the expences, of the *Iſlington* turnpike. But *Sam's* ambition is at preſent raiſed to nobler undertakings.

When the happy hour of the annual expedition arrives, the ſeat of the chaiſe is furniſhed with *Ogilvy's Book of Roads*, and a choice quantity of cold tongues. The moſt alarming diſaſter which can happen to our hero, who thinks he *throws a whip* admirably well, is to be overtaken in a road which affords no *quarter* for wheels. Indeed, few men poſſeſs more ſkill or diſcernment for concerting and conducting a *party of pleaſure*. When a ſeat is to be ſurveyed, he has a peculiar talent in ſelecting ſome ſhady bench in the park, where the company may moſt commodiouſly refreſh themſelves with cold tongue, chicken, and *French* rolls; and is very ſagacious in diſcovering what cool temple in the garden will be beſt adapted for drinking tea, brought for this purpoſe, in the afternoon, and from which the chaiſe may be reſumed with the greateſt convenience. In viewing the houſe itſelf, he is principally attracted by the chairs and beds, concerning the coſt of which his minute enquiries generally gain the clereſt information. An agate table eaſily diverts his eyes from the moſt capital ſtrokes of *Rubens*,

bens, and a *Turkey* carpet has more charms than a *Titian*. *Sam*, however, dwells with ſome attention on the family portraits, particularly the moſt modern ones; and as this is a topick on which the houſe-keeper uſually harangues in a more copious manner, he takes this opportunity of improving his knowledge of intermarriages. Yet notwithſtanding this appearance of ſatisfaction, *Sam* has ſome objection to all he ſees. One houſe has too much gilding; at another, the chimney-pieces are all monuments; at a third, he conjectures that the beautiful canal muſt certainly be dried up in a hot ſummer. He deſpiſes the ſtatues at *Wilton*, becauſe he thinks he can ſee much better carving at *Weſtminſter* Abbey. But there is one general objection which he is ſure to make at almoſt every houſe, particularly at thoſe which are moſt diſtinguiſhed. He allows that all the apartments are extremely fine, but adds, with a ſneer, that they are too fine to be inhabited.

Miſapplied genius moſt commonly proves ridiculous. Had *Sam*, as Nature intended, contentedly continued in the calmer and leſs conſpicuous purſuits of ſugar-baking, he might have been a reſpectable and uſeful character. At preſent he diſſipates his life in a ſpecious idleneſs, which neither improves himſelf nor his friends. Thoſe talents which might have benefited ſociety, he expoſes to contempt by falſe pretenſions. He affects pleaſures which he cannot enjoy, and is acquainted only with thoſe ſubjects on which he has no right to talk, and which it is no merit to underſtand.

Numb. 94. Saturday, *February* 2, 1760.

It is common to find young men ardent and diligent in the purſuit of knowledge; but the progreſs of life very often produces laxity and indifference; and not only thoſe who are at liberty to chuſe their buſineſs and amuſements, but thoſe likewiſe whoſe profeſſions engage them in literary enquiries, paſs the latter part of their time without improvement, and ſpend the day rather in any other entertainment than that which they might find among their books.

This abatement of the vigour of curioſity is ſometimes imputed to the inſufficiency of learning. Men are ſuppoſed to remit their labours, becauſe they find their labours to have been vain; and to ſearch no longer after truth and wiſdom, becauſe they at laſt deſpair of finding them.

But this reaſon is for the moſt part very faiſely aſſigned. Of learning, as of virtue, it may be affirmed, that it is at once honoured and neglected. Whoever forſakes it will for ever look after it with longing, lament the loſs which he does not endeavour to repair, and deſire the good which he wants reſolution to ſeize and keep. The idler never applauds his own idleneſs, nor does any man repent of the diligence of his youth.

So many hindrances may obſtruct the acquiſition of knowledge, that there is little reaſon for wondering that it is in a few hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconſiſtent with much ſtudy; and the hours which they would ſpend upon letters muſt be ſtolen from their occupations and their families. Many ſuffer themſelves to be lured by more ſpritely and luxurious pleaſures from the ſhades of contemplation, where they find ſeldom more than a calm delight, ſuch as, though greater than all others, its certainty and its duration being reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet eaſily quitted for ſome extemporary joy, which the preſent moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

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It is the great excellence of learning, that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to ſeaſon or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleaſure can be obtained. But this quality, which conſtitutes much of its value, is one occaſion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omiſſion, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleneſs gains too much power to be conquered, and the ſoul ſhrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenſeneſs of meditation.

That thoſe who profeſs to advance learning ſometimes obſtruct it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only diſtracts choice, but diſappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately ſtored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common ſtock of learning, is ſo buried in the maſs of general notions, that, like ſilver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of ſeparation; and he that has often been deceived by the promiſe of a title, at laſt grows weary of examining, and is tempted to conſider all as equally fallacious.

There are indeed ſome repetitions always lawful, becauſe they never deceive. He that writes the hiſtory of paſt times, undertakes only to decorate known facts by new beauties of method or of ſtyle, or at moſt to illuſtrate them by his own reflections. The author of a ſyſtem, whether moral or phyſical, is obliged to nothing beyond care of ſelection and regularity of diſpoſition. But there are others who claim the name of authors merely to diſgrace it, and fill the world with volumes only to bury letters in their own rubbiſh. The traveller, who tells, in a pompous folio, that he ſaw the *Pantheon* at *Rome*, and the *Medicean Venus* at *Florence*; the natural hiſtorian, who, deſcribing the productions of a narrow iſland, recounts all that it has in common with every other part of the world; the collector of antiquities, that accounts every thing a curioſity which the ruins of *Herculaneum* happen to emit, though an inſtrument already ſhewn in a thouſand repoſitories, or a cup common to the ancients, the moderns, and all mankind; may be juſtly cenſured as the perſecutors of ſtudents, and the thieves of that time which never can be reſtored.

NUMA.

NUMB. 95. SATURDAY, *February* 9, 1760.

To the IDLER.

MR. IDLER,

T is, I think, univerſally agreed, that ſeldom any good is gotten by complaint; yet we find that few forbear to complain, but thoſe who are afraid of being reproached as the authors of their own miſeries. I hope therefore for the common permiſſion, to lay my caſe before you and your readers, by which I ſhall diſburthen my heart, though I cannot hope to receive either aſſiſtance or conſolation.

I am a trader, and owe my fortune to frugality and induſtry. I began with little; but by the eaſy and obvious method of ſpending leſs than I gain, I have every year added ſomething to my ſtock, and expect to have a ſeat in the common-council at the next election.

My wife, who was as prudent as myſelf, died ſix years ago, and left me one ſon and one daughter, for whoſe ſake I reſolved never to marry again, and rejected the overtures of Mrs. *Squeeze*, the broker's widow, who had ten thouſand pounds at her own diſpoſal.

I bred my ſon at a ſchool near *Iſlington*; and when he had learned arithmetick, and wrote a good hand, I took him into the ſhop, deſigning, in about ten years, to retire to *Stratford* or *Hackney*, and leave him eſtabliſhed in the buſineſs.

For four years he was diligent and ſedate, entered the ſhop before it was opened, and when it was ſhut, always examined the pins of the window. In any intermiſſion of buſineſs it was his conſtant practice to peruſe the ledger. I had always great hopes of him, when I obſerved how ſorrowfully he would ſhake his head over a bad debt, and how eagerly he would liſten to me when I told him that he might at one time or other become an alderman.

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We lived together with mutual confidence, till unluckily a viſit was paid him by two of his ſchool-fellows, who were placed, I ſuppoſe, in the army, becauſe they were fit for nothing better: they came glittering in the military dreſs, accoſted their old acquaintance, and invited him to a tavern, where, as I have been ſince informed, they ridiculed the meanneſs of commerce, and wondered how a youth of ſpirit could ſpend the prime of life behind a counter.

I did not ſuſpect any miſchief. I knew my ſon was never without money in his pocket, and was better able to pay his reckoning than his companions; and expected to ſee him return triumphing in his own advantages, and congratulating himſelf that he was not one of thoſe who expoſe their heads to a muſquet bullet for three ſhillings a day.

He returned ſullen and thoughtful; I ſuppoſed him ſorry for the hard fortune of his friends; and tried to comfort him, by ſaying that the war would ſoon be at an end, and that, if they had any honeſt occupation, half-pay would be a pretty help. He looked at me with indignation; and ſnatching up his candle, told me, as he went up the ſtairs, that *he hoped to ſee a battle yet.*

Why he ſhould hope to ſee a battle, I could not conceive, but let him go quietly to ſleep away his folly. Next day he made two miſtakes in the firſt bill, diſobliged a cuſtomer by ſurly anſwers, and dated all his entries in the journal in a wrong month. At night he met his military companions again, came home late, and quarrelled with the maid.

From this fatal interview he has gradually loſt all his laudable paſſions and deſires. He ſoon grew uſeleſs in the ſhop, where, indeed, I did not willingly truſt him any longer: for he often miſtook the price of goods to his own loſs, and once gave a promiſſory note inſtead of a receipt.

I did not know to what degree he was corrupted, till an honeſt taylor gave me notice that he had beſpoke a laced ſuit, which was to be left for him at a houſe kept by the ſiſter of one of my journeymen. I went to this clandeſtine lodging, and find, to my amazement, all the ornaments of a fine gentleman, which he has taken upon credit, or purchaſed with money ſubducted from the ſhop.

This detection has made him deſperate. He now openly declares his reſolution to be a gentleman; ſays that his ſoul

is

is too great for a counting-houſe; ridicules the converſation of city taverns; talks of new plays, and boxes, and ladies; gives ducheſſes for his toaſts; carries ſilver, for readineſs, in his waiſtcoat-pocket; and comes home at night in a chair with ſuch thunders at the door, as have more than once brought the watchmen from their ſtands.

Little expences will not hurt us; and I could forgive a few juvenile frolicks, if he would be careful of the main; but his favourite topick is contempt of money, which, he ſays, is of no uſe but to be ſpent. Riches, without honour, he holds empty things; and once told me to my face, that wealthy plodders were only purveyors to men of ſpirit.

He is always impatient in the company of his old friends, and ſeldom ſpeaks till he is warmed with wine; he then entertains us with accounts that we do not deſire to hear, of intrigues among lords and ladies, and quarrels between officers of the guards; ſhews a miniature on his ſnuff-box, and wonders that any man can look upon the new dancer without rapture.

All this is very provoking; and yet all this might be borne if the boy could ſupport his pretenſions. But, whatever he may think, he is yet far from the accompliſhments which he has endeavoured to purchaſe at ſo dear a rate. I have watched him in publick places. He ſneaks in like a man that knows he is where he ſhould not be; he is proud to catch the ſlighteſt ſalutation, and often claims it when it is not intended. Other men receive dignity from dreſs, but my booby looks always more meanly for his finery. Dear Mr. *Idler*, tell him what muſt at laſt become of a fop, whom pride will not ſuffer to be a trader, and whom long habits in a ſhop forbid to be a gentleman.

I am, Sir, &c.

Tim. Wainscot.

Numb. 96. Saturday, *February* 16, 1760.

HACHO, a king of *Lapland*, was in his youth the moſt renowned of the Northern warriors. His martial atchievements remain engraved on a pillar of flint in the rocks of *Hanga*, and are to this day ſolemnly carroled to the harp by the *Laplanders*, at the fires with which they celebrate their nightly feſtivities. Such was his intrepid ſpirit, that he ventured to paſs the lake *Vether* to the iſle of *Wizards*, where he deſcended alone into the dreary vault in which a magician had been kept bound for ſix ages, and read the *Gothick* characters inſcribed on his brazen mace. His eye was ſo piercing, that, as antient chronicles report, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them. At twelve years of age he carried an iron veſſel of a prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in the preſence of all the chiefs of his father's caſtle.

Nor was he leſs celebrated for his prudence and wiſdom. Two of his proverbs are yet remembered and repeated among *Laplanders*. To expreſs the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to ſay, *Odin's belt is always buckled.* To ſhew that the moſt proſperous condition of life is often hazardous, his leſſon was, *When you ſlide on the ſmootheſt ice, beware of pits beneath.* He conſoled his countrymen, when they were once preparing to leave the frozen deſarts of *Lapland*, and reſolve to ſeek ſome warmer climate, by telling them, that the Eaſtern nations, notwithſtanding their boaſted fertility, paſſed every night amidſt the horrors of anxious apprehenſion, and were inexpreſſibly affrighted, and almoſt ſtunned, every morning, with the noiſe of the ſun while he was riſing.

His temperance and ſeverity of manners were his chief praiſe. In his early years he never taſted wine; nor would he drink out of a painted cup. He conſtantly ſlept in his armour, with his ſpear in his hand; nor would he uſe a battle-axe whoſe handle was inlaid with braſs. He did not, however,

however, perſevere in this contempt of luxury; nor did he cloſe his days with honour.

One evening, after hunting the *Gulos*, or wild-dog, being bewildered in a ſolitary foreſt, and having paſſed the fatigues of the day without any interval of refreſhment, he diſcovered a large ſtore of honey in the hollow of a pine. This was a dainty which he had never taſted before; and being at once faint and hungry, he fed greedily upon it. From this unuſual and delicious repaſt he received ſo much ſatisfaction, that, at his return home, he commanded honey to be ſerved up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to loſe his native reliſh for ſimple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himſelf in delicacies; he ordered the delightful gardens of his caſtle to be thrown open, in which the moſt luſcious fruits had been ſuffered to ripen and decay, unobſerved and untouched, for many revolving autumns, and gratified his appetite with luxurious deſſerts. At length he found it expedient to introduce wine, as an agreeable improvement, or a neceſſary ingredient, to his new way of living; and having once taſted it, he was tempted, by little and little, to give a looſe to the exceſſes of intoxication. His general ſimplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments by burning the wood of the moſt aromatick fir, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the rein-deer. Indolence and effeminacy ſtole upon him by pleaſing and imperceptible gradations, relaxed the ſinews of his reſolution, and extinguiſhed his thirſt of military glory.

While *Hacho* was thus immerſed in pleaſure and in repoſe, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night, a diſaſtrous omen had been diſcovered, and that bats and hideous birds had drunk up the oil which nouriſhed the perpetual lamp in the temple of *Odin*. About the ſame time, a meſſenger arrived to tell him, that the king of *Norway* had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army. *Hacho*, terrified as he was with the omen of the night, and enervated with indulgence, rouzed himſelf from his voluptuous lethargy, and recollecting ſome faint and few ſparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the foreſt where *Hacho* had been loſt after hunting; and it ſo happened, that the king of *Norway* challenged him to ſingle combat, near the place where he had taſted the honey. The *Lapland* chief,

chief, languid and long diſuſed to arms, was ſoon overpowered; he fell to the ground; and before his inſulting adverſary ſtruck his head from his body, uttered this exclamation, which the *Laplanders* ſtill uſe as an early leſſon to their children: "The vicious man ſhould date his deſtruction from the firſt temptation. How juſtly do I fall a ſacrifice to ſloth and luxury, in the place where I firſt yielded to thoſe allurements which ſeduced me to deviate from temperance and innocence! the honey which I taſted in this foreſt, and not the hand of the king of *Norway*, conquers *Hacho*."

Numb. 97. Saturday, *February* 23, 1760.

It may, I think, be juſtly obſerved, that few books diſappoint their readers more than the narrations of travellers. One part of mankind is naturally curious to learn the ſentiments, manners, and condition of the reſt; and every mind that has leiſure or power to extend its views, muſt be deſirous of knowing in what proportion Providence has diſtributed the bleſſings of nature, or the advantages of art, among the ſeveral nations of the earth.

This general deſire eaſily procures readers to every book from which it can expect gratification. The adventurer upon unknown coaſts, and the deſcriber of diſtant regions, is always welcome as a man who has laboured for the pleaſure of others, and who is able to enlarge our knowledge and rectify our opinions; but when the volume is opened, nothing is found but ſuch general accounts as leave no diſtinct idea behind them, or ſuch minute enumerations as few can read with either profit or delight.

Every writer of travels ſhould conſider, that, like all other authors, he undertakes either to inſtruct or pleaſe, or to mingle pleaſure with inſtruction. He that inſtructs muſt

muſt offer to the mind ſomething to be imitated, or ſomething to be avoided; he that pleaſes muſt offer new images to his reader, and enable him to form a tacit compariſon of his own ſtate with that of others.

The greater part of travellers tell nothing, becauſe their method of travelling ſupplies them with nothing to be told. He that enters a town at night and ſurveys it in the morning, and then haſtens away to another place, and gueſſes at the manners of the inhabitants by the entertainment which his inn afforded him, may pleaſe himſelf for a time with a haſty change of ſcenes, and a confuſed remembrance of palaces and churches; he may gratify his eye with variety of landſcapes, and regale his palate with a ſucceſſion of vintages; but let him be contented to pleaſe himſelf without endeavouring to diſturb others. Why ſhould he record excurſions by which nothing could be learned, or wiſh to make a ſhow of knowledge, which, without ſome power of intuition unknown to other mortals, he never could attain?

Of thoſe who croud the world with their itineraries, ſome have no other purpoſe than to deſcribe the face of the country; thoſe who ſit idle at home, and are curious to know what is done or ſuffered in diſtant countries, may be informed by one of theſe wanderers, that on a certain day he ſet out early with the caravan, and in the firſt hour's march ſaw, towards the ſouth, a hill covered with trees, then paſſed over a ſtream, which ran northward with a ſwift courſe, but which is probably dry in the ſummer months; that an hour after he ſaw ſomething to the right which looked at a diſtance like a caſtle with towers, but which he diſcovered afterwards to be a craggy rock; that he then entered a valley, in which he ſaw ſeveral trees tall and flouriſhing, watered by a rivulet not marked in the maps, of which he was not able to learn the name; that the road afterwards grew ſtony, and the country uneven, where he obſerved among the hills many hollows worn by torrents, and was told that the road was paſſable only part of the year; that going on they found the remains of a building, once perhaps a fortreſs to ſecure the paſs, or to reſtrain the robbers, of which the preſent inhabitants can give no other account than that is is haunted by fairies; that they went to dine at the foot of a rock, and travelled the reſt of the day along the banks of a river, from which the road turned aſide towards evening, and brought them within ſight of a village, which was once a conſidera-

ble

ble town, but which afforded them neither good victuals nor commodious lodging.

Thus he conducts his reader through wet and dry, over rough and ſmooth, without incidents, without reflection; and, if he obtains his company for another day, will diſmiſs him again at night, equally fatigued with a like ſucceſſion of rocks and ſtreams, mountains and ruins.

This is the common ſtyle of thoſe ſons of enterprize, who viſit ſavage countries, and range through ſolitude and deſolation; who paſs a deſert, and tell that it is ſandy; who croſs a valley, and find that it is green. There are others of more delicate ſenſibility, that viſit only the realms of elegance and ſoftneſs; that wander through *Italian* palaces, and amuſe the gentle reader with catalogues of pictures; that hear maſſes in magnificent churches, and recount the number of the pillars or variegations of the pavement. And there are yet others, who, in diſdain of trifles, copy inſcriptions elegant and rude, ancient and modern; and tranſcribe into their book the walls of every edifice, ſacred or civil. He that reads theſe books muſt conſider his labour as its own reward; for he will find nothing on which attention can fix, or which memory can retain.

He that would travel for the entertainment of others, ſhould remember that the great object of remark is human life. Every nation has ſomething particular in its manufactures, its works of genius, its medicines, its agriculture, its cuſtoms, and its policy. He only is a uſeful traveller, who brings home ſomething by which his country may be benefited; who procures ſome ſupply of want, or ſome mitigation of evil, which may enable his readers to compare their condition with that of others, to improve it whenever it is worſe, and whenever it is better to enjoy it.

NUMB. 98. SATURDAY, *March* 1, 1760.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

I AM the daughter of a gentleman, who during his lifetime enjoyed a ſmall income which aroſe from a penſion from the court, by which he was enabled to live in a genteel and comfortable manner.

By the ſituation in life in which he was placed, he was frequently introduced into the company of thoſe of much greater fortunes than his own, among whom he was always received with complaiſance, and treated with civility.

At ſix years of age I was ſent to a boarding-ſchool in the country, at which I continued till my father's death. This melancholy event happened at a time when I was by no means of ſufficient age to manage for myſelf, while the paſſions of youth continued unſubdued, and before experience could guide my ſentiments or my actions.

I was then taken from ſchool by an uncle, to the care of whom my father had committed me on his dying-bed. With him I lived ſeveral years; and as he was unmarried, the management of his family was committed to me. In this character I always endeavoured to acquit myſelf, if not with applauſe, at leaſt without cenſure.

At the age of twenty-one, a young gentleman of ſome fortune paid his addreſſes to me, and offered me terms of marriage. This propoſal I ſhould readily have accepted, becauſe from vicinity of reſidence, and from many opportunities of obſerving his behaviour, I had in ſome ſort contracted an affection for him. My uncle, for what reaſon I do not know, refuſed his conſent to this alliance, though it would have been complied with by the father of the young gentleman; and as the future condition of my life was wholly dependant on him, I was not willing to diſoblige him,

him, and therefore, though unwillingly, declined the offer.

My uncle, who poſſeſſed a plentiful fortune, frequently hinted to me in converſation, that at his death I ſhould be provided for in ſuch a manner that I ſhould be able to make my future life comfortable and happy. As this promiſe was often repeated, I was the leſs anxious about any proviſion for myſelf. In a ſhort time my uncle was taken ill, and though all poſſible means were made uſe of for his recovery, in a few days he died.

The ſorrow ariſing from the loſs of a relation, by whom I had been always treated with the greateſt kindneſs, however grievous, was not the worſt of my misfortunes. As he enjoyed an almoſt uninterrupted ſtate of health, he was the leſs mindful of his diſſolution, and died inteſtate; by which means his whole fortune devolved to a nearer relation, the heir at law.

Thus excluded from all hopes of living in the manner with which I have ſo long flattered myſelf, I am doubtful what method I ſhall take to procure a decent maintenance. I have been educated in a manner that has ſet me above a ſtate of ſervitude, and my ſituation renders me unfit for the company of thoſe with whom I have hitherto converſed. But, though diſappointed in my expectations, I do not deſpair. I will hope that aſſiſtance may ſtill be obtained for innocent diſtreſs, and that friendſhip, though rare, is yet not impoſſible to be found.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

Sophia Heedfull.

Numb. 99. Saturday, *March* 8, 1760.

As *Ortogrul* of *Basra* was one day wandering along the ſtreets of *Bagdat*, muſing on the varieties of merchandiſe which the ſhops offered to his view, and obſerving the different occupations which buſied the multitudes on every ſide, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obſtructed his paſſage. He raiſed his eyes, and ſaw the chief viſier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being ſuppoſed to have ſome petition for the viſier, was permitted to enter. He ſurveyed the ſpaciouſneſs of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapeſtry, and the floors covered with ſilken carpets, and deſpiſed the ſimple neatneſs of his own little habitation.

Surely, ſaid he to himſelf, this palace is the ſeat of happineſs, where pleaſure ſucceeds to pleaſure, and diſcontent and ſorrow can have no admiſſion. Whatever Nature has provided for the delight of ſenſe, is here ſpread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the maſter of this palace has not obtained? The diſhes of Luxury cover his table, the voice of Harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of *Java*, and ſleeps upon the down of the cygnets of *Ganges*. He ſpeaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wiſhes, and his wiſh is gratified; all whom he ſees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, *Ortogrul*, is thy condition, who are doomed to the perpetual torments of unſatisfied deſire, and who haſt no amuſement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wiſe; but what does wiſdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wiſe have very little power of flattering themſelves. That man is ſurely the moſt wretched of the ſons of wretchedneſs, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and

and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes proposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of *India*, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of *Golconda*. One day after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. *Ortogrul*, said the old man, I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite mountain. *Ortogrul* looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. Now, said his father, behold the valley that lies between the hills. *Ortogrul* looked, and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. Tell me now, said his father, dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual encrease, resembling the rill gliding from the well? Let me be quickly rich, said *Ortogrul*; let the golden stream be quick and violent. Look round thee, said his father, once again. *Ortogrul* looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise, and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. *Ortogrul* heard his flatterers without delight, because he found him-

ſelf unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties, his own underſtanding reproached him with his faults. How long, ſaid he, with a deep ſigh, have I been labouring in vain to amaſs wealth which at laſt is uſeleſs! Let no man hereafter wiſh to be rich, who is already too wiſe to be flattered.

NUMB. 100. SATURDAY, *March* 15, 1760.

To the IDLER.

SIR,

THE uncertainty and defects of language have produced very frequent complaints among the learned; yet there ſtill remain many words among us undefined, which are very neceſſary to be rightly underſtood, and which produce very miſchievous miſtakes when they are erroneouſly interpreted.

I lived in a ſtate of celibacy beyond the uſual time. In the hurry firſt of pleaſure, and afterwards of buſineſs, I felt no want of a domeſtick companion; but becoming weary of labour, I ſoon grew more weary of idleneſs, and thought it reaſonable to follow the cuſtom of life, and to ſeek ſome ſolace of my cares in female tenderneſs, and ſome amuſement of my leiſure in female chearfulneſs.

The choice which has been long delayed is commonly made at laſt with great caution. My reſolution was, to keep my paſſions neutral, and to marry only in compliance with my reaſon. I drew upon a page of my pocket-book a ſcheme of all female virtues and vices, with the vices which border upon every virtue, and the virtues which are allied to every vice. I conſidered that wit was ſarcaſtick, and magnanimity imperious; that avarice was œconomical, and

and ignorance obſequious; and having eſtimated the good and evil of every quality, employed my own diligence, and that of my friends, to find the lady in whom nature and reaſon had reached that happy mediocrity which is equally remote from exuberance and deficience.

Every woman had her admirers and her cenſurers; and the expectations which one raiſed were by another quickly depreſſed: yet there was one in whoſe favour almoſt all ſuffrages concurred. Miſs *Gentle* was univerſally allowed to be a good ſort of woman. Her fortune was not large, but ſo prudently managed, that ſhe wore finer clothes, and ſaw more company, than many who were known to be twice as rich. Miſs *Gentle's* viſits were every where welcome; and whatever family ſhe favoured with her company, ſhe always left behind her ſuch a degree of kindneſs as recommended her to others. Every day extended her acquaintance; and all who knew her declared that they never met with a better ſort of woman.

To Miſs *Gentle* I made my addreſſes, and was received with great equality of temper. She did not in the days of courtſhip aſſume the privilege of impoſing rigorous commands, or reſenting ſlight offences. If I forgot any of her injunctions, I was gently reminded; if I miſſed the minute of appointment, I was eaſily forgiven. I foreſaw nothing in marriage but a halcyon calm, and longed for the happineſs which was to be found in the inſeparable ſociety of a good ſort of woman.

The jointure was ſoon ſettled by the intervention of friends, and the day came in which Miſs *Gentle* was made mine for ever. The firſt month was paſſed eaſily enough in receiving and repaying the civilities of our friends. The bride practiſed with great exactneſs all the niceties of ceremony, and diſtributed her notice in the moſt punctilious proportions to the friends who ſurrounded us with their happy auguries.

But the time ſoon came when we were left to ourſelves, and were to receive our pleaſures from each other, and I then began to perceive that I was not formed to be much delighted by a good ſort of woman. Her great principle is, that the orders of a family muſt not be broken. Every hour of the day has its employment inviolably appropriated; nor will any importunity perſuade her to walk in the garden at the time which ſhe has devoted to her needlework, or to ſit up ſtairs in that part of the forenoon which ſhe has ac-

cuſtomed herſelf to ſpend in the back parlour. She allows herſelf to ſit half an hour after breakfaſt, and an hour after dinner; while I am talking or reading to her, ſhe keeps her eye upon her watch, and when the minute of departure comes, will leave an argument unfiniſhed, or the intrigue of a play unraveled. She once called me to ſupper when I was watching an eclipſe, and ſummoned me at another time to bed when I was going to give directions at a fire.

Her converſation is ſo habitually cautious, that ſhe never talks to me but in general terms, as to one whom it is dangerous to truſt. For diſcriminations of character ſhe has no names: all whom ſhe mentions are honeſt men and agreeable women. She ſmiles not by ſenſation, but by practice. Her laughter is never excited but by a joke, and her notion of a joke is not very delicate. The repetition of a good joke does not weaken its effect; if ſhe has laughed once, ſhe will laugh again.

She is an enemy to nothing but ill-nature and pride; but ſhe has frequent reaſon to lament that they are ſo frequent in the world. All who are not equally pleaſed with the good and bad, with the elegant and groſs, with the witty and the dull, all who diſtinguiſh excellence from defect, ſhe conſiders as ill-natured; and ſhe condemns as proud all who repreſs impertinence or quell preſumption, or expect reſpect from any other eminence than that of fortune, to which ſhe is always willing to pay homage.

There are none whom ſhe openly hates; for if once ſhe ſuffers, or believes herſelf to ſuffer, any contempt or inſult, ſhe never diſmiſſes it from her mind, but takes all opportunities to tell how eaſily ſhe can forgive. There are none whom ſhe loves much better than others; for when any of her acquaintance decline in the opinion of the world, ſhe always finds it inconvenient to viſit them; her affection continues unaltered, but it is impoſſible to be intimate with the whole town.

She daily exerciſes her benevolence by pitying every miſfortune that happens to every family within her circle of notice; ſhe is in hourly terrors leſt one ſhould catch cold in the rain, and another be frighted by the high wind. Her charity ſhe ſhews by lamenting that ſo many poor wretches ſhould languiſh in the ſtreets, and by wondering what the great can think on that they do ſo little good with ſuch large eſtates.

Her

Her houſe is elegant and her table dainty, though ſhe has little taſte of elegance, and is wholly free from vicious luxury; but ſhe comforts herſelf that nobody can ſay that her houſe is dirty, or that her diſhes are not well dreſt.

This, Mr. *Idler*, I have found by long experience to be the character of a good ſort of woman, which I have ſent you for the information of thoſe by whom *a good ſort of woman* and *a good woman*, may happen to be uſed as equivalent terms, and who may ſuffer by the miſtake, like

Your humble ſervant,

TIM. WARNER.

NUMB. 101. SATURDAY, *March* 22, 1760.

OMAR, the ſon of *Huſſan*, had paſſed ſeventy-five years in honour and proſperity. The favour of three ſucceſſive califs had filled his houſe with gold and ſilver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his paſſage.

Terreſtrial happineſs is of ſhort continuance. The brightneſs of the flame is waſting its fuel; the fragrant flower is paſſing away in its own odours. The vigour of *Omar* began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, ſtrength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the calif the keys of truſt and the ſeals of ſecrecy; and ſought no other pleaſure for the remains of life than the converſe of the wiſe, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by viſitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. *Caled*, the ſon of the viceroy of *Egypt*, entered ever day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent;

Omar

Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. Tell me, said *Caled*, thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of *Asia*, tell me how I may resemble *Omar* the prudent. The arts by which you have gained power and preserved it, are to you no longer necessary or useful; impart to me the secret of your conduct, and teach me the plan upon which your wisdom has built your fortune.

Young man, said *Omar*, it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head: Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining: ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendship. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy through the rest of my life in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself. I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten track of life, but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the *Houries*, and wise as *Zobeide*; with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of *Bagdat*, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation, and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, that I will never depend upon the smile of princes; that I will never stand exposed to the artifices of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly upon my memory.

The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge; and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour and the most engaging pleasure; yet day stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and left nothing

thing behind them. I now poſtponed my purpoſe of travelling; for why ſhould I go abroad while ſo much remained to be learned at home? I immured myſelf for four years, and ſtudied the laws of the empire. The fame of my ſkill reached the judges; I was found able to ſpeak upon doubtful queſtions, and was commanded to ſtand at the foot-ſtool of the calif. I was heard with attention, I was conſulted with confidence, and the love of praiſe faſtened on my heart.

I ſtill wiſhed to ſee diſtant countries, liſtened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and reſolved ſome time to aſk my diſmiſſion, that I might feaſt my ſoul with novelty; but my preſence was always neceſſary, and the ſtream of buſineſs hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid leſt I ſhould be charged with ingratitude; but I ſtill propoſed to travel, and therefore would not confine myſelf by marriage.

In my fiftieth year I began to ſuſpect that the time of travelling was paſt, and thought it beſt to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myſelf in domeſtick pleaſures. But at fifty no man eaſily finds a woman beautiful as the *Houries*, and wiſe as *Zobeide*. I enquired and rejected, conſulted and deliberated, till the ſixty-ſecond year made me aſhamed of gazing upon girls. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till diſeaſe forced me from publick employment.

Such was my ſcheme, and ſuch has been its conſequence. With an inſatiable thirſt for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a reſtleſs deſire of ſeeing different countries, I have always reſided in the ſame city; with the higheſt expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable reſolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of *Bagdat*.

NUMB.

NUMB. 102. SATURDAY, *March* 29, 1760.

IT very ſeldom happens to man that his buſineſs is his pleaſure. What is done from neceſſity is ſo often to be done when againſt the preſent inclination, and ſo often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual diſlike ſteals upon us, and we ſhrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our taſk. This is the reaſon why almoſt every one wiſhes to quit his employment; he does not like another ſtate, but is diſguſted with his own.

From this unwillingneſs to perform more than is required of that which is commonly performed with reluctance, it proceeds that few authors write their own lives. Stateſmen, courtiers, ladies, generals, and ſeamen, have given to the world their own ſtories, and the events with which their different ſtations have made them acquainted. They retired to the cloſet as to a place of quiet and amuſement, and pleaſed themſelves with writing, becauſe they could lay down the pen whenever they were weary. But the author, however conſpicuous, or however important, either in the publick eye or in his own, leaves his life to be related by his ſucceſſors, for he cannot gratify his vanity but by ſacrificing his eaſe.

It is commonly ſuppoſed that the uniformity of a ſtudious life affords no matter for narration; but the truth is, that of the moſt ſtudious life a great part paſſes without ſtudy. An author partakes of the common condition of humanity; he is born and married like another man; he has hopes and fears, expectations and diſappointments, griefs and joys, and friends and enemies, like a courtier or a ſtateſman; nor can I conceive why his affairs ſhould not excite curioſity as much as the whiſper of a drawing-room, or the factions of a camp.

Nothing

Nothing detains the reader's attention more powerfully than deep involutions of diſtreſs, or ſudden viciſſitudes of fortune; and theſe might be abundantly afforded by memoirs of the ſons of literature. They are intangled by contracts which they know not how to fulfil, and obliged to write on ſubjects which they do not underſtand. Every publication is a new period of time, from which ſome increaſe or declenſion of fame is to be reckoned. The gradations of a hero's life are from battle to battle, and of an author's from book to book.

Succeſs and miſcarriage have the ſame effects in all conditions. The proſperous are feared, hated, and flattered; and the unfortunate avoided, pitied, and deſpiſed. No ſooner is a book publiſhed than the writer may judge of the opinion of the world. If his acquaintance preſs round him in publick places, or ſalute him from the other ſide of the ſtreet; if invitations to dinner come thick upon him, and thoſe with whom he dines keep him to ſupper; if the ladies turn to him when his coat is plain, and the footmen ſerve him with attention and alacrity; he may be ſure that his work has been praiſed by ſome leader of literary faſhions.

Of declining reputation the ſymptoms are not leſs eaſily obſerved. If the author enters a coffee-houſe, he has a box to himſelf; if he calls at a bookſeller's, the boy turns his back; and, what is the moſt fatal of all prognoſticks, authors will viſit him in a morning, and talk to him hour after hour of the malevolence of criticks, the neglect of merit, the bad taſte of the age, and the candour of poſterity.

All this, modified and varied by accident and cuſtom, would form very amuſing ſcenes of biography, and might recreate many a mind which is very little delighted with conſpiracies or battles, intrigues of a court, or debates of a parliament; to this might be added all the changes of the countenance of a patron, traced from the firſt glow which flattery raiſes in his cheek, through ardour of fondneſs, vehemence of promiſe, magnificence of praiſe, excuſe of delay, and lamentation of inability, to the laſt chill look of final diſmiſſion, when the one grows weary of ſoliciting, and the other of hearing ſolicitation.

Thus copious are the materials which have been hitherto ſuffered to lie neglected, while the repoſitories of every family that has produced a ſoldier or a miniſter are ran-

ſacked,

ſacked, and libraries are crowded with uſeleſs folios of ſtate papers, which will never be read, and which contribute nothing to valuable knowledge.

I hope the learned will be taught to know their own ſtrength and their value, and, inſtead of devoting their lives to the honour of thoſe who ſeldom thank them for their labours, reſolve at laſt to do juſtice to themſelves.

Numb. 103. Saturday, *April* 5, 1760.

Reſpicere ad longæ juſſit ſpatia ultima vitæ. Juv.

MUCH of the pain and pleaſure of mankind ariſes from the conjectures which every one makes of the thoughts of others; we all enjoy praiſe which we do not hear, and reſent contempt which we do not ſee. The *Idler* may therefore be forgiven, if he ſuffers his imagination to repreſent to him what his readers will ſay or think when they are informed that they have now his laſt paper in their hands.

Value is more frequently raiſed by ſcarcity than by uſe. That which lay neglected when it was common, riſes in eſtimation as its quantity becomes leſs. We ſeldom learn the true want of what we have till it is diſcovered that we can have no more.

This eſſay will, perhaps, be read with care even by thoſe who have not yet attended to any other; and he that finds this late attention recompenſed, will not forbear to wiſh that he had beſtowed it ſooner.

Though the *Idler* and his readers have contracted no cloſe friendſhip, they are perhaps both unwilling to part. There are few things not purely evil, of which we can ſay, without ſome emotion of uneaſineſs, *this is the laſt.* Thoſe who never could agree together, ſhed tears when mutual diſcontent

discontent has determined them to final separation; of a place which has been frequently visited, though without pleasure, the last look is taken with heaviness of heart; and the *Idler*, with all his chillness of tranquillity, is not wholly unaffected by the thought that his last essay is now before him.

This secret horror of the last is inseparable from a thinking being, whose life is limited, and to whom death is dreadful. We always make a secret comparison between a part and the whole; the termination of any period of life reminds us that life itself has likewise its termination; when we have done any thing for the last time, we involuntarily reflect that a part of the days allotted us is past, and that as more is past there is less remaining.

It is very happily and kindly provided, that in every life there are certain pauses and interruptions, which force consideration upon the careless, and seriousness upon the light; points of time where one course of action ends, and another begins; and by vicissitudes of fortune, or alteration of employment, by change of place, or loss of friendship, we are forced to say of something, *this is the last*.

An even and unvaried tenour of life always hides from our apprehension the approach of its end. Succession is not perceived but by variation; he that lives to-day as he lived yesterday, and expects that as the present day is such will be the morrow, easily conceives time as running in a circle and returning to itself. The uncertainty of our duration is impressed commonly by dissimilitude of condition; it is only by finding life changeable that we are reminded of its shortness.

This conviction, however forcible at every new impression, is every moment fading from the mind; and partly by the inevitable incursion of new images, and partly by voluntary exclusion of unwelcome thoughts, we are again exposed to the universal fallacy; and we must do another thing for the last time, before we consider that the time is nigh when we shall do no more.

As the last *Idler* is published in that solemn week which the Christian world has always set apart for the examination of the conscience, the review of life, the extinction of earthly desires, and the renovation of holy purposes; I hope that my readers are already disposed to view every incident with seriousness, and improve it by meditation; and that, when they see this series of trifles brought to a conclusion,

cluſion, they will conſider that by outliving the *Idler*, they have paſſed weeks, months, and years, which are now no longer in their power; that an end muſt in time be put to every thing great as to every thing little; that to life muſt come its laſt hour, and to this ſyſtem of being its laſt day, the hour at which probation ceaſes, and repentance will be vain; the day in which every work of the hand, and imagination of the heart, ſhall be brought to judgement, and an everlaſting futurity ſhall be determined by the paſt.

PREFACE

PREFACE*

TO

An ESSAY on MILTON's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his PARADISE LOST.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR MDCCL.]

IT is now more than half a century ſince the PARADISE LOST having broke through the clouds with which the unpopularity of the author, for a time, obſcured it, has attracted the general admiration of mankind; who have endeavoured to compenſate the error of their firſt neglect, by laviſh praiſes and boundleſs veneration. There ſeems to have ariſen a conteſt, among men of genius and literature, who ſhould moſt advance its honour, or beſt diſtinguiſh its beauties. Some have reviſed editions, others have publiſhed commentaries, and all have endeavoured to make their particular ſtudies in ſome degree, ſubſervient to this general emulation.

Among the inquiries to which this ardour of criticiſm has naturally given occaſion, none is more obſcure in itſelf, or more worthy of rational curioſity, than a retroſpection of the progreſs of this mighty genius, in the conſtruction of his work; a view of the fabric gradually riſing, perhaps from ſmall beginnings, till its foundation reſts in the centre, and its turrets ſparkle in the ſkies; to trace back the ſtructure, through all its varieties, to the ſimplicity of its firſt plan; to find what was firſt projected, whence the ſcheme was taken, how it was improved, by what aſſiſtance it was executed,

" * It is to be hoped, nay, it is *expected*, that the elegant and nervous " writer, whoſe judicious ſentiments, and inimitable ſtile points out the " author of *Lauder*'s Preface and Poſtſcript, will no longer allow one to " *plume himſelf with his feathers*, who appears ſo little to have deſerved his " aſſiſtance; an aſſiſtance which I am perſuaded would never have been " communicated, had there been the leaſt ſuſpicion of thoſe facts which I " have been the inſtrument of conveying to the world in theſe ſheets."—*Milton vindicated from the charge of plagiariſm brought againſt him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himſelf convicted of ſeveral forgeries and groſs impoſitions on the public. By John Douglas, M. A. Rector of Eaton Conſtantine, Salop*, 8vo. 1751, p. 77.

executed, and from what ſtores the materials were collected, whether its founder dug them from the quarries of nature, or demoliſhed other buildings to embelliſh his own.

This enquiry has been, indeed, not wholly neglected, nor, perhaps, proſecuted with the care and diligence that it deſerves. Several critics have offered their conjectures; but none have much endeavoured to enforce or aſcertain them. * Mr. Voltaire tells us, without proof, that the firſt hint of Paradise Lost was taken from a farce called Adamo, written by a player; † Dr. Pearce, that it was derived from an Italian tragedy, called Il Paradiso Perso; and ‡ Mr. Peck, that it was borrowed from a wild romance. Any of theſe conjectures may poſſibly be true, but, as they ſtand without ſufficient proof, it muſt be granted, likewiſe, that they may all poſſibly be falſe; at leaſt they cannot preclude any other opinion, which without argument has the ſame claim to credit, and may perhaps be ſhewn, by reſiſtleſs evidence, to be better founded.

It is related, by ſteady and uncontroverted tradition, that the Paradise Lost was at firſt a Tragedy, and, therefore, among tragedies, the firſt hint is properly to be ſought. In a manuſcript, publiſhed from Milton's own hand, among a great number of ſubjects for tragedy, is Adam unparadised, or Adam in exile; and this therefore, may be juſtly ſuppoſed the embryo of this great poem. As it is obſervable, that all theſe ſubjects had been treated by others, the manuſcript can be ſuppoſed nothing more, than a memorial or catalogue of plays, which for ſome reaſon, the writer thought worthy of his attention. When, therefore, I had obſerved, that Adam in exile was named amongſt them, I doubted not but, in finding the original of that tragedy, I ſhould diſcloſe the genuine ſource of Paradise Lost. Nor was my expectation diſappointed; for, having procured the adamus exul of Grotius, I found, or imagined myſelf to find, the firſt draught, the prima stamina of this wonderful poem.

Having thus traced the original of this work, I was naturally induced to continue my ſearch to the collateral Relations,

* Eſſay upon the Civil Wars of France, and alſo upon the Epic Poetry of the European Nations, from Homer down to Milton, 8vo. 1727, p. 103. E.

† Preface to a Review of the Text of the Twelve Books of Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, in which the chief of Dr. Bentley's Emendations are conſidered, 8vo. 1733. E.

‡ New memoirs of Mr. John Milton. By Francis Peck, 4to. 1740, p. 52. E.

RELATIONS, which it might be ſuppoſed to have contracted, in its progreſs to MATURITY: and having, at leaſt, perſuaded my own judgment, that the ſearch has not been intirely ineffectual, I now lay the reſult of my labours before the public; with full conviction, that in queſtions of this kind, the world cannot be MISTAKEN, at leaſt cannot long continue in error.

I cannot avoid acknowledging the CANDOUR of the author of that excellent monthly book, the GENTLEMAN's MAGAZINE, in giving admiſſion to the ſpecimens in favour of this argument; and his IMPARTIALITY in as freely inſerting the ſeveral anſwers. I ſhall here ſubjoin ſome EXTRACTS from the xviith volume of this work, which I think ſuitable to my purpoſe. To which I have added, in order to obviate every pretence for cavil, a LIST of the authors quoted in the following ESSAY, with their reſpective DATES, in compariſon with the DATE of PARADISE LOST.

POSTSCRIPT.

WHEN this eſſay was almoſt finiſhed, the ſplendid Edition of PARADISE LOST, ſo long promiſed by the reverend Dr. *Newton*, fell into my hands; of which I had, however, ſo little uſe, that as it would be injuſtice to cenſure, it would be flattery to commend it: and I ſhould have totally forborn the mention of a book that I have not read, had not one paſſage, at the concluſion of the life of MILTON, excited in me too much pity and indignation to be ſuppreſſed in ſilence.

"Deborah, MILTON's youngeſt daughter," ſays the Editor, "was married to Mr. Abraham Clarke, a weaver, "in Spitalfields, and died in Auguſt, 1727, in the 76th "year of her age. She had ten children. Elizabeth, the "youngeſt, was married to Mr. Thomas Foſter, a weaver, "in Spitalfields, and had ſeven children, who are all dead, "and ſhe herſelf is aged about *ſixty*, and *weak* and *infirm*. "She ſeemeth to be a *good plain ſenſible woman*, and "has confirmed ſeveral particulars related above, and "informed me of ſome others, which ſhe had often heard "from her mother." Theſe the Doctor enumerates, and then adds, "In all probability MILTON's whole family will "be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. "And ſuch is the caprice of fortune, this grand-daughter "of a man, who will be an everlaſting glory to the nation,

"has

" has now for ſome years, with her huſband, kept a little " chandler's or grocer's ſhop, for their ſubſiſtence, lately at " the lower Holloway in the road between Highgate and " London, and at preſent in Cock-lane, not far from " Shoreditch church."

That this relation is true cannot be queſtioned: but, ſurely, the honour of letters, the dignity of ſacred poetry, the ſpirit of the Engliſh nation, and the glory of human nature, require—that it ſhould be true no longer.—In an age, in which ſtatues are erected to the honour of this great writer, in which his effigy has been diffuſed on medals, and his work propagated by tranſlations, and illuſtrated by commentaries; in an age, which amidſt all its vices, and all its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity: it may be, ſurely, allowed to hope, that the living remains of MILTON will be no longer ſuffered to languiſh in diſtreſs. It is yet in the power of a great people, to reward the poet whoſe name they boaſt, and from their alliance to whoſe genius, they claim ſome kind of ſuperiority to every other nation of the earth; that poet, whoſe works may poſſibly be read when every other monument of Britiſh greatneſs ſhall be obliterated; to reward him—not with pictures, or with medals, which, if he ſees, he ſees with contempt, but—with tokens of gratitude, which he, perhaps, may even now conſider as not unworthy the regard of an immortal ſpirit. And ſurely, to thoſe, who refuſe their names to no other ſcheme of expence, it will not be unwelcome, that a SUBSCRIPTION is propoſed, for relieving, in the languor of age, the pains of diſeaſe, and the contempt of poverty, the grand-daughter of the author of PARADISE LOST. Nor can it be queſtioned, that if I, who have been marked out as the ZOILUS of MILTON, think this regard due to his poſterity, the deſign will be warmly ſeconded by thoſe, whoſe lives have been employed, in diſcovering his excellencies, and extending his reputation.

Subſcriptions
For the relief of
Mrs. ELIZABETH FOSTER,
Grand-daughter to JOHN MILTON,
are taken in by

Mr. Dodſley, in Pall-Mall;
Meſſrs. Cox and Collings, under the Royal Exchange;
Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; and,
Meſſrs. Payne and Bouquet, in Pater-noſter-Row.

A LET-

A

LETTER

TO THE

REV. MR. DOUGLAS,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS VINDICATION OF MILTON.

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED,

SEVERAL CURIOUS ORIGINAL LETTERS,

FROM THE AUTHORS OF THE UNIVERSAL HISTORY, MR. AINSWORTH, MR. MACLAURIN, &c.

By WILLIAM LAUDER, A. M.

Quem penitet peccasse pæne est innocens. SENECA.

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse Leoni,
Pugna suum finem, quum jacet hostis, habet. OVID.

——Prætuli Clementiam
Juris Rigori.—— GROTII Adamus Exul.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

Of this pamphlet Mr. Lauder gives the following account: "An ingenious gentleman (for whose amazing abilities I had conceived the highest veneration, and in whose candour and friendship I reposed the most implicit and unlimited confidence) advised me to make an unreserved disclosure of all the lines I had interpolated against Milton, with this view, chiefly, that no future critics might ever have an opportunity of valuing themselves upon small discoveries of a few lines, which would serve to revive my error, and keep the controversy eternally alive.

"With this expedient I then chearfully complied, when that gentleman wrote for me the letter that was published in my name to Mr. Douglas, in which he committed one error that proved fatal to me, and at the same time injurious to the public. For, in place of acknowledging that such and such particular passages only were interpolated, he gave up the whole Essay against Milton as delusion and misrepresentation, and thereby imposed more grievously on the public than I had done, and that too in terms much more submissive and abject than the nature of the offence required.

"Though this letter, in many respects, contained not my sentiments, as plainly appears from the contradictory Postscript subjoined to it; yet such was my infatuation at that time, and implicit confidence in my friend, that I suffered it to be printed in my name, though I was previously informed by one of the greatest men of the age of its hurtful tendency, which I have since fully experienced to my cost.

"That the gentleman meant to serve me, and was really of opinion that the method he proposed might probably prove effectual for rescuing me from the odium of the public, and in some measure restoring my character to the honour it had lost, I was then disposed to believe. His repeated acts of friendship to me on former occasions, in conjunction with a reputation universally established for candour and integrity, left me little room to doubt it: though it is certainly a most preposterous method for a criminal, in order to obtain pardon for one act of felony, to confess himself guilty of a thousand. However, I cannot but condemn myself for placing so implicit a confidence in the judgment of any man, how great or good soever, as to suffer his mistakes to be given to the public as my opinion." *King Charles vindicated from the charge of plagiarism, brought against him by Milton, and Milton himself convicted of forgery and a gross imposition on the public*, 8vo. 1754. p. 3. E.

TO THE

REV. MR. DOUGLAS.

SIR,

CANDOUR and tenderneſs are in any relation, and on all occaſions, eminently amiable; but when they are found in an adverſary, and found ſo prevalent as to over-power that zeal which his cauſe excites, and that heat which naturally increaſes in the proſecution of argument, and which may be in a great meaſure juſtified by the love of truth, they certainly appear with particular advantages; and it is impoſſible not to envy thoſe who poſſeſs the friendſhip of him, whom it is even ſome degree of good fortune to have known as an enemy.

I will not ſo far diſſemble my weakneſs, or my fault, as not to confeſs that my wiſh was to have paſſed undetected; but ſince it has been my fortune to fail in my original deſign, to have the ſuppoſititious paſſages which I have inſerted in my quotations made known to the world, and the ſhade which began to gather on the ſplendour of *Milton* totally diſperſed, I cannot but count it an alleviation of my pain, that I have been defeated by a man who knows how to uſe advantages with ſo much moderation, and can enjoy the honour of conqueſt without the inſolence of triumph.

It was one of the maxims of the *Spartans*, not to preſs upon a flying army, and therefore their enemies were always ready to quit to field, becauſe they knew the danger was only in oppoſing. The civility with which you have thought proper to treat me, when you had inconteſtable ſuperiority, has inclined me to make your victory complete, without any

further ſtruggle, and not only publicly to acknowledge the truth of the charge which you have hitherto advanced, but to confeſs, without the leaſt diſſimulation, ſubterfuge, or concealment, every other interpolation I have made in thoſe authors, which you have not yet had opportunity to examine.

On the ſincerity and punctuality of this confeſſion, I am willing to depend for all the future regard of mankind, and cannot but indulge ſome hopes, that they whom my offence has alienated from me, may, by this inſtance of ingenuity and repentance, be propitiated and reconciled. Whatever be the event, I ſhall at leaſt have done all that can be done in reparation of my former injuries to *Milton*, to truth, and to mankind, and entreat that thoſe who ſhall continue implacable, will examine their own hearts, whether they have not committed equal crimes without equal proofs of ſorrow, or equal acts of atonement *.

Passages interpolated in Masenius.

The word *pandæmonium* in the marginal notes of Book I. Eſſay, page 10.

Citation VI. Eſſay, page 38.

Adnuit ipſa dolo, malumque (heu! longa dolendi
Materies! & triſte nefas!) veſana momordit
Tanti ignara mali. Mora nulla, ſolutus Avernus
Exſpuit infandas acies; fractumque remugit
Divulſa compage ſolum: Nabathæa receptum
Regna dedere ſonum, Pharioque in littore Nereus
Territus erubuit: ſimul adgemuere dolentes
Heſperiæ valles, libyæque calentis arenæ
Exarſere procul. Stupefacta Lycaonis urſa
Conſtitit, & pavido riguit glacialis in axe:
Omnis cardinibus ſubmotus inhorruit orbis;
Angeli hoc efficiunt, cœleſtia juſſa ſecuti.

Citation

* The interpolations are diſtinguiſhed by *Italick* characters.

CITATION VII. Essay, page 41.

Illa quidem fugiens, sparsis per terga capillis,
Ora rigat lacrimis, & cœlum questibus implet:
Talia voce rogans. Magni Deus arbiter orbis!
Qui rerum momenta tenes, solusque futuri
Præscius, elapsique memor; quem terra potentem
Imperio, cœlique tremunt; quem dite superbus
Horrescit Phlegethon, pavidoque furore verctur:
En! Styge crudeli premimur. Laxantur hiatus
Tartarei, dirusque solo dominatur Avernus,
Infernique canes populantur cuncta creata,
Et manes violant superos: discrimina rerum
Sustulit Antitheus, divumque oppressit honorem.
Respice Sarcotheam: nimis, heu! decepta momordit
Infaustas epulas, nosque omnes prodidit hosti.

CITATION VIII. Essay, page 42, the whole passage.

Quadrupedi pugnat quadrupes, volucrique volucris;
Et piscis cum pisce ferox hostilibus armis
Prælia sæva gerit: jam pristina pabula spernunt,
Jam tondere piget viridantes gramine campos:
Alterum & alterius vivunt animalia letho:
Prisca nec in gentem humanam reverentia durat;
Sed fugiunt, vel si sæterant fera bella minantur
Fronte truci, torvosque oculos jaculantur in illam.

CITATION IX. Essay, page 43.

Vatibus antiquis numerantur lumine cassis,
Tiresias, *Phineus*, Thamyrisque, & magnus Homerus.

The above passage stands thus in *Masenius*, in one line,

Tiresias cœcus, Thamyrisque, & Daphnis, Homerus.

N. B. The verse now cited is in *Masenius*'s Poems, but not in the *Sarcotis*.

CITATION

CITATION X. Essay, page 46.

In medio, turmas inter provectus ovantes
Cernitur Antitheus, reliquis hic altior unus
Eminet, & circum vulgus despectat inane:
Frons nebulis obscura latet, torvumque furorem
Dissimulat, fidæ tectus velamine noctis:
Persimilis turri præcelsæ, aut montibus altis
Antiquæ cedro, nudatæ frondis honore.

Passages interpolated in *Grotius.*

CITATION I. Essay, page 55.

Sacri tonantis hostis, exsul patriæ
Cœlestis adsum; tartari tristem specum
Fugiens, & atram noctis æternæ plagam.
Hac spe, quod unum maximum fugio malum,
Superos videbo. Fallor? an certé meo
Concussa tellus tota trepidat pondere?
Quid dico? Tellus? Orcus & pedibus tremit.

CITATION II. Essay, page 58, the whole passage.

Nam, me judice,
Regnare dignum est ambitu, etsi in Tartaro;
Alto præesse Tartaro siquidem juvat,
Cœlis quam in ipsis servi obire munia.

CITATION IV. Essay, page 61, the whole passage.

Innominata quæque nominibus suis,
Libet vocare propriis vocabulis.

CITATION V. Essay, page 63.

Terrestris orbis rector! & princeps freti!
Cœli solique soboles; ætherium genus!
Adame! dextram liceat amplecti tuam!

CITATION VI. Essay, *ibid.*

Quod illud animal, tramite obliquo means,
Ad me volutum flexili serpit viâ?

Sibila

Sibila retorquet ora ſetoſum caput
Triſidamque linguam vibrat : oculi ardent duo,
Carbunculorum luce certantes rubrâ.

CITATION VII. Eſſay, page 65, the whole paſſage.

——————— *Nata deo! atque homine ſata!*
Regina mundi! eademque interitus inſcia!
Cunctis colenda! ———————

CITATION VIII. Eſſay, page 66, the whole paſſage.

Rationis etenim omnino paritas exigit,
Ego bruta quando beſtia evaſi loquens;
Ex homine, qualis ante, te fieri Deam.

CITATION IX. Eſſay, *ibid.*

Per ſancta thalami ſacra, per jus nominis
Quodcumque noſtri : ſive me natam vocas,
Ex te creatam; ſive communi patre
Ortam, ſororem; ſive portius conjugem :
Caſſam, oro dulci luminis jubare tui
Ne me relinquas : nunc tuo auxilio eſt opus,
Cum verſa ſors eſt. Unicum lapſæ mihi
Firmamen, unam ſpem gravi adflictæ malo,
Te mihi reſerva, dum licet mortalium
Ne tota ſoboles pereat unius nece :
Tibi nam relicta, quò petam? aut ævum exigam?

CITATION X. Eſſay, page 67, the whole paſſage.

Tu namque ſoli numini contrarius,
Minus es nocivus; aſt ego nocentior,
(Adeoque miſera magis, quippe miſeriæ comes
Origoque ſcelus, eſt, lurida mater male!)
Deumque læſi ſcelere, teque, vir! ſimul.

CITATION XI. Eſſay, page 68, the whole paſſage.

Quod comedo, poto, gigno, diris ſubjacet.

Interpolation

Interpolation in *Ramsay*.

CITATION VI. Essay, page 88.

O judex! nova me facies inopinaque terret;
Me maculæ turpes, nudæque in corpore sordes,
Et cruciant duris exercita pectora pœnis:
Me ferus horror agit. Mihi non vernantia prata,
Non vitrei fontes, cœli non aurea templa,
Nec sunt grata mihi sub utroque jacentia sole:
Judicis ora Dei sic terrent, lancinat ægrum
Sic pectus mihi noxa. O si mî abrumpere vitam,
Et detur pœnam quovis evadere letho!
Ipsa parens utinam mihi tellus ima dehiscat!
Ad piceas trudarque umbras, atque infera regna!
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam!
Montibus aut premar injectis, cœlique ruina!
Ante tuos vultus, tua quam flammantiaque ora
Suspiciam, caput objectem & cœlestibus armis!

Interpolations in *Staphorstius*.

CITATION III. Essay, page 104.

Fœdus in humanis fragili quod sanctius ævo!
Firmius & melius, quod magnificentius, ac quam
Conjugii, sponsi sponsæque jugalia sacra!
Auspice te fugiens alieni subcuba lecti,
Dira libido hominum tota de gente repulsa est:
Ac tantum gregibus pecudum ratione carentum
Imperat, & sine lege tori furibunda vagatur.
Auspice te, quam jura probant, rectumque, piumque,
Filius atque pater, fraterque innotuit; & quot
Vincula vicini sociarunt sanguinis, a te
Nominibus didicêre suam distinguere gentem.

CITATION VI. Essay, page 109.

Cœlestes animæ! sublimia templa tenentes,
Laudibus adcumulate deum super omnia magnum!—
Tu quoque nunc animi vis tota ac maxuma nostri!

Tota

Tota tui in Domini grates diſſolvere laudes!
Aurorâ redeunte novâ, redeuntibus umbris.
Immenſum! auguſtum! verum! inſcrutabile numen!
Summe Deus! ſoboleſque Dei! conſorſque duorum,
Spiritus! æternas retines, bone rector! habenas,
Per mare, per terras, cœloſque, atque unus Jhova
Exiſtens, celebrabo tuas, memorique ſonabo
Organico plectro laudes. Te pectore amabo,
Te primum, & medium, & ſummum, ſed fine carentem,
O miris mirande modis! ter maxime rerum!
Colluſtrat terras dum lumine Titan Eoo!

Interpolation in *Fox*. Eſſay, page 116.

Tu Pſychephone
Hypocriſis eſto, hoc ſub Franciſci pallio.
Tu Thanate, Martyromaſtix re & nomine ſies.

Altered thus,

Tu Pſychephone!
Hypocriſis eſto; hoc ſub Franciſci pallio,
Quo tutò tecti ſeſe credunt emori.

Interpolation in *Quintianus*. Eſſay, page 117.

Mic. Cur huc procaci veneris curſu refer?
Manere ſi quis in ſua poteſt domo,
Habitare numquam curet alienas domos,
Luc. Quis non, relictâ Tartari nigri domo,
Veniret? Illic ſumma tenebrarum lues,
Ubi pedor ingens redolet extremum ſitum.
Hic autem amoena regna, & dulcis quies;
Ubi ſerenus ridet æternùm dies.
Mutare facile * eſt pondus immenſum levi,
Summos dolores maximiſque gaudiis.

Interpolation in *Beza*. Eſſay, page 119.

Stygemque teſtor, & profunda Tartari,
Niſi impediret livor, & queis proſequor

Odia

* For *facile*, the word *volupe* was ſubſtituted in the Eſſay.

Odia ſupremum numen, atque hominum genus,
Pietate motus hinc patris, & hinc filii,
Poſſem parenti condolere & filio,
Quaſi exuiſſem omnem malitiam ex pectore.

Interpolation in *Fletcher*. Eſſay, page 124.

Nec tamen æternos obliti (abſiſte timere)
Umquam animos, feſſique ingentes ponimus iras.
Nec fas; non ſic deficimus, nec talia tecum
Geſſimus, in cœlos olim tua ſigna ſecuti.
Eſt hic, eſt vitæ & magni contemptor Olympi,
Quique oblatam animus lucis nunc reſpuat aulam,
Et domiti tantum placeat cui regia cœli.
Ne dubita, numquam fractis hæc pectora, numquam
Deficient animis: prius ille ingentia cœli
Atria, deſertoſque æternæ lucis alumnos
Deſtituens, Erebum admigret noctemque profundam,
Et Stygiis mutet radiantia lumina flammis.
In promptu cauſſa eſt: ſupereſt invicta voluntas,
Immortale odium, vindictæ & ſeva cupido.

Interpolations in *Taubman*. Eſſay, page 132.

Tune, ait, imperio regere omnia ſolus; et una
Filius iſte tuus, qui ſe tibi ſubjicit ultro,
Ac genibus minor ad terram proſternit, & offert
Neſcio quos toties animi ſervilis honores?
Et tamen æterni proles æterna Jehovæ
Audit ab ætherea luteaque propagine mundi.
(Scilicet hunc natum dixiſti, cuncta regentem;
Cœlitibus regem cunctis, dominumque ſupremum)
Huic ego ſim ſupplex? ego? quo præſtantior alter
Non agit in ſuperis. Mihi jus dabit ille, ſuum qui
Dat caput alterius ſub jus & vincula legum?
Semideus reget iſte polos? reget avia terræ?
Me preſſum leviore manu fortuna tenebit?
Et cogar æternum duplici ſervire tyranno?
Haud ita. Tu ſolus non polles fortibus auſis.
Non ego ſic cecidi, nec ſic mea fata premuntur,
Ut nequeam relevare caput, colloque ſuperbum
Excutere imperium. Mihi ſi mea dextra favebit,
Audeo totius mihi jus promittere mundi.

Eſſay,

Essay, page 152.

Throni, dominationes, principatus, virtutes, potestates, is said to be a line borrowed by MILTON from the title-page of HEYWOOD's *Hierarchy of Angels.* But there are more words in *Heywood's* title; and, according to his own arrangement of his subjects, they should be read thus.—*Seraphim, cherubim, throni, potestates, angeli, archangeli, principatus, dominationes.*

These are my interpolations, minutely traced without any arts of evasion. Whether from the passages that yet remain, any reader will be convinced of my general assertion, and allow, that *Milton* had recourse for assistance to any of the authors whose names I have mentioned, I shall not now be very diligent to enquire, for I had no particular pleasure in subverting the reputation of *Milton,* which I had myself once endeavoured to exalt *; and of which, the foundation had always remained untouched by me, had not my credit and my interest been blasted, or thought to be blasted, by the shade which it cast from its boundless elevation.

About ten years ago, I published an edition of Dr. *Johnston's* translation of the *Psalms,* and having procured from the general assembly of the church of *Scotland,* a recommendation of its use to the lower classes of grammar-schools, into which I had begun to introduce it, though not

* Virorum maximus—JOANNES MILTONUS—Poeta celeberrimus—non Angliæ modo, soli natalis, verum generis humani ornamentum—cujus eximius liber, Anglicanis versibus conscriptus, vulgo PARADISUS AMISSUS, immortalis illud ingenii monumentum, cum ipsa ferè æternitate perennaturum est opus!—Hujus memoriam Anglorum primus, post tantum, proh dolor! ab tanti excessu poetæ intervallum, statua eleganti in loco celeberrimo, cænobio Westmonasteriensi, posita, regum, principum, antistitum, illustriumque Angliæ virorum cæmeterio, vir ornatissimus, Gulielmus Benson prosecutus est.

Poetarum Scotorum Musæ Sacræ in præfatione, Edinb. 1739.

A character, as high and honourable as ever was bestowed upon him by the most sanguine of his admirers! and as this was my cool and sincere opinion of that wonderful man formerly, so I declare it to be the same still, and ever will be, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, occasioned merely by passion and resentment; which appear, however, by the Postscript to the Essay, to be so far from extending to the posterity of *Milton,* that I recommend his only remaining descendent, in the warmest terms, to the public,

not without much controverſy and oppoſition; I thought it likely that I ſhould, by annual publications, improve my little fortune, and be enabled to ſupport myſelf in freedom from the miſeries of indigence. But Mr. *Pope*, in his malevolence to Mr. *Benſon*, who had diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his fondneſs for the ſame verſion, deſtroyed all my hopes by a diſtich, in which he places *Johnſton* in a contemptuous compariſon with the author of *Paradiſe Loſt* *.

From this time, all my praiſes of *Johnſton* became ridiculous, and I was cenſured with great freedom, for forcing upon the ſchools, an author whom Mr. *Pope* had mentioned only as a foil to a better poet. On this occaſion, it was natural not to be pleaſed, and my reſentment ſeeking to diſcharge itſelf ſome where, was unhappily directed againſt *Milton*. I reſolved to attack his fame, and found ſome paſſages in curſory reading, which gave me hopes of ſtigmatiſing him as a plagiary. The farther I carried my ſearch, the more eager I grew for the diſcovery, and the more my hypotheſis was oppoſed, the more I was heated with rage. The conſequence of my blind paſſion, I need not relate; it has by your detection, become apparent to mankind. Nor do I mention this provocation as adequate to the fury which I have ſhown, but as a cauſe of anger, leſs ſhameful and reproachful than factious malice, perſonal envy, or national jealouſy.

But for the violation of truth, I offer no excuſe, becauſe I well know, that nothing can excuſe it. Nor will I aggravate

* On two unequal crutches prop'd he † came,
MILTON's on this, on that *one* JOHNSTON's name.
Dunciad. Book IV.

† *Benſon.*] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to fame, by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, and procuring tranſlations of *Milton*; and afterwards by a great paſſion for *Arthur Johnſton*, a *Scots* phyſician's verſion of the pſalms, of which he printed many fine editions. *Notes on the* Dunciad.

No fewer than ſix different editions of that uſeful and valuable book, two in quarto, two in octavo, and two in a leſſer form, now lie like lumber in the hand of Mr. *Vaillant*, bookſeller, the effects of Mr. *Pope*'s ill-natured criticiſm.

One of theſe editions in quarto, illuſtrated with an interpretation and notes, after the manner of the claſſic authors *in uſum Delphini*, was by the worthy editor, *anno* 1741, inſcribed to his Royal Highneſs Prince *George*, as a proper book for his inſtruction in principles of piety, as well as knowledge of the *Latin* tongue, when he ſhould arrive at due maturity of age. To reſtore this book to credit was the cauſe that induced me to engage in this diſagreeable controverſy, rather than any deſign to depreciate the juſt reputation of *Milton*.

gravate my crime, by disingenuous palliations. I confess it, I repent it, and resolve, that my first offence shall be my last. More I cannot perform, and more therefore cannot be required. I intreat the pardon of all men, whom I have by any means induced to support, to countenance, or patronise my frauds, of which I think myself obliged to declare, that not one of my friends was conscious. I hope to deserve, by better conduct and more useful undertakings, that patronage which I have obtained from the most illustrious and venerable names by misrepresentation and delusion, and to appear hereafter in such a character, as shall give you no reason to regret that your name is frequently mentioned with that of,

Reverend Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Dec. 20, 1750.

WILLIAM LAUDER.

REVIEW

REVIEW

OF A

FREE ENQUIRY

INTO THE

NATURE AND ORIGIN OF EVIL.

THIS is a treatiſe conſiſting of Six Letters upon a very difficult and important queſtion, which I am afraid this author's endeavours will not free from the perplexity, which has intangled the ſpeculatiſts of all ages, and which muſt always continue while *we ſee* but *in part*. He calls it a *Free Enquiry*, and indeed his *freedom* is, I think, greater than his modeſty. Though he is far from the contemptible arrogance, or the impious licentiouſneſs of *Bolingbroke*, yet he decides too eaſily upon queſtions out of the reach of human determination, with too little conſideration of mortal weakneſs, and with too much vivacity for the neceſſary caution.

In the firſt letter *on Evil in general*, he obſerves, that, " it is the ſolution of this important queſtion, *whence came* " *Evil*, alone, that can aſcertain the moral characteriſtick " of God, without which there is an end of all diſtinction " between Good and Evil." Yet he begins this enquiry by this declaration: " That there is a Supreme Being, in- " finitely powerful, wiſe, and benevolent, the great Crea- " tor and Preſerver of all things, is a truth ſo clearly de- " monſtrated, that it ſhall be here taken for granted." What is this but to ſay, that we have already reaſon to grant the exiſtence of thoſe attributes of God, which the preſent Enquiry is deſigned to prove? The preſent Enquiry is then ſurely made to no purpoſe. The attributes to the demonſtration of which the ſolution of this

this great queſtion is neceſſary, have been demonſtrated without any ſolution, or by means of the ſolution of ſome former writer.

He rejects the *Manichean* ſyſtem, but imputes to it an abſurdity, from which, amidſt all its abſurdities, it ſeems to be free, and adopts the ſyſtem of Mr. *Pope*. "That pain "is no evil, if aſſerted with regard to the individuals who "ſuffer it, is downright nonſenſe; but if conſidered as it "affects the univerſal ſyſtem, is an undoubted truth, and "means only that there is no more pain in it than what is "neceſſary to the production of happineſs. How many "ſoever of theſe evils then force themſelves into the crea-"tion, ſo long as the good preponderates, it is a work well "worthy of infinite wiſdom and benevolence; and, not-"withſtanding the imperfections of its parts, the whole is "moſt undoubtedly perfect." And in the former part of the Letter, he gives the principle of his ſyſtem in theſe words: "Omnipotence cannot work contradictions, it can "only effect all poſſible things. But ſo little are we ac-"quainted with the whole ſyſtem of nature, that we know "not what are poſſible, and what are not; but if we may "judge from that conſtant mixture of pain with pleaſure, "and inconveniency with advantage, which we muſt ob-"ſerve in every thing around us, we have reaſon to con-"clude, that to endue created beings with perfection, that "is, to produce Good excluſive of Evil, is one of thoſe im-"poſſibilities which even infinite power cannot accom-"pliſh."

This is elegant and acute, but will by no means calm diſcontent, or ſilence curioſity; for whether Evil can be wholly ſeparated from Good or not, it is plain that they may be mixed in various degrees, and as far as human eyes can judge, the degree of Evil might have been leſs without any impediment to good.

The ſecond Letter *on the evils of imperfection*, is little more than a paraphraſe, of *Pope*'s Epiſtles, or yet leſs than a paraphraſe, a mere tranſlation of poetry into proſe. This is ſurely to attack difficulty with very diſproportionate abilities, to cut the *Gordian* knot with very blunt inſtruments. When we are told of the inſufficiency of former ſolutions, why is one of the lateſt, which no man can have forgotten, given us again? I am told, that this pamphlet is not the effort of hunger: what can it be then but the product of vanity? and yet how can vanity be gratified by plagiariſm, or tranſcription? When this ſpeculatiſt finds himſelf

himſelf prompted to another performance, let him conſider whether he is about to diſburden his mind, or employ his fingers; and if I might venture to offer him a ſubject, I ſhould wiſh that he would ſolve this queſtion, Why he that has nothing to write, ſhould deſire to be a writer?

Yet is not this Letter without ſome ſentiments, which, though not new, are of great importance, and may be read with pleaſure in the thouſandth repetition.

"Whatever we enjoy is purely a free gift from our Crea-
"tor; but that we enjoy no more, can never ſure be
"deemed an injury, or a juſt reaſon to queſtion his infi-
"nite benevolence. All our happineſs is owing to his
"goodneſs; but that it is no greater, is owing only to
"ourſelves; that is, to our not having any inherent right
"to any happineſs, or even to any exiſtence at all. This
"is no more to be imputed to God, than the wants of a
"beggar to the perſon who has relieved him: that he had
"ſomething, was owing to his benefactor; but that he
"had no more, only to his own original poverty."

Thus far he ſpeaks what every man muſt approve, and what every wiſe man has ſaid before him. He then gives us the ſyſtem of ſubordination, not invented, for it was known I think to the *Arabian* metaphyſicians, but adopted by *Pope*; and from him borrowed by the diligent reſearches of this great inveſtigator.

"No ſyſtem can poſſibly be formed, even in imagina-
"tion, without a ſubordination of parts. Every animal
"body muſt have different members ſubſervient to each
"other; every picture muſt be compoſed of various colours
"and of light and ſhade; all harmony muſt be formed of
"trebles, tenors, and baſſes; every beautiful and uſeful
"edifice muſt conſiſt of higher and lower, more and leſs
"magnificent apartments. This is in the very eſſence of
"all created things, and therefore cannot be prevented by
"any means whatever, unleſs by not creating them at
"all."

Theſe inſtances are uſed inſtead of *Pope's Oak* and *Weeds*, or *Jupiter* and his *Satellites*; but neither *Pope*, nor this writer, have much contributed to ſolve the difficulty. Perfection or imperfection of unconſcious beings has no meaning as referred to themſelves; the *baſs* and the *treble* are equally perfect; the mean and magnificent apartments feel no pleaſure or pain from the compariſon. *Pope* might aſk the *weed*, why it was leſs than the *Oak*, but the *weed* would never

never ask the question for itself. The *bass* and *treble* differ only to the hearer, meanness and magnificence only to the inhabitant. There is no Evil but must inhere in a conscious being, or be referred to it; that is, Evil must be felt before it is Evil. Yet even on this subject many questions might be offered which human understanding has not yet answered, and which the present haste of this extract will not suffer me to dilate.

He proceeds to an humble detail of *Pope*'s opinion: "The universe is a system whose very essence consists in "subordination; a scale of beings descending by insensible "degrees from infinite perfection to absolute nothing; in "which, though we may justly expect to find perfection "in the whole, could we possibly comprehend it; yet "would it be the highest absurdity to hope for it in all its "parts, because the beauty and happiness of the whole de-"pend altogether on the just inferiority of its parts, that "is, on the comparative imperfections of the several be-"ings of which it is composed."

"It would have been no more an instance of God's wis-"dom to have created no beings but of the highest and "most perfect order, than it would be of a painter's art to "cover his whole piece with one single colour, the most "beautiful he could compose. Had he confined himself to "such, nothing could have existed but demi-gods, or arch-"angels, and then all inferior orders must have been void "and uninhabited: but as it is surely more agreeable to "infinite Benevolence, that all these should be filled up "with beings capable of enjoying happiness themselves, and "contributing to that of others, they must necessarily be "filled with inferior beings, that is, with such as are less "perfect, but from whose existence, notwithstanding that "less perfection, more felicity upon the whole accrues to "the universe, than if no such had been created. It is "moreover highly probable, that there is such a connection "between all ranks and orders by subordinate degrees, that "they mutually support each other's existence, and every "one in its place is absolutely necessary towards sustaining "the whole vast and magnificent fabrick.

"Our pretences for complaint could be of this only, that "we are not so high in the scale of existence as our igno-"rant ambition may desire; a pretence which must eter-"nally subsist; because, were we ever so much higher, "there would be still room for infinite power to exalt us;

" and ſince no link in the chain can be broke, the ſame " reaſon for diſquiet muſt remain to thoſe who ſucceed to " that chaſm, which muſt be occaſioned by our preferment. " A man can have no reaſon to repine that he is not " an angel; nor a horſe that he is not a man; much " leſs, that in their ſeveral ſtations they poſſeſs not the fa- " culties of another; for this would be an inſufferable " misfortune."

This doctrine of the regular ſubordination of beings, the ſcale of exiſtence, and the chain of nature, I have often conſidered, but always left the enquiry in doubt and uncertainty.

That every being not infinite, compared with infinity, muſt be imperfect, is evident to intuition; that whatever is imperfect muſt have a certain line which it cannot paſs, is equally certain. But the reaſon which determined this limit, and for which ſuch being was ſuffered to advance thus far and no farther, we ſhall never be able to diſcern. Our diſcoverers tell us, the Creator has made beings of all orders, and that therefore one of them muſt be ſuch as man. But this ſyſtem ſeems to be eſtabliſhed on a conceſſion, which, if it be refuſed, cannot be extorted.

Every reaſon which can be brought to prove, that there are beings of every poſſible ſort, will prove that there is the greateſt number poſſible of every ſort of beings; but this with reſpect to man we know, if we know any thing, not to be true.

It does not appear even to the imagination, that of three orders of being, the firſt and the third receive any advantage from the imperfection of the ſecond, or that indeed they may not equally exiſt, though the ſecond had never been, or ſhould ceaſe to be, and why ſhould that be concluded neceſſary, which cannot be proved even to be uſeful?

The ſcale of exiſtence from infinity to nothing, cannot poſſibly have being. The higheſt being not infinite muſt be, as has been often obſerved, at an infinite diſtance below infinity. *Cheyne*, who, with the deſire inherent in mathematicians to reduce every thing to mathematical images, conſiders all exiſtence as a *cone*, allows that the baſis is at an infinite diſtance from the body. And in this diſtance between finite and infinite, there will be room for ever for an infinite ſeries of indefinable exiſtence.

Between the loweſt poſitive exiſtence and nothing, wherever we ſuppoſe poſitive exiſtence to ceaſe, is another chaſm infinitely

infinitely deep; where there is room again for endless orders of subordinate nature, continued for ever and for ever, and yet infinitely superior to non-existence.

To these meditations humanity is unequal. But yet we may ask, not of our Maker, but of each other, since on the one side creation, wherever it stops, must stop infinitely below infinity, and on the other infinitely above nothing, what necessity there is that it should proceed so far either way, that beings so high or so low should ever have existed? We may ask; but I believe no created wisdom can give an adequate answer.

Nor is this all. In the scale, wherever it begins or ends, are infinite vacuities. At whatever distance we suppose the next order of beings to be above man, there is room for an intermediate order of beings between them; and if for one order, then for infinite orders; since every thing that admits of more or less, and consequently all the parts of that which admits them, may be infinitely divided. So that, as far as we can judge, there may be room in the vacuity between any two steps of the scale, or between any two points of the cone of being for infinite exertion of infinite power.

Thus it appears how little reason those who repose their reason upon the scale of being have to triumph over them who recur to any other expedient of solution, and what difficulties arise on every side to repress the rebellions of presumptuous decision. *Qui pauca considerat, facile pronunciat.* In our passage through the boundless ocean of disquisition we often take fogs for land, and after having long toiled to approach them, find, instead of repose and harbours, new storms of objection, and fluctuations of uncertainty.

We are next entertained with *Pope*'s alleviations of those evils which we are doomed to suffer.

" Poverty, or the want of riches, is generally compen-
" sated by having more hopes, and fewer fears, by a greater
" share of health, and a more exquisite relish of the smallest
" enjoyments, than those who possess them are usually
" blessed with. The want of taste and genius, with all
" the pleasures that arise from them, are commonly recom-
" pensed by a more useful kind of common sense, together
" with a wonderful delight, as well as success, in the busy
" pursuits of a scrambling world. The sufferings of the
" sick are greatly relieved by many trifling gratifications

" imperceptible to others, and ſometimes almoſt repaid by " the inconceivable tranſports occaſioned by the return of " health and vigour. Folly cannot be very grievous, be- " cauſe imperceptible; and I doubt not but there is ſome " truth in that rant of a mad poet, that there is a pleaſure " in being mad, which none but madmen know. Ignorance, " or the want of knowledge and literature, the appointed " lot of all born to poverty, and the drudgeries of life, is " the only opiate capable of infuſing that inſenſibility which " can enable them to endure the miſeries of the one, and " the fatigues of the other. It is a cordial adminiſtered by " the gracious hand of Providence; of which they ought " never to be deprived by an ill-judged and improper educa- " tion. It is the baſis of all ſubordination, the ſupport of " ſociety, and the privilege of individuals: and I have ever " thought it a moſt remarkable inſtance of the divine wiſ- " dom, that whereas in all animals, whoſe individuals riſe " little above the reſt of their ſpecies, knowledge is in- " ſtinctive; in man, whoſe individuals are ſo widely diſ- " ferent, it is acquired by education; by which means the " prince and the labourer, the philoſopher and the peaſant, " are in ſome meaſure fitted for their reſpective ſitua- " tions."

Much of theſe poſitions is perhaps true, and the whole paragraph might well paſs without cenſure, were not objections neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment of knowledge. *Poverty* is very gently paraphraſed by *want of riches*. In that ſenſe almoſt every man may in his own opinion be poor. But there is another poverty, which is *want of competence*, of all that can ſoften the miſeries of life, of all that can diverſify attention, or delight imagination. There is yet another poverty, which is *want of neceſſaries*, a ſpecies of poverty which no care of the publick, no charity of particulars, can preſerve many from feeling openly, and many ſecretly.

That hope and fear are inſeparably or very frequently connected with poverty, and riches, my ſurveys of life have not informed me. The milder degrees of poverty are ſometimes ſupported by hope, but the more ſevere often ſink down in motionleſs deſpondence. Life muſt be ſeen before it can be known. This author and *Pope* perhaps never ſaw the miſeries which they imagine thus eaſy to be borne. The poor indeed are inſenſible of many little vexations which ſometimes embitter the poſſeſſions and pollute the enjoyments

enjoyments of the rich. They are not pained by casual incivility, or mortified by the mutilation of a compliment; but this happiness is like that of a malefactor, who ceases to feel the cords that bind him when the pincers are tearing his flesh.

That want of taste for one enjoyment is supplied by the pleasures of some other, may be fairly allowed. But the compensations of sickness I have never found near to equivalence, and the transports of recovery only prove the intenseness of the pain.

With folly no man is willing to confess himself very intimately acquainted, and therefore its pains and pleasures are kept secret. But what the author says of its happiness seems applicable only to fatuity, or gross dulness; for that inferiority of understanding which makes one man without any other reason the slave, or tool, or property of another, which makes him sometimes useless, and sometimes ridiculous, is often felt with very quick sensibility. On the happiness of madmen, as the case is not very frequent, it is not necessary to raise a disquisition, but I cannot forbear to observe, that I never yet knew disorders of mind increase felicity: every madman is either arrogant and irascible, or gloomy and suspicious, or possessed by some passion or notion destructive to his quiet. He has always discontent in his look, and malignity in his bosom. And, if he had the power of choice, he would soon repent who should resign his reason to secure his peace.

Concerning the portion of ignorance necessary to make the condition of the lower classes of mankind safe to the publick and tolerable to themselves, both morals and policy exact a nicer enquiry than will be very soon or very easily made. There is undoubtedly a degree of knowledge which will direct a man to refer all to Providence, and to acquiesce in the condition with which omniscient Goodness has determined to allot him; to consider this world as a phantom that must soon glide from before his eyes, and the distresses and vexations that encompass him, as dust scattered in his path, as a blast that chills him for a moment, and passes off for ever.

Such wisdom, arising from the comparison of a part with the whole of our existence, those that want it most cannot possibly obtain from philosophy; nor unless the method of education, and the general tenor of life are changed, will very easily receive it from religion. The bulk of mankind

is not likely to be very wiſe or very good: and I know not whether there are not many ſtates of life, in which all knowledge, leſs than the higheſt wiſdom, will produce diſcontent and danger. I believe it may be ſometimes found, that a *little learning* is to a poor man a *dangerous thing*. But ſuch is the condition of humanity, that we eaſily ſee, or quickly feel the wrong, but cannot always diſtinguiſh the right. Whatever knowledge is ſuperfluous, in irremediable poverty, is hurtful, but the difficulty is to determine when poverty is irremediable, and at what point ſuperfluity begins. Groſs ignorance every man has found equally dangerous with perverted knowledge. Men left wholly to their appetites and their inſtincts, with little ſenſe of moral or religious obligation, and with very faint diſtinctions of right and wrong, can never be ſafely employed, or confidently truſted: they can be honeſt only by obſtinacy, and diligent only by compulſion or caprice. Some inſtruction, therefore, is neceſſary, and much perhaps may be dangerous.

Though it ſhould be granted that thoſe who are *born to poverty and drudgery* ſhould not be *deprived* by an *improper education* of the *opiate* of *ignorance;* even this conceſſion will not be of much uſe to direct our practice, unleſs it be determined who are thoſe that are *born to poverty*. To entail irreverſible poverty upon generation after generation, only becauſe the anceſtor happened to be poor, is in itſelf cruel, if not unjuſt, and is wholly contrary to the maxims of a commerical nation, which always ſuppoſe and promote a rotation of property, and offer every individual a chance of mending his condition by his diligence. Thoſe who communicate literature to the ſon of a poor man conſider him as one not born to poverty, but to the neceſſity of deriving a better fortune from himſelf. In this attempt, as in others, many fail, and many ſucceed. Thoſe that fail will feel their miſery more acutely; but ſince poverty is now confeſſed to be ſuch a calamity as cannot be borne without the opiate of inſenſibility, I hope the happineſs of thoſe whom education enables to eſcape from it, may turn the balance againſt that exacerbation which the others ſuffer.

I am always afraid of determining on the ſide of envy or cruelty. The privileges of education may ſometimes be improperly beſtowed, but I ſhall always fear to with-hold them, leſt I ſhould be yielding to the ſuggeſtions of pride, while I perſuade myſelf that I am following the maxims of policy;

policy; and under the appearance of ſalutary reſtraints, ſhould be indulging the luſt of dominion, and that malevolence which delights in ſeeing others depreſſed.

Pope's doctrine is at laſt exhibited in a compariſon, which, like other proofs of the ſame kind, is better adapted to delight the fancy than convince the reaſon.

" Thus the univerſe reſembles a large and well-regulated " family, in which all the officers and ſervants, and even " the domeſtick animals, are ſubſervient to each other in " a proper ſubordination: each enjoys the privileges and " perquiſites peculiar to his place, and at the ſame time " contributes by that juſt ſubordination to the magnificence " and happineſs of the whole."

The magnificence of a houſe is of uſe or pleaſure always to the maſter, and ſometimes to the domeſticks. But the magnificence of the univerſe adds nothing to the Supreme Being; for any part of its inhabitants with which human knowledge is acquainted, an univerſe much leſs ſpacious or ſplendid would have been ſufficient; and of happineſs it does not appear that any is communicated from the beings of a lower world to thoſe of a higher.

The Enquiry after the cauſe of *natural Evil* is continued in the third Letter, in which, as in the former, there is mixture of borrowed truth, and native folly, of ſome notions juſt and trite, with others uncommon and ridiculous.

His opinion of the value and importance of happineſs is certainly juſt, and I ſhall inſert it, not that it will give any information to any reader, but it may ſerve to ſhew how the moſt common notion may be ſwelled in ſound, and diffuſed in bulk, till it ſhall perhaps aſtoniſh the author himſelf.

" Happineſs is the only thing of real value in exiſtence; " neither riches, nor power, nor wiſdom, nor learning, nor " ſtrength, nor beauty, nor virtue, nor religion, nor even " life itſelf, being of any importance, but as they con- " tribute to its production. All theſe are in themſelves " neither good nor evil: happineſs alone is their great " end, and they are deſirable only as they tend to pro- " mote it."

Succeſs produces confidence. After this diſcovery of the value of happineſs, he proceeds, without any diſtruſt of himſelf, to tell us what has been hid from all former enquirers.

" The

"The true ſolution of this important queſtion, ſo long "and ſo vainly ſearched for by the philoſophers of all ages "and all countries, I take to be at laſt no more than this, "that theſe real evils proceed from the ſame ſource, as "thoſe imaginary ones of imperfection before treated of, "namely, from that ſubordination, without which no "created ſyſtem can ſubſiſt; all ſubordination implying "imperfection, all imperfection Evil, and all Evil ſome "kind of inconveniency or ſuffering: ſo that there muſt "be particular inconveniencies and ſufferings annexed to "every particular rank of created beings by the circum-"ſtances of things, and their modes of exiſtence.

"God indeed might have made us quite other creatures, "and placed us in a world quite differently conſtituted; "but then we had been no longer men, and whatever be-"ings had occupied our ſtations in the univerſal ſyſtem, "they muſt have been liable to the ſame inconveniences."

In all this there is nothing that can ſilence the enquiries of curioſity, or calm the perturbations of doubt. Whether ſubordination implies imperfection may be diſputed. The means reſpecting themſelves may be as perfect as the end. The weed as a weed is no leſs perfect than the oak as an oak. That *imperfection implies Evil, and Evil ſuffering*, is by no means evident. Imperfection may imply privative Evil, or the abſence of ſome good, but this privation produces no ſuffering, but by the help of knowledge. An infant at the breaſt is yet an imperfect man, but there is no reaſon for belief that he is unhappy by his immaturity, unleſs ſome poſitive pain be ſuperadded.

When this author preſumes to ſpeak of the univerſe, I would adviſe him a little to diſtruſt his own faculties, however large and comprehenſive. Many words eaſily underſtood on common occaſion, become uncertain and figurative when applied to the works of Omnipotence. Subordination in human affairs is well underſtood; but when it is attributed to the univerſal ſyſtem, its meaning grows leſs certain, like the petty diſtinctions of locality, which are of good uſe upon our own globe, but have no meaning with regard to infinite ſpace, in which nothing is *high* or *low*.

That if man, by exaltation to a higher nature, were exempted from the evils which he now ſuffers, ſome other being muſt ſuffer them; that if man were not man, ſome other being muſt be man, is a poſition ariſing from his eſtabliſhed notion of the ſcale of being. A notion to which

Pope

Pope has given ſome importance by adopting it, and of which I have therefore endeavoured to ſhew the uncertainty and inconſiſtency. This ſcale of being I have demonſtrated to be raiſed by preſumptuous imagination, to reſt on nothing at the bottom, to lean on nothing at the top, and to have vacuities from ſtep to ſtep through which any order of being may ſink into nihility without any inconvenience, ſo far as we can judge, to the next rank above or below it. We are therefore little enlightened by a writer who tells us, that any being in the ſtate of man muſt ſuffer what man ſuffers, when the only queſtion that requires to be reſolved is, Why any being is in this ſtate?

Of poverty and labour he gives juſt and elegant repreſentations, which yet do not remove the difficulty of the firſt and fundamental queſtion, though ſuppoſing the preſent ſtate of man neceſſary, they may ſupply ſome motives to content.

"Poverty is what all could not poſſibly have been exempted from, not only by reaſon of the fluctuating nature of human poſſeſſions, but becauſe the world could not ſubſiſt without it; for had all been rich, none could have ſubmitted to the commands of another, or the neceſſary drudgeries of life; thence all governments muſt have been diſſolved, arts neglected, and lands uncultivated, and ſo an univerſal penury have overwhelmed all, inſtead of now and then pinching a few. Hence, by the by, appears the great excellence of charity, by which men are enabled by a particular diſtribution of the bleſſings and enjoyments of life, on proper occaſions, to prevent that poverty which by a general one Omnipotence itſelf could never have prevented: ſo that, by inforcing this duty, God as it were demands our aſſiſtance to promote univerſal happineſs, and to ſhut out miſery at every door, where it ſtrives to intrude itſelf.

"Labour, indeed, God might eaſily have excuſed us from, ſince at his command the earth would readily have poured forth all her treaſures without our inconſiderable aſſiſtance: but if the ſevereſt labour cannot ſufficiently ſubdue the malignity of human nature, what plots and machinations, what wars, rapine and devaſtation, what profligacy and licentiouſneſs, muſt have been the conſequences of univerſal idleneſs! ſo that labour ought only to be looked upon as a taſk kindly impoſed upon

"us

" us by our indulgent Creator, neceſſary to preſerve our " health, our ſafety, and our innocence."

I am afraid that *the latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning*. If God *could eaſily have excuſed us from labour*, I do not comprehend why *he could not poſſibly have exempted all from poverty*. For poverty, in its eaſier and more tolerable degree, is little more than neceſſity of labour; and in its more ſevere and deplorable ſtate, little more than inability for labour. To be poor is to work for others, or to want the ſuccour of others without work. And the ſame exuberant fertility which would make work unneceſſary, might make poverty impoſſible.

Surely a man who ſeems not completely maſter of his own opinion, ſhould have ſpoken more cautiouſly of Omnipotence, nor have preſumed to ſay what it could perform, or what it could prevent. I am in doubt whether thoſe who ſtand higheſt in *the ſcale of beings* ſpeak thus confidently of the diſpenſations of their Maker:

For fools ruſh in, where angels fear to tread.

Of our inquietudes of mind his account is ſtill leſs reaſonable. " Whilſt men are injured, they muſt be inflamed " with anger; and whilſt they ſee cruelties, they muſt be " melted with pity; whilſt they perceive danger, they " muſt be ſenſible of fear." This is to give a reaſon for all Evil, by ſhewing that one Evil produces another. If there is danger there ought to be fear; but if fear is an Evil, why ſhould there be danger? His vindication of pain is of the ſame kind: pain is uſeful to alarm us, that we may ſhun greater evils, but thoſe greater evils muſt be preſuppoſed, that the fitneſs of pain may appear.

Treating on death, he has expreſſed the known and true doctrine with ſprightlineſs of fancy, and neatneſs of diction. I ſhall therefore inſert it. There are truths which, as they are always neceſſary, do not grow ſtale by repetition.

" Death, the laſt and moſt dreadful of all Evils, is ſo " far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all " others.

To die, is landing on ſome ſilent ſhore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempeſts roar.
Ere well we feel the friendly ſtroke, 'tis o'er. GARTH.

" For,

" For, abſtracted from the ſickneſs and ſufferings uſually " attending it, it is no more than the expiration of that " term of life God was pleaſed to beſtow on us, without " any claim or merit on our part. But was it an Evil ever " ſo great, it could not be remedied but by one much " greater, which is by living for ever; by which means " our wickedneſs, unreſtrained by the proſpect of a future " ſtate, would grow ſo inſupportable, our ſufferings ſo " intolerable by perſeverance, and our pleaſures ſo tireſome " by repetition, that no being in the univerſe could be ſo " completely miſerable as a ſpecies of immortal men. We " have no reaſon, therefore, to look upon death as an " Evil, or to fear it as a puniſhment, even without any ſup- " poſition of a future life: but if we conſider it as a paſ- " ſage to a more perfect ſtate, or a remove only in an eter- " nal ſucceſſion of ſtill-improving ſtates (for which we have " the ſtrongeſt reaſons) it will then appear a new favour " from the divine munificence; and a man muſt be as ab- " ſurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be, who " propoſed to himſelf a delightful tour through various " unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his " reſidence at the firſt dirty inn which he baits at on the " road.

" The inſtability of human life, or the changes of its " ſucceſſive periods, of which we ſo frequently complain, " are no more than the neceſſary progreſs of it to this ne- " ceſſary concluſion; and are ſo far from being Evils de- " ſerving theſe complaints, that they are the ſource of our " greateſt pleaſures, as they are the ſource of all novelty, " from which our greateſt pleaſures are ever derived. The " continual ſucceſſion of ſeaſons in the human life, by " daily preſenting to us new ſcenes, render it agreeable, " and like thoſe of the year, afford us delights by their " change, which the choiceſt of them could not give us " by their continuance. In the ſpring of life, the gilding " of the ſun-ſhine, the verdure of the fields, and the va- " riegated paintings of the ſky, are ſo exquiſite in the eyes " of infants at their firſt looking abroad into a new world, " as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal. The heat and " vigour of the ſucceeding ſummer of youth ripens for us new " pleaſures, the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the " jovial chace: the ſerene autumn of complete manhood " feaſts us with the golden harveſts of our worldly purſuits; " nor is the hoary winter of old age deſtitute of its peculiar

" comforts

" comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and " relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and " at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence " we shall probably look back upon the diversions and oc- " cupations of this world with the same contempt we do " now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same " surprise that they could ever so much entertain or en- " gage us."

I would not willingly detract from the beauty of this paragraph; and in gratitude to him who has so well inculcated such important truths, I will venture to admonish him, since the chief comfort of the old is the recollection of the past, so to employ his time and his thoughts, that when the imbecility of age shall come upon him, he may be able to recreate its languors by the remembrance of hours spent, not in presumptuous derisions, but modest enquiries, not in dogmatical limitations of Omnipotence, but in humble acquiescence and fervent adoration. Old age will shew him that much of the book now before us has no other use than to perplex the scrupulous, and to shake the weak, to encourage impious presumption, or stimulate idle curiosity.

Having thus dispatched the consideration of particular evils, he comes at last to a general reason for which *Evil* may be said to be *our Good*. He is of opinion that there is some inconceivable benefit in pain abstractedly considered; that pain however inflicted, or wherever felt, communicates some good to the general system of being, and that every animal is some way or other the better for the pain of every other animal. This opinion he carries so far as to suppose that there passes some principle of union through all animal life, as attraction is communicated to all corporeal nature; and that the Evils suffered on this globe, may by some inconceivable means contribute to the felicity of the inhabitants of the remotest planet.

How the Origin of Evil is brought nearer to human conception by any *inconceivable* means, I am not able to discover. We believed that the present system of creation was right, though we could not explain the adoption of one part to the other, or for the whole succession of causes and consequences. Where has this enquirer added to the little knowledge that we had before? He has told us of the benefits of Evil, which no man feels, and relations between distant

diſtant parts of the univerſe, which he cannot himſelf conceive. There was enough in this queſtion inconceivable before, and we have little advantage from a new inconceivable ſolution.

I do not mean to reproach this author for not knowing what is equally hidden from learning and from ignorance. The ſhame is to impoſe words for ideas upon ourſelves or others. To imagine that we are going forward when we are only turning round. To think that there is any difference between him that gives no reaſon, and him that gives a reaſon, which by his own confeſſion cannot be conceived.

But that he may not be thought to conceive nothing but things inconceivable, he has at laſt thought on a way by which human ſufferings may produce good effects. He imagines that as we have not only animals for food, but chooſe ſome for our diverſion, the ſame privilege may be allowed to ſome beings above us, *who may deceive, torment, or deſtroy us for the ends only of their own pleaſure or utility.* This he again finds impoſſible to be conceived, *but that impoſſibility leſſens not the probability of the conjecture, which by analogy is ſo ſtrongly confirmed.*

I cannot reſiſt the temptation of contemplating this analogy, which I think he might have carried farther, very much to the advantage of his argument. He might have ſhewn that theſe *hunters whoſe game is man* have many ſports analogous to our own. As we drown whelps and kittens, they amuſe themſelves now and then with ſinking a ſhip, and ſtand round the fields of *Blenheim* or the walls of *Prague*, as we encircle a cock-pit. As we ſhoot a bird flying, they take a man in the midſt of his buſineſs or pleaſure, and knock him down with an apoplexy. Some of them, perhaps, are virtuoſi, and delight in the operations of an aſthma, as a human philoſopher in the effects of the air pump. To ſwell a man with a tympany is as good ſport as to blow a frog. Many a merry bout have theſe frolick beings at the viciſſitudes of an ague, and good ſport it is to ſee a man tumble with an epilepſy, and revive and tumble again, and all this he knows not why. As they are wiſer and more powerful than we, they have more exquiſite diverſions, for we have no way of procuring any ſport ſo briſk and ſo laſting, as the paroxyſms of the gout and ſtone, which undoubtedly muſt make high mirth, eſpecially if the play be a little diverſified with the blunders and puzzles of the blind and deaf. We know

know not how far their ſphere of obſervation may extend. Perhaps now and then a merry being may place himſelf in ſuch a ſituation as to enjoy at once all the varieties of an epidemical diſeaſe, or amuſe his leiſure with the toſſings and contortions of every poſſible pain exhibited together.

One ſport the merry malice of theſe beings has found means of enjoying to which we have nothing equal or ſimilar. They now and then catch a mortal proud of his parts, and flattered either by the ſubmiſſion of thoſe who court his kindneſs, or the notice of thoſe who ſuffer him to court theirs. A head thus prepared for the reception of falſe opinions, and the projection of vain deſigns, they eaſily fill with idle notions, till in time they make their plaything an author: their firſt diverſion commonly begins with an ode or an epiſtle, then riſes perhaps to a political irony, and is at laſt brought to its height, by a treatiſe of philoſophy. Then begins the poor animal to entangle himſelf in ſophiſms, and flounder in abſurdity, to talk confidently of the ſcale of being, and to give ſolutions which himſelf confeſſes impoſſible to be underſtood. Sometimes, however, it happens that their pleaſure is without much miſchief. The author feels no pain, but while they are wondering at the extravagance of his opinion, and pointing him out to one another as a new example of human folly, he is enjoying his own applauſe, and that of his companions, and perhaps is elevated with the hope of ſtanding at the head of a new ſect.

Many of the books which now croud the world, may be juſtly ſuſpected to be written for the ſake of ſome inviſible order of beings, for ſurely they are of no uſe to any of the corporeal inhabitants of the world. Of the productions of the laſt bounteous year, how many can be ſaid to ſerve any purpoſe of uſe or pleaſure? The only end of writing is to enable the readers better to enjoy life, or better to endure it: and how will either of thoſe be put more in our power by him who tells us, that we are puppets, of which ſome creature not much wiſer than ourſelves manages the wires. That a ſet of beings unſeen and unheard, are hovering about us, trying experiments upon our ſenſibility, putting us in agonies to ſee our limbs quiver, torturing us to madneſs, that they may laugh at our vagaries, ſometimes obſtructing the bile, that they may ſee how a man looks when he is yellow; ſometimes breaking a traveller's bones to try how he will get home; ſometimes waſting a

man

man to a ſkeleton, and ſometimes killing him fat for the greater elegance of his hide.

This is an account of natural Evil, which though, like the reſt, not quite new, is very entertaining, though I know not how much it may contribute to patience. The only reaſon why we ſhould contemplate Evil is, that we may bear it better; and I am afraid nothing is much more placidly endured, for the ſake of making others ſport.

The firſt pages of the fourth Letter are ſuch as incline me both to hope and wiſh that I ſhould find nothing to blame in the ſucceeding part. He offers a criterion of action, on account of virtue and vice, for which I have often contended, and which muſt be embraced by all who are willing to know why they act, or why they forbear, to give any reaſon of their conduct to themſelves or others.

"In order to find out the true Origin of moral Evil, it "will be neceſſary, in the firſt place, to enquire into its "nature and eſſence; or what it is that conſtitutes one "action evil, and another good. Various have been the "opinions of various authors on this criterion of virtue; "and this variety has rendered that doubtful, which muſt "otherwiſe have been clear and manifeſt to the meaneſt "capacity. Some indeed have denied that there is any "ſuch thing, becauſe different ages and nations have en-"tertained different ſentiments concerning it: but this is "juſt as reaſonable as to aſſert, that there are neither ſun, "moon, nor ſtars, becauſe aſtronomers have ſupported dif-"ferent ſyſtems of the motions and magnitudes of theſe "celeſtial bodies. Some have placed it in conformity to "truth, ſome to the fitneſs of things, and others to the will "of God. But all this is merely ſuperficial: they reſolve "us not why truth, or the fitneſs of things, are either eligi-"ble or obligatory, or why God ſhould require us to act in "one manner rather than another. The true reaſon of "which can poſſibly be no other than this, becauſe ſome "actions produce happineſs, and others miſery: ſo that all "moral Good and Evil are nothing more than the produc-"tion of natural. This alone it is that makes truth pre-"ferable to falſhood, this that determines the fitneſs of "things, and this that induces God to command ſome ac-"tions, and forbid others. They who extol the truth, "beauty, and harmony of virtue, excluſive of its conſe-"quences, deal but in pompous nonſenſe; and they who "would perſuade us, that Good and Evil are things indif-

"ferent,

" ferent, depending wholly on the will of God, do but con-
" found the nature of things, as well as all our notions of
" God himself, by representing him capable of willing
" contradictions; that is, that we should be, and be happy,
" and at the same time that we should torment and destroy
" each other; for injuries cannot be made benefits, pain
" cannot be made pleasure, and consequently vice cannot be
" made virtue by any power whatever. It is the consequences,
" therefore, of all human actions that must stamp their value.
" So far as the general practice of any action tends to pro-
" duce good, and introduce happiness into the world, so
" far we may pronounce it virtuous; so much Evil as it
" occasions such is the degree of vice it contains. I say
" the general practice, because we must always remember,
" in judging by this rule, to apply it only to the general
" species of actions, and not to particular actions; for the
" infinite wisdom of God, desirous to set bounds to the
" destructive consequences which must otherwise have
" followed from the universal depravity of mankind, has
" so wonderfully contrived the nature of things, that our
" most vicious actions may sometimes accidentally and col-
" laterally produce good. Thus, for instance, robbery may
" disperse useless hoards to the benefit of the publick;
" adultery may bring heirs and good humour too into many
" families, where they would otherwise have been wanting;
" and murder free the world from tyrants and oppressors.
" Luxury maintains its thousands, and vanity its ten thou-
" sands. Superstition and arbitrary power contribute to
" the grandeur of many nations, and the liberties of others
" are preserved by the perpetual contentions of avarice,
" knavery, selfishness, and ambition: and thus the worst of
" vices, and the worst of men, are often compelled by
" Providence to serve the most beneficial purposes, con-
" trary to their own malevolent tendencies and inclinati-
" ons; and thus private vices become publick benefits, by
" the force only of accidental circumstances. But this im-
" peaches not the truth of the criterion of virtue before
" mentioned, the only solid foundation on which any true
" system of ethicks can be built, the only plain, simple,
" and uniform rule by which we can pass any judgment on
" our actions; but by this we may be enabled, not only
" to determine which are Good, and which are Evil, but
" almost mathematically to demonstrate the proportion of
" virtue or vice which belongs to each, by comparing them
" with

" with the degrees of happineſs or miſery which they oc-
" caſion. But though the production of happineſs is the
" eſſence of virtue, it is by no means the end; the great
" end is the probation of mankind, or the giving them an
" opportunity of exalting or degrading themſelves in another
" ſtate by their behaviour in the preſent. And thus indeed
" it anſwers two moſt important purpoſes; thoſe are, the
" conſervation of our happineſs, and the teſt of our obedi-
" ence; or had not ſuch a teſt ſeemed neceſſary to God's
" infinite wiſdom, and productive of univerſal good, he
" would never have permitted the happineſs of men, even
" in this life, to have depended on ſo precarious a tenure,
" as their mutual good behaviour to each other. For it is
" obſervable, that he who beſt knows our formation, has
" truſted no one thing of importance to our reaſon or virtue:
" he truſts only to our appetites for the ſupport of the in-
" dividual, and the continuance of our ſpecies; to our va-
" nity or compaſſion, for our bounty to others; and to
" our fears, for the preſervation of ourſelves; often to our
" vices for the ſupport of government, and ſometimes to
" our follies for the preſervation of our religion. But
" ſince ſome teſt of our obedience was neceſſary, nothing
" ſure could have been commanded for that end ſo fit and
" proper, and at the ſame time ſo uſeful, as the practice
" of virtue: nothing could have been ſo juſtly rewarded
" with happineſs, as the production of happineſs in confor-
" mity to the will of God. It is this conformity alone
" which adds merit to virtue, and conſtitutes the eſſential
" difference between morality and religion. Morality
" obliges men to live honeſtly and ſoberly, becauſe ſuch
" behaviour is moſt conducive to publick happineſs, and
" conſequently to their own; religion, to purſue the ſame
" courſe, becauſe conformable to the will of their Creator.
" Morality induces them to embrace virtue from prudential
" conſiderations; religion from thoſe of gratitude and obe-
" dience. Morality therefore, entirely abſtracted from re-
" ligion, can have nothing meritorious in it; it being but
" wiſdom, prudence, or good œconomy, which like health,
" beauty, or riches, are rather obligations conferred upon
" us by God, than merits in us towards him; for though
" we may be juſtly puniſhed for injuring ourſelves, we can
" claim no reward for ſelf-preſervation; as ſuicide deſerves
" puniſhment and infamy, but a man deſerves no reward
" or honours for not being guilty of it. This I take to be

" the meaning of all those passages in our Scriptures, in
" which works are represented to have no merit without
" faith; that is, not without believing in historical facts,
" in creeds, and articles; but without being done in pur-
" suance of our belief in God, and in obedience to his com-
" mands. And now, having mentioned Scripture, I cannot
" omit observing, that the Christian is the only religious or
" moral institution in the world, that ever set in a right
" light these two material points, the essence and the end
" of virtue; that ever founded the one in the production of
" happiness, that is, in universal benevolence, or, in their
" language, charity to all men, the other, in the probation
" of man, and his obedience to his Creator. Sublime and
" magnificent as was the philosophy of the ancients, all
" their moral systems were deficient in these two important
" articles. They were all built on the sandy foundations of
" the innate beauty of virtue, or enthusiastick patriotism;
" and their great point in view was the contemptible re-
" ward of human glory; foundations which were by no
" means able to support the magnificent structures which
" they erected upon them; for the beauty of virtue, in-
" dependent of its effects, is unmeaning nonsense; patrio-
" tism, which injures mankind in general for the sake of
" a particular country, is but a more extended selfishness,
" and really criminal: and all human glory but a mean and
" ridiculous delusion. The whole affair then of religion
" and morality, the subject of so many thousand volumes,
" is, in short, no more than this: the Supreme Being, in-
" finitely good, as well as powerful, desirous to diffuse
" happiness by all possible means, has created innumerable
" ranks and orders of beings, all subservient to each other
" by proper subordination. One of these is occupied by
" man, a creature endued with such a certain degree of
" knowledge, reason, and free-will, as is suitable to his
" situation, and placed for a time on this globe as in a school
" of probation and education. Here he has an opportunity
" given him of improving or debasing his nature, in such a
" manner as to render himself fit for a rank of higher
" perfection and happiness, or to degrade himself to a state
" of greater imperfection and misery; necessary indeed
" towards carrying on the business of the universe, but very
" grievous and burthensome to those individuals, who by
" their own misconduct, are obliged to submit to it. The
" test of this his behaviour, is doing good, that is, co-
" operating

" operating with his Creator, as far as his narrow ſphere of " action will permit, in the production of happineſs. And " thus the happineſs and miſery of a future ſtate will be " the juſt reward or puniſhment of promoting or preventing happineſs in this. So artificially by this means is " the nature of all human virtue and vice contrived, that " their rewards and puniſhments are woven as it were in " their very eſſence; their immediate effects give us a " foretaſte of their future, and their fruits in the preſent " life are the proper ſamples of what they muſt unavoidably produce in another. We have reaſon given us to " diſtinguiſh theſe conſequences, and regulate our conduct; " and, leſt that ſhould neglect its poſt, conſcience alſo is " appointed as an inſtinctive kind of monitor, perpetually " to remind us both of our intereſt and our duty."

Si ſic omnia dixiſſet! To this account of the eſſence of vice and virtue, it is only neceſſary to add, that the conſequences of human actions being ſometimes uncertain, and ſometimes remote, it is not poſſible in many caſes for moſt men, nor in all caſes for any man to determine what actions will ultimately produce happineſs, and therefore it was proper that *revelation* ſhould lay down a rule to be followed invariably in oppoſition to appearances, and in every change of circumſtances, by which we may be certain to promote the general felicity, and be ſet free from the dangerous temptation of *doing Evil that Good may come.*

Becauſe it may eaſily happen, and in effect will happen very frequently, that our own private happineſs may be promoted by an act injurious to others, when yet no man can be obliged by nature to prefer ultimately the happineſs of others to his own; therefore, to the inſtructions of infinite wiſdom it was neceſſary that infinite power ſhould add penal ſanctions. That every man to whom thoſe inſtructions ſhall be imparted may know, that he can never ultimately injure himſelf by beneſiting others, or ultimately by injuring others benefit himſelf; but that however the lot of the good and bad may be huddled together in the ſeeming confuſion of our preſent ſtate, the time ſhall undoubtedly come, when the moſt virtuous will be moſt happy.

I am ſorry that the remaining part of this Letter is not equal to the firſt. The author has indeed engaged in a diſquiſition in which we need not wonder if he fails, in the

ſolution of queſtions on which philoſophers have employed their abilities from the earlieſt times,

And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.

He denies that man was created *perfect*, becauſe the ſyſtem requires ſubordination, and becauſe the power of loſing his perfection, of *rendering himſelf wicked and miſerable is the higheſt imperfection imaginable.* Beſides, the regular gradations of the ſcale of being required ſomewhere *ſuch a creature as man with all his infirmities about him, and the total removal of thoſe would be altering his nature, and when he became perfect he muſt ceaſe to be man.*

I have already ſpent ſome conſiderations on the *ſcale of being*, of which yet I am obliged to renew the mention whenever a new argument is made to reſt upon it; and I muſt therefore again remark, that conſequences cannot have greater certainty than the poſtulate from which they are drawn, and that no ſyſtem can be more hypothetical than this, and perhaps no hypotheſis more abſurd.

He again deceives himſelf with reſpect to the perfection with which *man* is held to be originally veſted. *That man came perfect, that is, endued with all poſſible perfection, out of the hands of his Creator; is a falſe notion, derived from the philoſophers.—The univerſal ſyſtem required ſubordination, and conſequently comparative imperfection.* That *man was ever endued with all poſſible perfection*, that is, with all perfection of which the idea is not contradictory or deſtructive of itſelf, is undoubtedly *falſe*. But it can hardly be called *a falſe notion*, becauſe no man ever thought it, nor can it be derived from the *philoſophers*; for without pretending to gueſs what philoſophers he may mean, it is very ſafe to affirm, that no philoſopher ever ſaid it. Of thoſe who now maintain that *man* was once perfect, who may very eaſily be found, let the author enquire whether *man* was ever omniſcient, whether he was ever omnipotent, whether he ever had even the lower power of archangels or angels. Their anſwers will ſoon inform him, that the ſuppoſed perfection of *man* was not abſolute, but reſpective, that he was perfect in a ſenſe conſiſtent enough with ſubordination, perfect, not as compared with different beings, but with himſelf in his preſent degeneracy; not perfect as an angel, but perfect as man.

From

From this perfection, whatever it was, he thinks it necessary that man should be debarred, because pain is necessary to the good of the universe; and the pain of one order of beings extending its salutary influence to innumerable orders above and below, it was necessary that man should suffer; but because it is not suitable to justice that pain should be inflicted on innocence, it was necessary that man should be criminal.

This is given as a satisfactory account of the Original of moral Evil, which amounts only to this, that God created beings whose guilt he foreknew, in order that he might have proper objects of pain, because the pain of part is, no man knows how or why, necessary to the felicity of the whole.

The perfection which man once had, may be so easily conceived, that without any unusual strain of imagination we can figure its revival. All the duties to God or man that are neglected we may fancy performed; all the crimes that are committed we may conceive forborn. Man will then be restored to his moral perfections, and into what head can it enter that by this change the universal system would be shaken, or the condition of any order of beings altered for the worse?

He comes in the fifth Letter to political, and in the sixth to religious Evils. Of political Evil, if we suppose the Origin of moral Evil discovered, the account is by no means difficult: polity being only the conduct of immoral men in publick affairs. The Evils of each particular kind of government are very clearly and elegantly displayed, and from their secondary causes very rationally deduced; but the first cause lies still in its ancient obscurity. There is in this Letter nothing new, nor any thing eminently instructive; one of his practical deductions, that *from government Evils cannot be eradicated, and their excess only can be prevented*, has been always allowed; the question upon which all dissension arises is, when that excess begins, at what point men shall cease to bear, and attempt to remedy.

Another of his precepts, though not new, well deserves to be transcribed, because it cannot be too frequently impressed.

"What has here been said of their imperfections and "abuses, is by no means intended as a defence of them: "every wise man ought to redress them to the utmost of "his power; which can be effected by one method only; "that

" that is, by a reformation of manners; for as all political " Evils derive their original from moral, these can never be " removed, until those are first amended. He, therefore, " who strictly adheres to virtue and sobriety in his conduct, " and enforces them by his example, does more real ser- " vice to a state, than he who displaces a minister, or de- " thrones a tyrant; this gives but a temporary relief, but " that exterminates the cause of the disease. No immoral " man then can possibly be a true patriot; and all those who " profess outrageous zeal for the liberty and prosperity of " their country, and at the same time infringe her laws, " affront her religion, and debauch her people, are but " despicable quacks, by fraud or ignorance increasing the " disorders they pretend to remedy."

Of religion he has said nothing but what he has learned, or might have learned from the divines; that it is not universal, because it must be received upon conviction, and successively received by those whom conviction reached; that its evidences and sanctions are not irresistible, because it was intended to induce, not to compel; and that it is obscure, because we want faculties to comprehend it. What he means by his assertion, that it wants policy, I do not well understand; he does not mean to deny that a good christian will be a good governor, or a good subject; and he has before justly observed, that the good man only is a patriot.

Religion has been, he says, corrupted by the wickedness of those to whom it was communicated, and has lost part of its efficacy by its connection with temporal interest and human passion.

He justly observes, that from all this, no conclusion can be drawn against the divine original of christianity, since the objections arise not from the nature of the revelation, but of him to whom it is communicated.

All this is known, and all this is true; but why, we have not yet discovered. Our author, if I understand him right, pursues the argument thus: the religion of man produces evils, because the morality of man is imperfect; his morality is imperfect, that he may be justly a subject of punishment: he is made subject to punishment, because the pain of part is necessary to the happiness of the whole; pain is necessary to happiness no mortal can tell why or how.

Thus, after having clambered with great labour from one step of argumentation to another, instead of rising into the light of

of knowledge, we are devolved back into dark ignorance; and all our effort ends in belief, that for the Evils of life there is ſome good reaſon, and in confeſſion, that the reaſon cannot be found. This is all that has been produced by the revival of *Chryſippus*'s untractableneſs of matter, and the *Arabian* ſcale of exiſtence. A ſyſtem has been raiſed, which is ſo ready to fall to pieces of itſelf, that no great praiſe can be derived from its deſtruction. To object is always eaſy, and it has been well obſerved by a late writer, that *the hand which cannot build a hovel, may demoliſh a temple* *.

* New Practice of Phyſick.

POLITICAL

TRACTS.

Fallitur, egregio quiſquis ſub principe credit
Servitium, nunquam Libertas gratior extat
Quam ſub Rege pio.

CLAUDIANUS.

THE

FALSE ALARM.

[1770.]

ONE of the chief advantages derived by the prefent generation from the improvement and diffufion of philofophy, is deliverance from unneceffary terrours, and exemption from falfe alarms. The unufual appearances, whether regular or accidental, which once fpread confternation over ages of ignorance, are now the recreations of inquifitive fecurity. The fun is no more lamented when it is eclipfed, than when it fets; and meteors play their corufcations without prognoftick or prediction.

The advancement of political knowledge may be expected to produce in time the like effects. Caufelefs difcontent and feditious violence will grow lefs frequent, and lefs formidable, as the fcience of government is better afcertained by a diligent ftudy of the theory of man.

It is not indeed to be expected, that phyfical and political truth fhould meet with equal acceptance, or gain ground upon the world with equal facility. The notions of the naturalift find mankind in a ftate of neutrality, or at worft have nothing to encounter but prejudice and vanity; prejudice without malignity, and vanity without intereft. But the politician's improvements are oppofed by every paffion that can exclude conviction or fuppreffs it; by ambition, by avarice, by hope, and by terrour, by publick faction, and private animofity.

It is evident, whatever be the caufe, that this nation, with all its renown for fpeculation and for learning, has yet

yet made little proficiency in civil wiſdom. We are ſtill ſo much unacquainted with our own ſtate, and ſo unſkilful in the purſuit of happineſs, that we ſhudder without danger, complain without grievances, and ſuffer our quiet to be diſturbed, and our commerce to be interrupted, by an oppoſition to the government, raiſed only by intereſt, and ſupported only by clamour, which yet has ſo far prevailed upon ignorance and timidity, that many favour it as reaſonable, and many dread it as powerful.

What is urged by thoſe who have been ſo induſtrious to ſpread ſuſpicion, and incite fury from one end of the kingdom to the other, may be known by peruſing the papers which have been at once preſented as petitions to the king, and exhibited in print as remonſtrances to the people. It may therefore not be improper to lay before the Publick the reflections of a man who cannot favour the oppoſition, for he thinks it wicked, and cannot fear it, for he thinks it weak.

The grievance which has produced all this tempeſt of outrage, the oppreſſion in which all other oppreſſions are included, the invaſion which has left us no property, the alarm that ſuffers no patriot to ſleep in quiet, is compriſed in a vote of the Houſe of Commons, by which the freeholders of *Middleſex* are deprived of a *Briton*'s birth-right, repreſentation in parliament.

They have indeed received the uſual writ of election, but that writ, alas! was malicious mockery; they were inſulted with the form, but denied the reality, for there was one man excepted from their choice.

Non de vi, neque cæde, nec veneno,
Sed lis eſt mihi de tribus capellis.

The character of the man thus fatally excepted, I have no purpoſe to delineate. Lampoon itſelf would diſdain to ſpeak ill of him of whom no man ſpeaks well. It is ſufficient that he is expelled the Houſe of Commons, and confined in jail as being legally convicted of ſedition and impiety.

That this man cannot be appointed one of the guardians and counſellors of the church and ſtate, is a grievance not to be endured. Every lover of liberty ſtands doubtful of the fate of poſterity, becauſe the chief county in *England* cannot take its repreſentative from a jail.

Whence

Whence *Middlesex* should obtain the right of being denominated the chief county, cannot easily be discovered; it is indeed the county where the chief city happens to stand, but how that city treated the favourite of *Middlesex*, is not yet forgotten. The county, as distinguished from the city, has no claim to particular consideration.

That a man was in jail for sedition and impiety, would, I believe, have been within memory a sufficient reason why he should not come out of jail a legislator. This reason, notwithstanding the mutability of fashion, happens still to operate on the House of Commons. Their notions, however strange, may be justified by a common observation, that few are mended by imprisonment, and that he whose crimes have made confinement necessary, seldom makes any other use of his enlargement, than to do with greater cunning what he did before with less.

But the people have been told with great confidence, that the House cannot control the right of constituting representatives; that he who can persuade lawful electors to chuse him, whatever be his character, is lawfully chosen, and has a claim to a seat in parliament, from which no human authority can depose him.

Here, however, the patrons of opposition are in some perplexity. They are forced to confess, that by a train of precedents sufficient to establish a custom of parliament, the House of Commons has jurisdiction over its own members; that the whole has power over individuals; and that this power has been exercised sometimes in imprisonment, and often in expulsion.

That such power should reside in the House of Commons in some cases, is inevitably necessary, since it is required by every polity, that where there is a possibility of offence, there should be a possibility of punishment. A member of the House cannot be cited for his conduct in parliament before any other court; and therefore, if the House cannot punish him, he may attack with impunity the rights of the people, and the title of the king.

This exemption from the authority of other courts was, I think, first established in favour of the five members in the long parliament. It is not to be considered as an usurpation, for it is implied in the principles of government. If legislative powers are not co-ordinate, they cease in part to be legislative; and if they be co-ordinate, they are unaccountable;

able; for to whom muſt that power account, which has no ſuperiour?

The Houſe of Commons is indeed diſſoluble by the king, as the nation has of late been very clamorouſly told; but while it ſubſiſts it is co-ordinate, with the other powers, and this co-ordination ceaſes only when the Houſe by diſſolution ceaſes to ſubſiſt.

As the particular repreſentatives of the people are in their publick character above the control of the courts of law, they muſt be ſubject to the juriſdiction of the Houſe; and as the Houſe, in the exerciſe of its authority, can be neither directed nor reſtrained, its own reſolutions muſt be its laws, at leaſt, if there is no antecedent deciſion of the whole legiſlature.

This privilege, not confirmed by any written law or poſitive compact, but by the reſiſtleſs power of political neceſſity, they have exerciſed, probably from their firſt inſtitution, but certainly, as their records inform us, from the 23d of *Elizabeth*, when they expelled a member for derogating from their privileges.

It may perhaps be doubted, whether it was originally neceſſary, that this right of control and puniſhment, ſhould extend beyond offences in the exerciſe of parliamentary duty, ſince all other crimes are cognizable by other courts. But they, who are the only judges of their own rights, have exerted the power of expulſion on other occaſions, and when wickedneſs arrived at a certain magnitude, have conſidered an offence againſt ſociety as an offence againſt the Houſe.

They have therefore diveſted notorious delinquents of their legiſlative character, and delivered them up to ſhame or puniſhment, naked and unprotected, that they might not contaminate the dignity of parliament.

It is allowed that a man attainted of felony cannot ſit in Parliament, and the Commons probably judged, that not being bound to the forms of law, they might treat theſe as felons, whoſe crimes were in their opinion equivalent to felony; and that as a known felon could not be choſen, a man ſo like a felon, that he could not eaſily be diſtinguiſhed, ought to be expelled.

The firſt laws had no law to enforce them, the firſt authority was conſtituted by itſelf. The power exerciſed by the Houſe of Commons is of this kind, a power rooted in the principles of government, and branched out by occaſional

onal practice; a power which neceſſity made juſt, and precedents have made legal.

It will occur that authority thus uncontrolable may, in times of heat and conteſt, be oppreſſively and injuriouſly exerted, and that he who ſuffers injuſtice, is without redreſs, however innocent, however miſerable.

The poſition is true but the argument is uſeleſs. The Commons muſt be controlled, or be exempt from control. If they are exempt they may do injury which cannot be redreſſed, if they are controlled they are no longer legiſlative.

If the poſſibility of abuſe be an argument againſt authority, no authority ever can be eſtabliſhed; if the actual abuſe deſtroys its legality, there is no legal government now in the world.

This power which the Commons have ſo long exerciſed, they ventured to uſe once more againſt Mr. *Wilkes*, and on the 3d of *February*, 1769, expelled him the Houſe, *for having printed and publiſhed a ſeditious libel, and three obſcene and impious libels.*

If theſe imputations were juſt, the expulſion was ſurely ſeaſonable, and that they were juſt, the Houſe had reaſon to determine, as he had confeſſed himſelf, at the bar, the author of the libel which they term ſeditious, and was convicted in the King's Bench of both the publications.

But the freeholders of *Middleſex* were of another opinion. They either thought him innocent, or were not offended by his guilt. When a writ was iſſued for the election of a knight for *Middleſex*, in the room of *John Wilkes*, Eſq; expelled the Houſe, his friends on the ſixteenth of *February* choſe him again.

On the 17th, it was reſolved, *that* John Wilkes, *Eſq; having been in this ſeſſion of parliament expelled the Houſe, was, and is, incapable of being elected a member to ſerve in this preſent parliament.*

As there was no other candidate, it was reſolved, at the ſame time, that the election of the ſixteenth was a void election.

The freeholders ſtill continued to think that no other man was fit to repreſent them, and on the ſixteenth of *March* elected him once more. Their reſolution was now ſo well known, that no opponent ventured to appear.

The

The Commons began to find, that power without materials for operation can produce no effect. They might make the election void for ever, but if no other candidate could be found, their determination could only be negative. They, however, made void the laſt election, and ordered a new writ.

On the thirteenth of *April* was a new election, at which Mr. *Lutterel*, and others, offered themſelves candidates. Every method of intimidation was uſed, and ſome acts of violence were done to hinder Mr. *Lutterel* from appearing. He was not deterred, and the poll was taken, which exhibited for

Mr. *Wilkes*,	-	-	1143
Mr. *Lutterel*,	-	-	296

The ſheriff returned Mr. *Wilkes*; but the Houſe, on *April* the fifteenth, determined that Mr. *Lutterel* was lawfully elected.

From this day begun the clamour, which has continued till now. Thoſe who had undertaken to oppoſe the miniſtry, having no grievance of greater magnitude, endeavoured to ſwell this deciſion into bulk, and diſtort it into deformity, and then held it out to terrify the nation.

Every artifice of ſedition has been ſince practiſed to awaken diſcontent and inflame indignation. The papers of every day have been filled with exhortations and menaces of faction. The madneſs has ſpread through all ranks and through both ſexes; women and children have clamoured for Mr. *Wilkes*, honeſt ſimplicity has been cheated into fury, and only the wiſe have eſcaped infection.

The greater part may juſtly be ſuſpected of not believing their own poſition, and with them it is not neceſſary to diſpute. They cannot be convinced who are convinced already, and it is well known that they will not be aſhamed.

The deciſion, however, by which the ſmaller number of votes was preferred to the greater, has perplexed the minds of ſome, whoſe opinions it were indecent to deſpiſe, and who by their integrity well deſerve to have their doubts appeaſed.

Every diffuſe and complicated queſtion may be examined by different methods, upon different principles; and that truth, which is eaſily found by one inveſtigator, may be miſſed by another, equally honeſt and equally diligent.

Thoſe

Thoſe who inquire, whether a ſmaller number of legal votes can elect a repreſentative in oppoſition to a greater, muſt receive from every tongue the ſame anſwer.

The queſtion, therefore, muſt be, whether a ſmaller number of legal votes, ſhall not prevail againſt a greater number of votes not legal?

It muſt be conſidered, that thoſe votes only are legal which are legally given, and that thoſe only are legally given, which are given for a legal candidate.

It remains then to be diſcuſſed, whether a man expelled, can be ſo diſqualified by a vote of the Houſe, as that he ſhall be no longer eligible by lawful electors?

Here we muſt again recur, not to poſitive inſtitutions, but to the unwritten law of ſocial nature, to the great and pregnant principle of political neceſſity. All government ſuppoſes ſubjects, all authority implies obedience. To ſuppoſe in one the right to command what another has the right to refuſe, is abſurd and contradictory. A ſtate ſo conſtituted muſt reſt for ever in motionleſs equipoiſe, with equal attractions of contrary tendency, with equal weights of power balancing each other.

Laws which cannot be enforced, can neither prevent nor rectify diſorders. A ſentence which cannot be executed can have no power to warn or to reform. If the Commons have only the power of diſmiſſing for a few days the man whom his conſtituents can immediately ſend back, if they can expel but cannot exclude, they have nothing more than nominal authority, to which perhaps obedience never may be paid.

The repreſentatives of our anceſtors had an opinion very different: they fined and impriſoned their members; on great provocation they diſabled them for ever; and this power of pronouncing perpetual diſability is maintained by *Selden* himſelf.

Theſe claims ſeem to have been made and allowed, when the conſtitution of our government had not yet been ſufficiently ſtudied. Such powers are not legal, becauſe they are not neceſſary; and of that power which only neceſſity juſtifies, no more is to be admitted than neceſſity obtrudes.

The Commons cannot make laws, they can only paſs reſolutions, which, like all reſolutions, are of force only to thoſe that make them, and to thoſe only while they are willing to obſerve them.

The vote of the Houſe of Commons has therefore only ſo far the force of a law, as that force is neceſſary to preſerve the vote from loſing its efficacy, it muſt begin by operating upon themſelves, and extends its influence to others, only by conſequences ariſing from the firſt intention. He that ſtarts game on his own manor, may purſue it into another.

They can properly make laws only for themſelves: a member, while he keeps his ſeat, is ſubject to theſe laws; but when he is expelled, the juriſdiction ceaſes, for he is now no longer within their dominion.

The diſability, which a vote can ſuperinduce to expulſion, is no more than was included in expulſion itſelf; it is only a declaration of the Commons, that they will permit no longer him whom they thus cenſure to ſit with them in parliament; a declaration made by that right which they neceſſarily poſſeſs, of regulating their own Houſe, and of inflicting puniſhment on their own delinquents.

They have therefore no other way to enforce the ſentence of incapacity, than that of adhering to it. They cannot otherwiſe puniſh the candidate ſo diſqualified for offering himſelf, nor the electors for accepting him. But if he has any competitor, that competitor muſt prevail, and if he has none, his election will be void; for the right of the Houſe to reject, annihilates with regard to the man ſo rejected the right of electing.

It has been urged, that the power of the Houſe terminates with their ſeſſion; ſince a priſoner committed by the Speaker's warrant cannot be detained during the receſs. That power indeed ceaſes with the ſeſſion, which muſt operate by the agency of others, becauſe, when they do not ſit, they can employ no agent, having no longer any legal exiſtence; but that which is exerciſed on themſelves revives at their meeting, when the ſubject of that power ſtill ſubſiſts. They can in the next ſeſſion refuſe to re-admit him, whom in the former ſeſſion they expelled.

That expulſion inferred excluſion, in the preſent caſe, muſt be, I think, eaſily admitted. The expulſion and the writ iſſued for a new election were in the ſame ſeſſion, and ſince the Houſe is by the rule of parliament bound for the ſeſſion by a vote once paſſed, the expelled member cannot be admitted. He that cannot be admitted, cannot be elected; and the votes given to a man ineligible being given in vain,

vain, the highest number for an eligible candidate becomes a majority.

To these conclusions, as to most moral, and to all political positions, many objections may be made. The perpetual subject of political disquisition is not absolute, but comparative good. Of two systems of government, or two laws relating to the same subject, neither will ever be such as theoretical nicety would desire, and therefore neither can easily force its way against prejudice and obstinacy; each will have its excellencies and defects, and every man, with a little help from pride, may think his own the best.

It seems to be the opinion of many, that expulsion is only a dismission of the representative to his constituents, with such a testimony against him as his sentence may comprise; and that if his constituents, notwithstanding the censure of the House, thinking his case hard, his fault trifling, or his excellencies such as overbalance it, should again chuse him as still worthy of their trust, the House cannot refuse him, for his punishment has purged his fault, and the right of electors must not be violated.

This is plausible but not cogent. It is a scheme of representation, which would make a specious appearance in a political romance, but cannot be brought into practice among us, who see every day the towering head of speculation bow down unwillingly to groveling experience.

Governments formed by chance, and gradually improved by such expedients, as the successive discovery of their defects happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory. They are fabricks of dissimilar materials, raised by different architects, upon different plans. We must be content with them as they are; should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily demolish, and difficultly rebuild them.

Laws are now made, and customs are established; these are our rules, and by them we must be guided.

It is uncontrovertibly certain, that the Commons never intended to leave electors the liberty of returning them an expelled member, for they always require one to be chosen in the room of him that is expelled, and I see not with what propriety a man can be rechosen in his own room.

Expulsion, if this were its whole effect, might very often be desirable. Sedition, or obscenity, might be no greater crimes in the opinion of other electors, than in that of the freeholders of *Middlesex*; and many a wretch, whom his

colleagues ſhould expel, might come back perſecuted into fame, and provoke with harder front a ſecond expulſion.

Many of the repreſentatives of the people can hardly be ſaid to have been choſen at all. Some by inheriting a borough inherit a ſeat; and ſome ſit by the favour of others, whom perhaps they may gratify by the act which provoked the expulſion. Some are ſafe by their popularity, and ſome by their alliances. None would dread expulſion, if this doctrine were received, but thoſe who bought their elections, and who would be obliged to buy them again at a higher price.

But as uncertainties are to be determined by things certain, and cuſtoms to be explained, where it is poſſible, by written law, the patriots have triumphed with a quotation from an act of the 4th and 5th of *Anne*, which permits thoſe to be rechoſen, whoſe ſeats are vacated by the acceptance of a place of profit. This they wiſely conſider as an expulſion, and from the permiſſion, in this caſe, of a re-election, infer that every other expulſion leaves the delinquent entitled to the ſame indulgence. This is the paragraph:

" If any perſon, *being choſen a member* of the Houſe of " Commons, ſhall accept of any office from the crown, *dur-* " *ing ſuch time as he ſhall continue a member*, his election " ſhall be, and is hereby declared to be void, and a new " writ ſhall iſſue for a new election, as if ſuch perſon ſo " accepting was naturally dead. *Nevertheleſs ſuch perſon ſhall* " *be capable of being again elected*, as if his place had not be- " come void as aforeſaid."

How this favours the doctrine of re-admiſſion by a ſecond choice, I am not able to diſcover. The ſtatute of 30 *Ch.* II. had enacted, That *he who ſhould ſit in the Houſe of Commons, without taking the oaths and ſubſcribing the teſt, ſhould be diſabled to ſit in the Houſe during that Parliament, and a writ ſhould iſſue for the election of a new member, in place of the member ſo diſabled, as if ſuch member had naturally died.*

This laſt clauſe is apparently copied in the act of *Anne*, but with the common fate of imitators. In the act of *Charles*, the political death continued during the parliament, in that of *Anne* it was hardly worth the while to kill the man whom the next breath was to revive. It is, however, apparent, that in the opinion of the parliament, the dead-doing lines would have kept him motionleſs, if he had not been

been recovered by a kind exception. A ſeat vacated, could not be regained without expreſs permiſſion of the ſame ſtatute.

The right of being choſen again to a ſeat thus vacated, is not enjoyed by any general right, but required a ſpecial clauſe, and ſolicitous proviſion.

But what reſemblance can imagination conceive between one man vacating his ſeat, by a mark of favour from the crown, and another driven from it for ſedition and obſcenity. The acceptance of a place contaminates no character; the crown that gives it, intends to give with it always dignity, ſometimes authority. The commons, it is well known, thinks not worſe of themſelves or others for their offices of profit; yet profit implies temptation, and may expoſe a repreſentative to the ſuſpicion of his conſtituents; though, if they ſtill think him worthy of their confidence, they may again elect him.

Such is the conſequence. When a man is diſmiſſed by law to his conſtituents, with new truſt and new dignity, they may, if they think him incorruptible, reſtore him to his ſeat; what can follow, therefore, but that when the Houſe drives out a varlet with publick infamy, he goes away with the like permiſſion to return?

If infatuation be, as the proverb tells us, the forerunner of deſtruction, how near muſt be the ruin of a nation that can be incited againſt its governors, by ſophiſtry like this. I may be excuſed if I catch the panick, and join my groans at this alarming criſis, with the general lamentation of weeping patriots.

Another objection is, that the Commons, by pronouncing the ſentence of diſqualification, make a law, and take upon themſelves the power of the whole legiſlature. Many quotations are then produced to prove that the Houſe of Commons can make no laws.

Three acts have been cited, diſabling members for different terms on different occaſions, and it is profoundly remarked, that if the Commons could by their own privilege have made a diſqualification, their jealouſy of their privileges would never have admitted the concurrent ſanction of the other powers.

I muſt for ever remind theſe puny controvertiſts, that thoſe acts are laws of permanent obligation: that two of them are now in force, and that the other expired only when it had fulfilled its end. Such laws the Commons

cannot

cannot make; they could, perhaps, have determined for themſelves, that they would expel all who ſhould not take the teſt, but they could leave no authority behind them, that ſhould oblige the next parliament to expel them. They could refuſe the *South Sea* directors, but they could not entail the refuſal. They can diſqualify by vote, but not by law; they cannot know that the ſentence of diſqualification pronounced to-day may not become void to-morrow, by the diſſolution of their own Houſe. Yet while the ſame parliament ſits, the diſqualification continues unleſs the vote be reſcinded, and while it ſo continues, makes the votes, which freeholders may give to the interdicted candidate, uſeleſs and dead, ſince there cannot exiſt, with reſpect to the ſame ſubject at the ſame time, an abſolute power to chuſe and an abſolute power to reject.

In 1614, the attorney-general was voted incapable of a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons, and the nation is triumphantly told, that though the vote never was revoked, the attorney-general is now a member. He certainly may now be a member without revocation of the vote. A law is of perpetual obligation, but a vote is nothing when the voters are gone. A law is a compact reciproeally made by the legiſlative powers, and therefore not to be abrogated but by all the parties. A vote is ſimply a reſolution, which binds only him that is willing to be bound.

I have thus punctilioufly and minutely purſued this diſquiſition, becauſe I ſuſpect that theſe reaſoners, whoſe buſineſs is to deceive others, have ſometimes deceived themſelves, and I am willing to free them from their embarraſſment, though I do not expect much gratitude for my kindneſs.

Other objections are yet remaining, for of political objections there cannot eaſily be an end. It has been obſerved, that vice is no proper cauſe of expulſion, for if the worſt man in the Houſe were always to be expelled, in time none would be left. But no man is expelled for being worſt, he is expelled for being enormouſly bad; his conduct is compared, not with that of others, but with the rule of action.

The puniſhment of expulſion being in its own nature uncertain, may be too great or too little for the fault.

This muſt be the caſe of many puniſhments. Forfeiture of chattels is nothing to him that has no poſſeſſions. Exile

itſelf

itſelf may be accidentally a good; and indeed any puniſhment leſs than death is very different to different men.

But if this precedent be admitted and eſtabliſhed, no man can hereafter be ſure that he ſhall be repreſented by him whom he would chooſe. One half of the Houſe may meet early in the morning, and ſnatch an opportunity to expel the other, and the greater part of the nation may by this ſtratagem be without its lawful repreſentatives.

He that ſees all this, ſees very far. But I can tell him of greater evils yet behind. There is one poſſibility of wickedneſs, which at this alarming criſis, has not yet been mentioned. Every one knows the malice, the ſubtilty, the induſtry, the vigilance, and the greedineſs of the *Scots*. The *Scotch* members are about the number ſufficient to make a houſe. I propoſe it to the conſideration of the ſupporters of the Bill of Rights, whether there is not reaſon to ſuſpect, that theſe hungry intruders from the North, are now contriving to expel all the *Engliſh*. We may then curſe the hour in which it was determined, that expulſion and excluſion are the ſame. For who can gueſs what may be done when the *Scots* have the whole Houſe to themſelves?

Thus agreeable to cuſtom, and reaſon, notwithſtanding all objections, real or imaginary; thus conſiſtent with the practice of former times, and thus conſequential to the original principles of government, is that deciſion by which ſo much violence of diſcontent has been excited, which has been ſo dolorouſly bewailed, and ſo outrageouſly reſented.

Let us however not be ſeduced to put too much confidence in juſtice or in truth; they have often been found inactive in their own defence, and give more confidence than help to their friends and their advocates. It may perhaps be prudent to make one momentary conceſſion to falſehood, by ſuppoſing the vote in Mr. *Lutterel*'s favour to be wrong.

All wrong ought to be rectified. If Mr. *Wilkes* is deprived of a lawful ſeat, both he and his electors have reaſon to complain; but it will not be eaſily found, why, among the innumerable wrongs of which a great part of mankind are hourly complaining, the whole care of the publick ſhould be transferred to Mr. *Wilkes* and the freeholders of *Middleſex*, who might all ſink into non-exiſtence, without any other effect, than that there would be room made for a

new

new rabble, and a new retailer of ſedition and obſcenity. The cauſe of our country would ſuffer little; the rabble, whenceſoever they come, will be always patriots, and always ſupporters of the Bill of Rights.

The Houſe of Commons decides the diſputes ariſing from elections. Was it ever ſuppoſed, that in all caſes their deciſions were right? Every man whoſe lawful election is defeated, is equally wronged with Mr. *Wilkes*, and his conſtituents feel their diſappointment with no leſs anguiſh than the freeholders of *Middleſex*. Theſe deciſions have often been apparently partial, and ſometimes tyrannically oppreſſive. A majority has been given to a favourite candidate, by expunging votes which had always been allowed, and which therefore had the authority by which all votes are given, that of cuſtom uninterrupted. When the Commons determine who ſhall be conſtituents, they may, with ſome propriety, be ſaid to make law, becauſe thoſe determinations have hitherto, for the ſake of quiet, been adopted by ſucceeding parliaments. A vote therefore of the Houſe, when it operates as a law, is to individuals a law only temporary, but to communities perpetual.

Yet though all this has been done, and though at every new parliament much of this is expected to be done again, it has never produced in any former time ſuch an *alarming criſis*. We have found by experience, that though a ſquire has given ale and veniſon in vain, and a borough has been compelled to ſee its deareſt intereſt in the hands of him whom it did not truſt, yet the general ſtate of the nation has continued the ſame. The ſun has riſen, and the corn has grown, and whatever talk has been of the danger of property, yet he that ploughed the field commonly reaped it, and he that built a houſe was maſter of the door: the vexation excited by injuſtice ſuffered or ſuppoſed to be ſuffered, by any private man, or ſingle community, was local and temporary, it neither ſpread far, nor laſted long.

The nation looked on with little care, becauſe there did not ſeem to be much danger. The conſequence of ſmall irregularities was not felt, and we had not yet learned to be terrified by very diſtant enemies.

But quiet and ſecurity are now at an end. Our vigilance is quickened, and our comprehenſion is enlarged. We not only ſee events in their cauſes, but before their cauſes; we hear the thunder while the ſky is clear, and ſee the mine ſprung before it is dug. Political wiſdom has, by the force

of

of *Engliſh* genius, been improved at laſt not only to political intuition, but to political preſcience.

But it cannot, I am afraid, be ſaid, that as we are grown wiſe, we are made happy. It is ſaid of thoſe who have the wonderful power called ſecond ſight, that they ſeldom ſee any thing but evil: political ſecond ſight has the ſame effect; we hear of nothing but of an alarming criſis, of violated rights, and expiring liberties. The morning riſes upon new wrongs, and the dreamer paſſes the night in imaginary ſhackles.

The ſphere of anxiety is now enlarged; he that hitherto cared only for himſelf, now cares for the Publick; for he has learned that the happineſs of individuals is compriſed in the proſperity of the whole, and that his country never ſuffers but he ſuffers with it, however it happens that he feels no pain.

Fired with this fever of epidemick patriotiſm, the taylor ſlips his thimble, the draper drops his yard, and the blackſmith lays down his hammer; they meet at an honeſt alehouſe, conſider the ſtate of the nation, read or hear the laſt petition, lament the miſeries of the time, are alarmed at the dreadful criſis, and ſubſcribe to the ſupport of the Bill of Rights.

It ſometimes indeed happens, that an intruder of more benevolence than prudence attempts to diſperſe their cloud of dejection, and eaſe their hearts by ſeaſonable conſolation. He tells them, that though the government cannot be too diligently watched, it may be too haſtily accuſed; and that, though private judgment is every man's right, yet we cannot judge of what we do not know; that we feel at preſent no evils which government can alleviate, and that the publick buſineſs is committed to men who have as much right to confidence as their adverſaries; that the freeholders of *Middleſex*, if they could not chooſe Mr. *Wilkes*, might have choſen any other man, and that *he truſts we have within the realm five hundred as good as he;* that even if this which has happened to *Middleſex* had happened to every other county, that one man ſhould be made incapable of being elected, it could produce no great change in the parliament, nor much contract the power of election; that what has been done is probably right, and that if it be wrong it is of little conſequence, ſince a like caſe cannot eaſily occur; that expulſions are very rare, and if they ſhould, by unbounded

bounded insolence of faction, become more frequent, the electors may easily provide a second choice.

All this he may say, but not half of this will be heard; his opponents will stun him and themselves with a confused sound of pension and places, venality and corruption, oppression and invasion, slavery and ruin.

Outcries like these, uttered by malignity, and echoed by folly; general accusations of indeterminate wickedness; and obscure hints of impossible designs, dispersed among those that do not know their meaning, by those that know them to be false, have disposed part of the nation, though but a small part, to pester the court with ridiculous petitions.

The progress of a petition is well known. An ejected placeman goes down to his county or his borough, tells his friends of his inability to serve them, and his constituents of the corruption of the government. His friends readily understand that he who can get nothing, will have nothing to give. They agree to proclaim a meeting; meat and drink are plentifully provided; a crowd is easily brought together, and those who think that they know the reason of their meeting, undertake to tell those who know it not. Ale and clamour unite their powers, the crowd, condensed and heated, begins to ferment with the leven of sedition. All see a thousand evils, though they cannot show them, and grow impatient for a remedy, though they know not what.

A speech is then made by the *Cicero* of the day; he says much, and suppresses more, and credit is equally given to what he tells, and what he conceals. The petition is read and universally approved. Those who are sober enough to write, add their names, and the rest would sign it if they could.

Every man goes home and tells his neighbour of the glories of the day; how he was consulted and what he advised; how he was invited into the great room, where his lordship called him by his name; how he was caressed by Sir *Francis*, Sir *Joseph*, or Sir *George*; how he eat turtle and venison, and drank unanimity to the three brothers.

The poor loiterer, whose shop had confined him, or whose wife had locked him up, hears the tale of luxury with envy, and at last inquires what was their petition. Of the petition nothing is remembered by the narrator, but that it spoke much of fears and apprehensions, and something

very

very alarming, and that he is ſure it is againſt the government; the other is convinced that it muſt be right, and wiſhes he had been there, for he loves wine and veniſon, and is reſolved as long as he lives to be againſt the government.

The petition is then handed from town to town, and from houſe to houſe, and wherever it comes the inhabitants flock together that they may ſee that which muſt be ſent to the king. Names are eaſily collected. One man ſigns becauſe he hates the papiſt; another becauſe he has vowed deſtruction to the turnpikes; one becauſe it will vex the parſon; another becauſe he owes his landlord nothing; one becauſe he is rich; another becauſe he is poor; one to ſhew that he is not afraid, and another to ſhew that he can write.

The paſſage, however, is not always ſmooth. Thoſe who collect contributions to ſedition, ſometimes apply to a man of higher rank and more enlightened mind, who, inſtead of lending them his name, calmly reproves them for being ſeducers of the people.

You who are here, ſays he, complaining of venality, are yourſelves the agents of thoſe who, having eſtimated themſelves at too high a price, are only angry that they are not bought. You are appealing from the parliament to the rabble, and inviting thoſe who ſcarcely, in the moſt common affairs, diſtinguiſh right from wrong, to judge of a queſtion complicated with law written and unwritten, with the general principles of government, and the particular cuſtoms of the Houſe of Commons; you are ſhewing them a grievance, ſo diſtant that they cannot ſee it, and ſo light that they cannot feel it; for how, but by unneceſſary intelligence and artificial provocation, ſhould the farmers and ſhop-keepers of *Yorkſhire* and *Cumberland* know or care how *Middleſex* is repreſented? Inſtead of wandering thus round the county to exaſperate the rage of party, and darken the ſuſpicions of ignorance, it is the duty of men like you, who have leiſure for inquiry, to lead back the people to their honeſt labour; to tell them, that ſubmiſſion is the duty of the ignorant, and content the virtue of the poor; that they have no ſkill in the art of government, nor any intereſt in the diſſentions of the great; and when you meet with any, as ſome there are, whoſe underſtandings are capable of conviction, it will become you to allay this foaming ebullition, by ſhewing them that they have as much happineſs as the condition of life will eaſily receive, and that

that a government, of which an erroneous or unjuſt repreſentation of *Middleſex* is the greateſt crime that intereſt can diſcover, or malice can upbraid, is a government approaching nearer to perfection, than any that experience has known, or hiſtory related.

The drudges of ſedition wiſh to change their ground, they hear him with ſullen ſilence, feel conviction without repentance, and are confounded but not abaſhed; they go forward to another door, and find a kinder reception from a man enraged againſt the government, becauſe he has juſt been paying the tax upon his windows.

That a petition for a diſſolution of the parliament will at all times have its favourers, may be eaſily imagined. The people indeed do not expect that one Houſe of Commons will be much honeſter or much wiſer than another; they do not ſuppoſe that the taxes will be lightened; or though they have been ſo often taught to hope it, that ſoap and candles will be cheaper; they expect no redreſs of grievances, for of no grievance but taxes do they complain; they wiſh not the extenſion of liberty, for they do not feel any reſtraint; about the ſecurity of privilege or property they are totally careleſs, for they ſee no property invaded, nor know, till they are told, that any privilege has ſuffered violation.

Leaſt of all do they expect, that any future parliament will leſſen its own powers, or communicate to the people that authority which it has once obtained.

Yet a new parliament is ſufficiently deſirable. The year of election is a year of jollity; and what is ſtill more delightful, a year of equality. The glutton now eats the delicacies for which he longed when he could not purchaſe them, and the drunkard has the pleaſure of wine without the coſt. The drone lives a-while without work, and the ſhop-keeper, in the flow of money, raiſes his price. The mechanick that trembled at the preſence of Sir *Joſeph*, now bids him come again for an anſwer; and the poacher whoſe gun has been ſeized, now finds an opportunity to reclaim it. Even the honeſt man is not diſpleaſed to ſee himſelf important, and willingly reſumes in two years that power which he had reſigned for ſeven. Few love their friends ſo well as not to deſire ſuperiority by unexpenſive benefaction.

Yet, notwithſtanding all theſe motives to compliance, the promoters of petitions have not been ſucceſsful. Few could

could be perſuaded to lament evils which they did not ſuffer, or to ſolicit for redreſs which they do not want. The petition has been, in ſome places, rejected; and perhaps in all but one, ſigned only by the meaneſt and groſſeſt of the people.

Since this expedient now invented or revived to diſtreſs the government, and equally practicable at all times by all who ſhall be excluded from power and from profit, has produced ſo little effect, let us conſider the oppoſition as no longer formidable. The great engine has recoiled upon them. They thought that *the terms* they *ſent were terms of weight*, which would have *amazed all and ſtumbled many*; but the conſternation is now over, and their foes *ſtand upright*, as before.

With great propriety and dignity the king has, in his ſpeech, neglected or forgotten them. He might eaſily know, that what was preſented as the ſenſe of the people, is the ſenſe only of the profligate and diſſolute; and that whatever parliament ſhould be convened, the ſame petitioners would be ready, for the ſame reaſon, to requeſt its diſſolution.

As we once had a rebellion of the clowns, we have now an oppoſition of the pedlars. The quiet of the nation has been for years diſturbed by a faction, againſt which all factions ought to conſpire; for its original principle is the deſire of levelling; it is only animated under the name of zeal, by the natural malignity of the mean againſt the great.

When in the confuſion which the *Engliſh* invaſions produced in *France*, the villains, imagining that they had found the golden hour of emancipation, took arms in their hands, the knights of both nations conſidered the cauſe as common, and, ſuſpending the general hoſtility, united to chaſtiſe them.

The whole conduct of this deſpicable faction is diſtinguiſhed by plebeian groſſneſs, and ſavage indecency. To miſrepreſent the actions and the principles of their enemies is common to all parties; but the inſolence of invective, and brutality of reproach, which have lately prevailed, are peculiar to this.

An infallible characteriſtick of meanneſs is cruelty. This is the only faction that has ſhouted at the condemnation of a criminal, and that, when his innocence procured his pardon, has clamoured for his blood.

All

All other parties, however enraged at each other, have agreed to treat the throne with decency; but these low-born railers have attacked not only the authority, but the character of their sovereign, and have endeavoured, surely without effect, to alienate the affections of the people from the only king, who, for almost a century, has much appeared to desire, or much endeavoured to deserve them. They have insulted him with rudeness and with menaces, which were never excited by the gloomy sullenness of *William*, even when half the nation denied him their allegiance; nor by the dangerous bigotry of *James*, unless when he was finally driven from his palace; and with which scarcely the open hostilities of rebellion ventured to vilify the unhappy *Charles*, even in the remarks on the cabinet of *Naseby*.

It is surely not unreasonable to hope, that the nation will consult its dignity, if not its safety, and disdain to be protected or enslaved by the declaimers or the plotters of a city-tavern. Had *Rome* fallen by the *Catilinarian* conspiracy, she might have consoled her fate by the greatness of her destroyers; but what would have alleviated the disgrace of *England*, had her government been changed by *Tiler* or by *Ket?*

One part of the nation has never before contended with the other, but for some weighty and apparent interest. If the means were violent, the end was great. The civil war was fought for what each army called and believed the best religion, and the best government. The struggle in the reign of *Anne*, was to exclude or restore an exile king. We are now disputing, with almost equal animosity, whether *Middlesex* shall be represented or not by a criminal from a jail.

The only comfort left in such degeneracy is, that a lower state can be no longer possible.

In this contemptuous censure, I mean not to include every single man. In all lead, says the chemist, there is silver; and in all copper there is gold. But mingled masses are justly denominated by the greater quantity, and when the precious particles are not worth extraction, a faction and a pig must be melted down together to the forms and offices that chance allots them.

Fiunt urceoli, pulves, sartago, patellæ.

A few

A few weeks will now ſhew whether the government can be ſhaken by empty noiſe, and whether the faction which depends upon its influence, has not deceived alike the Publick and itſelf. That it ſhould have continued till now, is ſufficiently ſhameful. None can indeed wonder that it has been ſupported by the ſectaries, the natural fomenters of ſedition, and confederates of the rabble, of whoſe religion little now remains but hatred of eſtabliſhments, and who are angry to find ſeparation now only tolerated, which was once rewarded; but every honeſt man muſt lament, that it has been regarded with frigid neutrality by the tories, who, being long accuſtomed to ſignalize their principles by oppoſition to the court, do not yet conſider that they have at laſt a king who knows not the name of party, and who wiſhes to be the common father of all his people.

As a man inebriated only by vapours, ſoon recovers in the open air; a nation diſcontented to madneſs, without any adequate cauſe, will return to its wits and its allegiance when a little pauſe has cooled it to reflection. Nothing, therefore, is neceſſary, at this *alarming criſis*, but to conſider the alarm as falſe. To make conceſſions, is to encourage encroachment. Let the court deſpiſe the faction, and the diſappointed people will ſoon deride it.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS

ON THE

LATE TRANSACTIONS

RESPECTING

FALKLAND's ISLANDS.

[1771.]

TO proportion the eagerneſs of conteſt to its importance ſeems too hard a taſk for human wiſdom. The pride of wit has kept ages buſy in the diſcuſſion of uſeleſs queſtions, and the pride of power has deſtroyed armies to gain or to keep unprofitable poſſeſſions.

Not many years have paſſed ſince the cruelties of war were filling the world with terror and with ſorrow; rage was at laſt appeaſed, or ſtrength exhauſted, and to the haraſſed nations peace was reſtored, with its pleaſures and its benefits. Of this ſtate all felt the happineſs, and all implored the continuance; but what continuance of happineſs can be expected, when the whole ſyſtem of *European* empire can be in danger of a new concuſſion, by a contention for a few ſpots of earth, which, in the deſerts of the ocean, had almoſt eſcaped human notice, and which, if they had not happened to make a ſea-mark, had perhaps never had a name?

Fortune often delights to dignify what nature has neglected, and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinſick excellence or greatneſs, is ſometimes derived from unexpected accidents. The *Rubicon* was ennobled by the paſſage of

of *Cæſar*, and the time is now come when *Falkland's Iſlands* demand their hiſtorian.

But the writer to whom this employment ſhall be aſſigned, will have few opportunities of deſcriptive ſplendor, or narrative elegance. Of other countries it is told how often they have changed their government; theſe iſlands have hitherto changed only their name. Of heroes to conquer, or legiſlators to civilize, here has been no appearance; nothing has happened to them but that they have been ſometimes ſeen by wandering navigators, who paſſed by them in ſearch of better habitations.

When the *Spaniards*, who, under the conduct of *Columbus*, diſcovered *America*, had taken poſſeſſion of its moſt wealthy regions; they ſurpriſed and terrified *Europe* by a ſudden and unexampled influx of riches. They were made at once inſupportably inſolent, and might perhaps have become irreſiſtibly powerful, had not their mountainous treaſures been ſcattered in the air with the ignorant profuſion of unaccuſtomed opulence.

The greater part of the *European* potentates ſaw this ſtream of riches flowing into *Spain* without attempting to dip their own hands in the golden fountain. *France* had no naval ſkill or power; *Portugal* was extending her dominions in the eaſt over regions formed in the gaiety of nature; the *Hanſeatick* league, being planned only for the ſecurity of traffick, had no tendency to diſcovery or invaſion; and the commerical ſtates of *Italy* growing rich by trading between *Aſia* and *Europe*, and not lying upon the ocean, did not deſire to ſeek by great hazards, at a diſtance, what was almoſt at home to be found with ſafety.

The *Engliſh* alone were animated by the ſucceſs of the *Spaniſh* navigators, to try if any thing was left that might reward adventure, or incite appropriation. They ſent *Cabot* into the north, but in the north there was no gold or ſilver to be found. The beſt regions were pre-occupied, yet they ſtill continued their hopes and their labours. They were the ſecond nation that dared the extent of the *Pacifick Ocean*, and the ſecond circumnavigators of the globe.

By the war between *Elizabeth* and *Philip*, the wealth of *America* became lawful prize, and thoſe who were leſs afraid of danger than of poverty, ſuppoſed that riches might eaſily be obtained by plundering the *Spaniards*. Nothing is difficult when gain and honour unite ther influence; the ſpirit and vigour of theſe expeditions enlarged our views of

the new world, and made us firſt acquainted with its remoter coaſts.

In the fatal voyage of *Cavendiſh* (1592), Captain *Davis*, who, being ſent out as his aſſociate, was afterwards parted from him or deſerted him, as he was driven by violence of weather about the ſtraits of *Magellan*, is ſuppoſed to have been the firſt who ſaw the lands now called *Falkland's Iſlands*, but his diſtreſs permitted him not to make any obſervation, and he left them, as he found them, without a name.

Not long afterwards (1594) Sir *Richard Hawkins*, being in the ſame ſeas with the ſame deſigns, ſaw theſe iſlands again, if they are indeed the ſame iſlands, and in honour of his miſtreſs, called them *Hawkins's Maiden Land.*

This voyage was not of renown ſufficient to procure a general reception to the new name, for when the *Dutch*, who had now become ſtrong enough not only to defend themſelves, but to attack their maſters, ſent (1598) *Verhagen* and *Sebald de Wert*, into the *South Seas*, theſe iſlands, which were not ſuppoſed to have been known before, obtained the denomination of *Sebald's Iſlands*, and were from that time placed in the charts; though *Frezier* tells us, that they were yet conſidered as of doubtful exiſtence.

Their preſent *Engliſh* name was probably given them (1689) by *Strong*, whoſe journal, yet unprinted, may be found in the Muſeum. This name was adopted by *Halley*, and has from that time, I believe, been received into our maps.

The privateers which were put into motion by the wars of *William* and *Anne*, ſaw thoſe iſlands and mentioned them; but they were yet not conſidered as territories worth a conteſt. *Strong* affirmed that there was no wood, and *Dampier* ſuſpected that they had no water.

Frezier deſcribes their appearance with more diſtinctneſs, and mentions ſome ſhips of *St. Maloes*, by which they had been viſited, and to which he ſeems willing enough to aſcribe the honour of diſcovering iſlands which yet he admits to have been ſeen by *Hawkins*, and named by *Sebald de Wert*. He, I ſuppoſe, in honour of his countrymen, called them the *Malouines*, the denomination now uſed by the *Spaniards*, who ſeem not, till very lately, to have thought them important enough to deſerve a name.

Since

Since the publication of *Anſon*'s voyage, they have very much changed their opinion, finding a ſettlement in *Pepys*'s or *Falkland*'s *Iſland* recommended by the author as neceſſary to the ſucceſs of our future expeditions againſt the coaſt of *Chili*, and as of ſuch uſe and importance, that it would produce many advantages in peace, and in war would make us maſters of the *South Sea*.

Scarcely any degree of judgment is ſufficient to reſtrain the imagination from magnifying that on which it is long detained. The relator of *Anſon*'s voyage had heated his mind with its various events, had partaken the hope with which it was begun, and the vexation ſuffered by its various miſcarriages, and then thought nothing could be of greater benefit to the nation than that which might promote the ſucceſs of ſuch another enterpriſe.

Had the heroes of that hiſtory even performed and attained all that when they firſt ſpread their ſails they ventured to hope, the conſequence would yet have produced very little hurt to the *Spaniards*, and very little benefit to the *Engliſh*. They would have taken a few towns; *Anſon* and his companions would have ſhared the plunder or the ranſom; and the *Spaniards*, finding their ſouthern territories acceſſible, would for the future have guarded them better.

That ſuch a ſettlement may be of uſe in war, no man that conſiders its ſituation will deny. But war is not the whole buſineſs of life; it happens but ſeldom, and every man either good or wiſe, wiſhes that its frequency were ſtill leſs. That conduct which betrays deſigns of future hoſtility, if it does not excite violence, will always generate malignity; it muſt for ever exclude confidence and friendſhip, and continue a cold and ſluggiſh rivalry, by a ſly reciprocation of indirect injuries, without the bravery of war, or the ſecurity of peace.

The advantage of ſuch a ſettlement in time of peace is, I think, not eaſily to be proved. For what uſe can it have but of a ſtation for contraband traders, a nurſery of fraud, and a receptacle of theft? *Narborough*, about a century ago, was of opinion, that no advantage could be obtained in voyages to the *South Sea*, except by ſuch an armament as, with a ſailor's morality, *might trade by force*. It is well known that the prohibitions of foreign commerce are, in theſe countries, to the laſt degree rigorous, and that no man not authorized by the king of *Spain* can trade there but by

force or ſtealth. Whatever profit is obtained muſt be gained by the violence of rapine, or dexterity of fraud.

Government will not perhaps ſoon arrive at ſuch purity and excellence, but that ſome connivance at leaſt will be indulged to the triumphant robber and ſucceſsful cheat. He that brings wealth home is ſeldom interrogated by what means it was obtained. This, however, is one of thoſe modes of corruption with which mankind ought always to ſtruggle, and which they may in time hope to overcome. There is reaſon to expect, that as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at laſt be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not ſuffer.

But the ſilent toleration of ſuſpected guilt is a degree of depravity far below that which openly incites and manifeſtly protects it. To pardon a pirate may be injurious to mankind; but how much greater is the crime of opening a port in which all pirates ſhall be ſafe? The contraband trader is not more worthy of protection: if with *Narborough* he trades by force, he is a pirate; if he trades ſecretly, he is only a thief. Thoſe who honeſtly refuſe his traffick he hates as obſtructors of his profit; and thoſe with whom he deals he cheats, becauſe he knows that they dare not complain. He lives with a heart full of that malignity which fear of detection always generates in thoſe who are to defend unjuſt acquiſitions againſt lawful authority; and when he comes home with riches thus acquired, he brings a mind hardened in evil, too proud for reproof, and too ſtupid for reflection; he offends the high by his inſolence, and corrupts the low by his example.

Whether theſe truths were forgotten or deſpiſed, or whether ſome better purpoſe was then in agitation, the repreſentation made in *Anſon*'s voyage had ſuch effect upon the ſtateſmen of that time, that (in 1748) ſome ſloops were fitted out for the fuller knowledge of *Pepys*'s and *Falkland*'s *Iſlands*, and for further diſcoveries in the *South Sea*. This expedition, though perhaps deſigned to be ſecret, was not long concealed from *Wall*, the *Spaniſh* ambaſſador, who ſo vehemently oppoſed it, and ſo ſtrongly maintained the right of the *Spaniards* to the excluſive dominion of the *South Sea*, that the *Engliſh* miniſtry relinquiſhed part of their original deſign, and declared that the examination of thoſe two iſlands was the utmoſt that their orders ſhould compriſe.

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This conceſſion was ſufficiently liberal or ſufficiently ſubmiſſive; yet the *Spaniſh* court was neither gratified by our kindneſs, nor ſoftened by our humility. Sir *Benjamin Keene*, who then reſided at *Madrid*, was interrogated by *Carvajal* concerning the viſit intended to *Pepys*'s and *Falkland's Iſlands* in terms of great jealouſy and diſcontent; and the intended expedition was repreſented, if not as a direct violation of the late peace, yet as an act inconſiſtent with amicable intentions, and contrary to the profeſſions of mutual kindneſs which then paſſed between *Spain* and *England*. *Keene* was directed to proteſt that nothing more than mere diſcovery was intended, and that no ſettlement was to be eſtabliſhed. The *Spaniard* readily replied, that if this was a voyage of wanton curioſity, it might be gratified with leſs trouble, for he was willing to communicate whatever was known; that to go ſo far only to come back, was no reaſonable act; and it would be a ſlender ſacrifice to peace and friendſhip to omit a voyage in which nothing was to be gained: that if we left the places as we found them, the voyage was uſeleſs; and if we took poſſeſſion, it was a hoſtile armament, nor could we expect that the *Spaniards* would ſuppoſe us to viſit the ſouthern parts of *America* only from curioſity, after the ſcheme propoſed by the author of *Anſon*'s voyage.

When once we had diſowned all purpoſe of ſettling, it is apparent that we could not defend the propriety of our expedition by arguments equivalent to *Carvajal*'s objections. The miniſtry therefore diſmiſſed the whole deſign, but no declaration was required by which our right to purſue it hereafter might be annulled.

From this time *Falkland*'s *Iſland* was forgotten or neglected, till the conduct of naval affairs was intruſted to the Earl of *Egmont*, a man whoſe mind was vigorous and ardent, whoſe knowledge was extenſive, and whoſe deſigns were magnificent; but who had ſomewhat vitiated his judgment by too much indulgence of romatick projects and airy ſpeculations.

Lord *Egmont*'s eagerneſs after ſomething new determined him to make inquiry after *Falkland*'s *Iſland*, and he ſent out Captain *Byron*, who, in the beginning of the year 1765, took, he ſays, a formal poſſeſſion in the name of his *Britannick* Majeſty.

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The poſſeſſion of this place is, according to Mr. *Byron*'s repreſentation, no deſpicable acquiſition. He conceived the iſland to be ſix or ſeven hundred miles round, and repreſented it as a region naked indeed of wood, but which, if that defect were ſupplied, would have all that nature, almoſt all that luxury could want. The harbour he found capacious and ſecure, and therefore thought it worthy of the name of *Egmont*. Of water there was no want, and the ground, he deſcribes as having all the excellencies of ſoil, and as covered with antiſcorbutick herbs, the reſtoratives of the ſailor. Proviſion was eaſily to be had, for they killed almoſt every day an hundred geeſe to each ſhip, by pelting them with ſtones. Not content with phyſick and with food, he ſearched yet deeper for the value of the new dominion. He dug in queſt of ore, found iron in abundance, and did not deſpair of nobler metals.

A country thus fertile and delightful, fortunately found where none would have expected it, about the fiftieth degree of ſouthern latitude, could not without great ſupineneſs be neglected. Early in the next year (*January* 8, 1766) Captain *Macbride* arrived at *Port Egmont*, where he erected a ſmall blockhouſe, and ſtationed a garriſon. His deſcription was leſs flattering. He found, what he calls, a maſs of iſlands and broken lands, of which the ſoil was nothing but a bog, with no better proſpect than that of barren mountains, beaten by ſtorms almoſt perpetual. Yet this, ſays he, is ſummer, and if the winds of winter hold their natural proportion, thoſe who lie but two cables length from the ſhore, muſt paſs weeks without any communication with it. The plenty which regaled Mr. *Byron*, and which might have ſupported not only armies, but armies of *Patagons*, was no longer to be found. The geeſe were too wiſe to ſtay when men violated their haunts, and Mr. *Macbride*'s crew could only now and then kill a gooſe when the weather would permit. All the quadrupeds which he met there were foxes, ſuppoſed by him to have been brought upon the ice; but of uſeleſs animals, ſuch as ſea lions and penguins, which he calls vermin, the number was incredible. He allows, however, that thoſe who touch at theſe iſlands may find geeſe and ſnipes, and in the ſummer months, wild cellery and ſorrel.

No token was ſeen by either, of any ſettlement ever made upon this iſland, and Mr. *Macbride* thought himſelf ſo ſecure from hoſtile diſturbance, that when he erected his

his wooden blockhouſe he omitted to open the ports and loopholes.

When a garriſon was ſtationed at *Port Egmont*, it was neceſſary to try what ſuſtenance the ground could be by culture excited to produce. A garden was prepared, but the plants that ſprung up, withered away in immaturity. Some fir-ſeeds were ſown; but though this be the native tree of rugged climates, the young firs that roſe above the ground died like weaker herbage. The cold continued long, and the ocean ſeldom was at reſt.

Cattle ſucceeded better than vegetables. Goats, ſheep, and hogs, that were carried thither, were found to thrive and increaſe as in other places.

Nil mortalibus arduum eſt. There is nothing which human courage will not undertake, and little that human patience will not endure. The garriſon lived upon *Falkland*'s *Iſland*, ſhrinking from the blaſt, and ſhuddering at the billows.

This was a colony which could never become independent, for it never could be able to maintain itſelf. The neceſſary ſupplies were annually ſent from *England*, at an expence which the Admiralty began to think would not quickly be repaid. But ſhame of deſerting a project, and unwillingneſs to contend with a projector that meant well, continued the garriſon, and ſupplied it with regular remittances of ſtores and proviſion.

That of which we were almoſt weary ourſelves, we did not expect any one to envy; and therefore ſuppoſed that we ſhould be permitted to reſide in *Falkland*'s *Iſland*, the undiſputed lords of tempeſt-beaten barrenneſs.

But on the 28th of *November* 1769, Captain *Hunt*, obſerving a *Spaniſh* ſchooner hovering about the iſland and ſurveying it, ſent the commander a meſſage, by which he required him to depart. The *Spaniard* made an appearance of obeying, but in two days came back with letters written by the governor of *Port Solidad*, and brought by the chief officer of a ſettlement on the eaſt part of *Falkland*'s *Iſland*.

In this letter, dated *Malouina*, *November* 30, the governor complains, that Captain *Hunt*, when he ordered the ſchooner to depart, aſſumed a power to which he could have no pretenſions, by ſending an imperious meſſage to the *Spaniards* in the king of *Spain*'s own dominions.

In another letter ſent at the ſame time, he ſuppoſes the *Engliſh* to be in that part only by accident, and to be ready

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to depart at the firſt warning. This letter was accompanied by a preſent, of which, ſays he, *if it be neither equal to my deſire nor to your merit, you muſt impute the deficiency to the ſituation of us both.*

In return to this hoſtile civility, Captain *Hunt* warned them from the iſland, which he claimed in the name of the king, as belonging to the *Engliſh* by right of the firſt diſcovery and the firſt ſettlement.

This was an aſſertion of more confidence than certainty. The right of diſcovery indeed has already appeared to be probable, but the right which priority of ſettlement confers I know not whether we yet can eſtabliſh.

On *December* 10, the officer ſent by the Governor of *Port Solidad* made three proteſts againſt Captain *Hunt*; for threatening to fire upon him; for oppoſing his entrance into *Port Egmont*; and for entering himſelf into *Port Solidad*. On the 12th the Governor of *Port Solidad* formally warned Captain *Hunt* to leave *Port Egmont*, and to forbear the navigation of theſe ſeas, without permiſſion from the king of *Spain*.

To this Captain *Hunt* replied by repeating his former claim; by declaring that his orders were to keep poſſeſſion; and by once more warning the *Spaniards* to depart.

The next month produced more proteſts and more replies, of which the tenor was nearly the ſame. The operations of ſuch harmleſs enmity having produced no effect, were then reciprocally diſcontinued, and the *Engliſh* were left for a time to enjoy the pleaſures of *Falkland's Iſland* without moleſtation.

This tranquillity, however, did not laſt long. A few months afterwards (*June* 4, 1770) the *Induſtry*, a *Spaniſh* frigate, commanded by an officer whoſe name was *Madariaga*, anchored in *Port Egmont*, bound, as was ſaid, for *Port Solidad*, and reduced, by a paſſage from *Buenos Ayres* of fifty-three days, to want of water.

Three days afterwards four other frigates entered the port, and a broad pendant, ſuch as is borne by the commander of a naval armament, was diſplayed from the *Induſtry*. Captain *Farmer* of the *Swift* frigate, who commanded the garriſon, ordered the crew of the *Swift* to come on ſhore, and aſſiſt in its defence; and directed captain *Maltby* to bring the *Favourite* frigate, which he commanded, nearer to the land. The *Spaniards* eaſily diſcovering

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the purpoſe of his motion, let him know, that if he weighed his anchor, they would fire upon his ſhip; but paying no regard to theſe menaces, he advanced towards the ſhore. The *Spaniſh* fleet followed, and two ſhots were fired, which fell at a diſtance from him. He then ſent to inquire the reaſon of ſuch hoſtility, and was told that the ſhots were intended only as ſignals.

Both the *Engliſh* Captains wrote the next day to *Madariaga* the *Spaniſh* Commodore, warning him from the iſland, as from a place which the *Engliſh* held by right of diſcovery.

Madariaga, who ſeems to have had no deſire of unneceſſary miſchief, invited them (*June* 9.) to ſend an officer who ſhould take a view of his forces, that they might be convinced of the vanity of reſiſtance, and do that without compulſion which he was upon refuſal prepared to enforce.

An officer was ſent, who found ſixteen hundred men, with a train of twenty-ſeven cannon, four mortars, and two hundred bombs. The fleet conſiſted of five frigates, from twenty to thirty guns, which were now ſtationed oppoſite to the Block-houſe.

He then ſent them a formal memorial, in which he maintained his maſter's right to the whole *Magellanick* region, and exhorted the *Engliſh* to retire quietly from the ſettlement, which they could neither juſtify by right, nor maintain by power.

He offered them the liberty of carrying away whatever they were deſirous to remove, and promiſed his receipt for what ſhould be left, that no loſs might be ſuffered by them.

His propoſitions were expreſſed in terms of great civility; but he concludes with demanding an anſwer in fifteen minutes.

Having while he was writing received the letters of warning written the day before by the *Engliſh* Captains, he told them, that he thought himſelf able to prove the king of *Spain*'s title to all thoſe countries, but that this was no time for verbal altercations. He perſiſted in his determination, and allowed only fifteen minutes for an anſwer.

To this it was replied by Captain *Farmer*, that though there had been preſcribed yet a ſhorter time, he ſhould ſtill reſolutely defend his charge; that this, whether menace or force,

force, would be considered as an insult on the *British* flag, and that satisfaction would certainly be required.

On the next day (*June* 10.) *Madariaga* landed his forces, and it may be easily imagined that he had no bloody conquest. The *English* had only a wooden blockhouse built at *Woolwich*, and carried in pieces to the island with a small battery of cannon. To contend with obstinacy had been only to lavish life without use or hope. After the exchange of a very few shots, a capitulation was proposed.

The *Spanish* Commander acted with moderation; he exerted little of the conqueror; what he had offered before the attack, he granted after the victory; the *English* were allowed to leave the place with every honour, only their departure was delayed by the terms of the capitulation twenty days; and to secure their stay, the rudder of the *Favourite* was taken off. What they desired to carry away they removed without molestation; and of what they left an inventory was drawn, for which the *Spanish* officer by his receipt promised to be accountable.

Of this petty revolution, so sudden and so distant, the *English* ministry could not possibly have such notice as might enable them to prevent it. The conquest, if such it may be called, cost but three days; for the *Spaniards*, either supposing the garrison stronger than it was, or resolving to trust nothing to chance, or considering that, as their force was greater, there was less danger of bloodshed, came with a power that made resistance ridiculous, and at once demanded and obtained possession.

The first account of any discontent expressed by the *Spaniards* was brought by Captain *Hunt*, who arriving at *Plymouth June* 3, 1770, informed the Admiralty that the island had been claimed in *December* by the Governor of *Port Solidad*.

This claim, made by an officer of so little dignity, without any known direction from his superiors, could be considered only as the zeal or officiousness of an individual, unworthy of public notice, or the formality of remonstrance.

In *August* Mr. *Harris*, the resident at *Madrid*, gave notice to lord *Weymouth* of an account newly brought to *Cadiz*, that the *English* were in possession of *Port Cuizada*, the same which we call *Port Egmont*, in the *Magellanick* sea; that in *January* they had warned away two *Spanish* ships;

ſhips; and that an armament was ſent out in *May* from *Buenos Ayres* to diſlodge them.

It was perhaps not yet certain that this account was true; but the information, however faithful, was too late for prevention. It was eaſily known, that a fleet diſpatched in *May* had before *Auguſt* ſucceeded or miſcarried.

In *October*, Captain *Maltby* came to *England*, and gave the account which I have now epitomiſed, of his expulſion from *Falkland*'s *Iſlands*.

From this moment the whole nation can witneſs that no time was loſt. The navy was ſurveyed, the ſhips reſitted, and commanders appointed; and a powerful fleet was aſſembled, well manned and well ſtored, with expedition after ſo long a peace perhaps never known before, and with vigour which after the waſte of ſo long a war ſcarcely any other nation had been capable of exerting.

This preparation, ſo illuſtrious in the eyes of *Europe*, and ſo efficacious in its event, was obſtructed by the utmoſt power of that noiſy faction which has too long filled the kingdom, ſometimes with the roar of empty menace, and ſometimes with the yell of hypocritical lamentation. Every man ſaw, and every honeſt man ſaw with deteſtation, that they who deſired to force their ſovereign into war, endeavoured at the ſame time to diſable him from action.

The vigour and ſpirit of the miniſtry eaſily broke through all the machinations of theſe pigmy rebels, and our armament was quickly ſuch as was likely to make our negociations effectual.

The prince of *Maſſeran*, in his firſt conference with the *Engliſh* miniſters, on this occaſion, owned that he had from *Madrid* received intelligence that the *Engliſh* had been forcibly expelled from *Falkland*'s *Iſland* by *Buccarelli*, the governor of *Buenos Ayres*, without any particular orders from the king of *Spain*. But being aſked, whether in his maſter's name he diſavowed *Buccarelli*'s violence, he refuſed to anſwer without direction.

The ſcene of negociation was now removed to *Madrid*, and in *September* Mr. *Harris* was directed to demand from *Grimaldi* the *Spaniſh* miniſter the reſtitution of *Falkland*'s *Iſland*, and a diſavowal of *Buccarelli*'s hoſtilities.

It was to be expected that *Grimaldi* would object to us our own behaviour, who had ordered the *Spaniards* to depart from the ſame iſland. To this it was replied, That

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the *Engliſh* forces were indeed directed to warn other nations away; but if compliance were refuſed, to proceed quietly in making their ſettlement, and ſuffer the ſubjects of whatever power to remain there without moleſtation. By poſſeſſion thus taken, there was only a diſputable claim advanced, which might be peaceably and regularly decided, without inſult and without force; and if the *Spaniards* had complained at the *Britiſh* court, their reaſons would have been heard, and all injuries redreſſed; but that, by preſuppoſing the juſtice of their own title, and having recourſe to arms, without any previous notice or remonſtrance, they had violated the peace, and inſulted the *Britiſh* government; and therefore it was expected that ſatisfaction ſhould be made by publick diſavowal and immediate reſtitution.

The anſwer of *Grimaldi* was ambiguous and cold. He did not allow that any particular orders had been given for driving the *Engliſh* from their ſettlement; but made no ſcruple of declaring, that ſuch an ejection was nothing more than the ſettlers might have expected; and that *Buccarelli* had not, in his opinion, incurred any blame, as the general injunctions to the *American* governors were, to ſuffer no incroachments on the *Spaniſh* dominions.

In *October* the prince of *Maſſeran* propoſed a convention for the accommodation of differences by mutual conceſſions, in which the warning given to the *Spaniards* by *Hunt* ſhould be diſavowed on one ſide, and the violence uſed by *Buccarelli* on the other. This offer was conſidered as little leſs than a new inſult, and *Grimaldi* was told, that injury required reparation; that when either party had ſuffered evident wrong, there was not the parity ſubſiſting which is implied in conventions and contracts; that we conſidered ourſelves as openly inſulted, and demanded ſatisfaction plenary and unconditional.

Grimaldi affected to wonder that we were not yet appeaſed by their conceſſions. They had, he ſaid, granted all that was required; they had offered to reſtore the iſland in the ſtate in which they found it; but he thought that they likewiſe might hope for ſome regard, and that the warning ſent by *Hunt* would be diſavowed.

Mr. *Harris*, our miniſter at *Madrid*, inſiſted that the injured party had a right to unconditional reparation, and *Grimaldi* delayed his anſwer that a council might be called. In a few days orders were diſpatched to prince *Maſſeran*, by which he was commiſſioned to declare the king of

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Spain's readineſs to ſatisfy the demands of the king of *England*, in expectation of receiving from him reciprocal ſatisfaction, by the diſavowal, ſo often required, of *Hunt*'s warning.

Finding the *Spaniards* diſpoſed to make no other acknowledgments, the *Engliſh* miniſtry conſidered a war as not likely to be long avoided. In the latter end of *November* private notice was given of their danger to the merchants at *Cadiz*; and the officers abſent from *Gibraltar* were remanded to their poſts. Our naval force was every day increaſed, and we made no abatement of our original demand.

The obſtinacy of the *Spaniſh* court ſtill continued, and about the end of the year all hope of reconciliation was ſo nearly extinguiſhed, that Mr. *Harris* was directed to withdraw, with the uſual forms, from his reſidence at *Madrid*.

Moderation is commonly firm, and firmneſs is commonly ſucceſsful; having not ſwelled our firſt requiſition with any ſuperfluous appendages, we had nothing to yield, we therefore only repeated our firſt propoſition, prepared for war, though deſirous of peace.

About this time, as it is well known, the king of *France* diſmiſſed *Choiſeul* from his employments. What effect this revolution of the *French* court had upon the *Spaniſh* counſels, I pretend not to be informed. *Choiſeul* had always profeſſed pacifick diſpoſitions, nor is it certain, however it may be ſuſpected, that he talked in different ſtrains to different parties.

It ſeems to be almoſt the univerſal error of hiſtorians to ſuppoſe it politically, as it is phyſically true, that every effect has a proportionate cauſe. In the inanimate action of matter upon matter, the motion produced can be but equal to the force of the moving power; but the operations of life, whether private or publick, admit no ſuch laws. The caprices of voluntary agents laugh at calculation. It is not always that there is a ſtrong reaſon for a great event. Obſtinacy and flexibility, malignity and kindneſs, give place alternately to each other, and the reaſon of theſe viciſſitudes, however important may be the conſequences, often eſcapes the mind in which the change is made.

Whether the alteration which began in *January* to appear in the *Spaniſh* counſels, had any other cauſe than conviction of the impropriety of their paſt conduct, and of the danger of

of a new war, it is not easy to decide; but they began, whatever was the reason, to relax their haughtiness, and Mr. *Harris*'s departure was countermanded.

The demands first made by *England* were still continued, and on *January* 22d, the prince of *Masseran* delivered a declaration, in which the king of *Spain disavows the violent enterprise* of *Buccarelli*, and promises *to restore the port and fort called* Egmont, *with all the artillery and stores, according to the inventory.*

To this promise of restitution is subjoined that *this engagement to restore* Port Egmont, *cannot, nor ought in any wise to affect the question of the prior right of sovereignty of the* Malouine *otherwise called* Falkland's Islands.

This concession was accepted by the Earl of *Rochford*, who declared on the part of his master, that the prince of *Masseran* being authorized by his catholick majesty, *to offer in his majesty's name to the king of* Great Britain, *a satisfaction for the injury done him by dispossessing him of* Port Egmont, and having signed a declaration expressing that his catholick majesty *disavows the expedition against* Port Egmont, and engages to restore it in the state in which it stood before the 10th of *June* 1770, *his* Britannick *majesty will look upon the said declaration, together with the full performance of the engagement on the part of his catholick majesty, as a satisfaction for the injury done to the crown of* Great Britain.

This is all that was originally demanded. The expedition is disavowed, and the island is restored. An injury is acknowledged by the reception of Lord *Rochford*'s paper, who twice mentions the word *injury* and twice the word *satisfaction.*

The *Spaniards* have stipulated that the grant of possession shall not preclude the question of prior right, a question which we shall probably make no haste to discuss, and a right of which no formal resignation was ever required. This reserve has supplied matter for much clamour, and perhaps the *English* ministry would have been better pleased had the declaration been without it. But when we have obtained all that was asked, why should we complain that we have not more? When the possession is conceded, where is the evil that the right, which that concession supposes to be merely hypothetical, is referred to the *Greek* calends for a future disquisition? Were the *Switzers* less free or less secure, because after their defection from the house of *Austria* they had never been declared independent before the treaty

treaty of *Weſtphalia?* Is the king of *France* leſs a ſovereign becauſe the king of *England* partakes his title?

If ſovereignty implies undiſputed right, ſcarce any prince is a ſovereign through his whole dominions; if ſovereignty conſiſts in this, that no ſuperior is acknowledged, our king reigns at *Port Egmont* with ſovereign authority. Almoſt every new acquired territory is in ſome degree controvertible, and till the controverſy is decided, a term very difficult to be fixed, all that can be had is real poſſeſſion and actual dominion.

This ſurely is a ſufficient anſwer to the feudal gabble of a man who is every day leſſening that ſplendour of character which once illuminated the kingdom, then dazzled, and afterwards inflamed it; and for whom it will be happy if the nation ſhall at laſt diſmiſs him to nameleſs obſcurity with that equipoiſe of blame and praiſe which *Corneille* allows to *Richlieu*, a man who, I think, had much of his merit, and many of his faults.

Chacun parle a ſon gre de ce grand Cardinal,
Mais pour moi je n'en dirai rien;
Il m' a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal,
Il m' a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.

To puſh advantages too far is neither generous nor juſt. Had we inſiſted on a conceſſion of antecedent right, it may not miſbecome us, either as moraliſts or politicians, to conſider what *Grimaldi* could have anſwered. 'We have already, he might ſay, granted you the whole effect of right, and have not denied you the name. We have not ſaid that the right was ours before this conceſſion, but only that what right we had, is not by this conceſſion vacated. We have now for more than two centuries ruled large tracts of the *American* continent, by a claim which perhaps is valid only upon this conſideration, that no power can produce a better; by the right of diſcovery and prior ſettlement. And by ſuch titles almoſt all the dominions of the earth are holden, except that their original is beyond memory, and greater obſcurity gives them greater veneration. Should we allow this plea to be annulled, the whole fabrick of our empire ſhakes at the foundation. When you ſuppoſe yourſelves to have firſt deſcried the diſputed iſland, you ſuppoſe what you can hardly prove. We were at leaſt the general diſcoverers of the *Magellanick* region, and have hitherto held it

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with all its adjacencies. The juſtice of this tenure the world has hitherto admitted, and yourſelves at leaſt tacitly allowed it, when about twenty years ago you deſiſted from your purpoſed expedition, and expreſsly diſowned any deſign of ſettling, where you are now not content to ſettle and to reign, without extorting ſuch a confeſſion of original right, as may invite every other nation to follow you.

To conſiderations ſuch as theſe, it is reaſonable to impute that anxiety of the *Spaniards*, from which the importance of this iſland is inferred by *Junius*, one of the few writers of his deſpicable faction whoſe name does not diſgrace the page of an opponent. The value of the thing diſputed may be very different to him that gains and him that loſes it. The *Spaniards*, by yielding *Falkland*'s *Iſland*, have admitted a precedent of what they think encroachment; have ſuffered a breach to be made in the outworks of their empire; and, notwithſtanding the reſerve of prior right, have ſuffered a dangerous exception to the preſcriptive tenure of their *American* territories.

Such is the loſs of *Spain*; let us now compute the profit of *Britain*. We have, by obtaining a diſavowal of *Buccarelli*'s expedition, and a reſtitution of our ſettlement, maintained the honour of the crown, and the ſuperiority of our influence. Beyond this what have we acquired? What, but a bleak and gloomy ſolitude, an iſland thrown aſide from human uſe, ſtormy in winter, and barren in ſummer; an iſland which not the ſouthern ſavages have dignified with habitation; where a garriſon muſt be kept in a ſtate that contemplates with envy the exiles of *Siberia*; of which the expence will be perpetual, and the uſe only occaſional; and which, if fortune ſmile upon our labours, may become a neſt of ſmugglers in peace, and in war the refuge of future Buccaniers. To all this the government has now given ample atteſtation, for the iſland has been ſince abandoned, and perhaps was kept only to quiet clamours, with an intention, not then wholly concealed, of quitting it in a ſhort time.

This is the country of which we have now poſſeſſion, and of which a numerous party pretends to wiſh that we had murdered thouſands, for the titular ſovereignty. To charge any men with ſuch madneſs, approaches to an accuſation defeated by its own incredibility. As they have been long accumulating falſehoods, it is poſſible that they are now only adding another to the heap, and that they do not mean

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all that they profess. But of this faction what evil may not be credited? They have hitherto shewn no virtue, and very little wit, beyond that mischievous cunning for which it is held by *Hale* that children may be hanged.

As war is the last of remedies, *cuncta prius tentanda*, all lawful expedients must be used to avoid it. As war is the extremity of evil, it is surely the duty of those whose station intrusts them with the care of nations, to avert it from their charge. There are diseases of animal nature which nothing but amputation can remove; so there may, by the depravation of human passions, be sometimes a gangrene in collective life for which fire and the sword are the necessary remedies; but in what can skill or caution be better shewn than preventing such dreadful operations, while there is yet room for gentler methods?

It is wonderful with what coolness and indifference the greater part of mankind see war commenced. Those that hear of it at a distance, or read of it in books, but have never presented its evils to their minds, consider it as little more than a splendid game, a proclamation, an army, a battle, and a triumph. Some indeed must perish in the most successful field, but they die upon the bed of honour, *resign their lives amidst the joys of conquest, and, filled with* England's *glory, smile in death.*

The life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroick fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with *France* and *Spain*, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy; the rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless, and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part, with little effect. The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The publick perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared

the danger enjoyed the profit, and after bleeding in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might shew his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors, and whose palaces rise like exhalations?

These are the men who, without virtue, labour, or hazard, are growing rich as their country is impoverished; they rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation; and laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or tempest.

Those who suffer their minds to dwell on these considerations will think it no great crime in the ministry that they have not snatched with eagerness the first opportunity of rushing into the field, when they were able to obtain by quiet negociation all the real good that victory could have brought us.

Of victory indeed every nation is confident before the sword is drawn; and this mutual confidence produces that wantonness of bloodshed that has so often desolated the world. But it is evident, that of contradictory opinions one must be wrong, and the history of mankind does not want examples that may teach caution to the daring, and moderation to the proud.

Let us not think our laurels blasted by condescending to inquire, whether we might not possibly grow rather less than greater by attacking *Spain?* Whether we should have to contend with *Spain* alone, whatever has been promised by our patriots, may very reasonably be doubted. A war declared for the empty sound of an ancient title to a *Magellanick* rock, would raise the indignation of the earth against us. These encroachers on the waste of nature, says our ally the *Russian*, if they succeed in their first effort of usurpation, will make war upon us for a title to *Kamschatscha*. These universal settlers, says our ally the *Dane*, will in a short time settle upon *Greenland*, and a fleet will batter *Copenhagen*, till we are willing to confess that it always was their own.

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In a quarrel like this, it is not poſſible that any power ſhould favour us; and it is very likely that ſome would oppoſe us. The *French*, we are told, are otherwiſe employed; the conteſts between the king of *France* and his own ſubjects are ſufficient to withhold him from ſupporting *Spain*. But who does not know that a foreign war has often put a ſtop to civil diſcords? It withdraws the attention of the publick, from domeſtick grievances, and affords opportunities of diſmiſſing the turbulent and reſtleſs to diſtant employments. The *Spaniards* have always an argument of irreſiſtible perſuaſion. If *France* will not ſupport them againſt *England*, they will ſtrengthen *England* againſt *France*.

But let us indulge a dream of idle ſpeculation, and ſuppoſe that we are to engage with *Spain*, and with *Spain* alone; it is not even yet very certain that much advantage will be gained. *Spain* is not eaſily vulnerable; her kingdom, by the loſs or ceſſion of many fragments of dominion, is become ſolid and compact. The *Spaniards* have indeed no fleet able to oppoſe us, but they will not endeavour actual oppoſition; they will ſhut themſelves up in their own territories, and let us exhauſt our ſeamen in a hopeleſs ſiege. They will give commiſſions to privateers of every nation, who will prey upon our merchants without poſſibility of repriſal. If they think their plate fleet in danger, they will forbid it to ſet ſail, and live a while upon the credit of treaſure which all *Europe* knows to be ſafe; and which, if our obſtinacy ſhould continue till they can no longer be without it, will be conveyed to them with ſecrecy and ſecurity by our natural enemies the *French*, or by the *Dutch* our natural allies.

But the whole continent of *Spaniſh America* will lie open to invaſion; we ſhall have nothing to do but march into theſe wealthy regions, and make their preſent maſters confeſs that they were always ours by ancient right. We ſhall throw braſs and iron out of our houſes, and nothing but ſilver will be ſeen among us.

All this is very deſirable, but it is not certain that it can be eaſily attained. Large tracts of *America* were added by the laſt war to the *Britiſh* dominions; but if the faction credit their own *Apollo*, they were conquered in *Germany*. They at beſt are only the barren parts of the continent, the refuſe of the earlier adventurers, which the *French*, who came laſt, had taken only as better than nothing.

Againſt the *Spaniſh* dominions we have never hitherto been able to do much. A few privateers have grown rich at their expence, but no ſcheme of conqueſt has yet been ſucceſsful. They are defended not by walls mounted with cannons which by cannons may be battered, but by the ſtorms of the deep and the vapours of the land, by the flames of calenture and blaſts of peſtilence.

In the reign of *Elizabeth*, the favourite period of *Engliſh* greatneſs, no enterpriſes againſt *America* had any other conſequence than that of extending *Engliſh* navigation. Here *Cavendiſh* periſhed after all his hazards; and here *Drake* and *Hawkins*, great as they were in knowledge and in fame, having promiſed honour to themſelves and dominion to the country, ſunk by deſperation and miſery in diſhonourable graves.

During the protectorſhip of *Cromwell*, a time of which the patriotick tribes ſtill more ardently deſire the return, the *Spaniſh* dominions were again attempted; but here, and only here, the fortune of *Cromwell* made a pauſe. His forces were driven from *Hiſpaniola*, his hopes of poſſeſſing the *Weſt Indies* vaniſhed, and *Jamaica* was taken, only that the whole expedition might not grow ridiculous.

The attack of *Carthagena* is yet remembered, where the *Spaniards* from the ramparts ſaw their invaders deſtroyed by the hoſtility of the elements; poiſoned by the air, and crippled by the dews; where every hour ſwept away battalions; and in the three days that paſſed between the deſcent and re-embarkation, half an army periſhed.

In the laſt war the *Havanna* was taken, at what expence is too well remembered. May my country be never curſed with ſuch another conqueſt!

Theſe inſtances of miſcarriage, and theſe arguments of difficulty, may perhaps abate the military ardour of the Publick. Upon the opponents of the government their operation will be different; they wiſh for war, but not for conqueſt; victory would defeat their purpoſes equally with peace, becauſe proſperity would naturally continue truſt in thoſe hands which had uſed it fortunately. The patriots gratified themſelves with expectations that ſome ſiniſtrous accident, or erroneous conduct, might diffuſe diſcontent and inflame malignity. Their hope is malevolence, and their good is evil.

Of their zeal for their country we have already had a ſpecimen. While they were terrifying the nation with doubts

doubts whether it was any longer to exist; while they represented invasive armies as hovering in the clouds, and hostile fleets as emerging from the deeps; they obstructed our levies of seamen, and embarrassed our endeavours of defence. Of such men he thinks with unnecessary candour who does not believe them likely to have promoted the miscarriage which they desired, by intimidating our troops or betraying our counsels.

It is considered as an injury to the Publick by those sanguinary statesmen, that though the fleet has been refitted and manned, yet no hostilities have followed; and they who sat wishing for misery and slaughter are disappointed of their pleasure. But as peace is the end of war, it is the end likewise of preparations for war; and he may be justly hunted down as the enemy of mankind, that can chuse to snatch by violence and bloodshed, what gentler means can equally obtain.

The ministry are reproached as not daring to provoke an enemy, lest ill success should discredit and displace them. I hope that they had better reasons; that they paid some regard to equity and humanity; and considered themselves as entrusted with the safety of their fellow subjects, and as the destroyers of all that should be superfluously slaughtered. But let us suppose that their own safety had some influence on their conduct, they will not, however, sink to a level with their enemies. Though the motive might be selfish, the act was innocent. They who grow rich by administering physick, are not to be numbered with them that get money by dispensing poison. If they maintain power by harmlessness and peace, they must for ever be at a great distance from ruffians who would gain it by mischief and confusion. The watch of a city may guard it for hire; but are well employed in protecting it from those who lie in wait to fire the streets and rob the houses amidst the conflagration.

An unsuccessful war would undoubtedly have had the effect which the enemies of the ministry so earnestly desire; for who could have sustained the disgrace of folly ending in misfortune? But had wanton invasion undeservedly prospered, had *Falkland's Island* been yielded unconditionally with every right prior and posterior; though the rabble might have shouted, and the windows have blazed, yet those who know the value of life, and the uncertainty of

publick

publick credit, would have murmured, perhaps unheard, at the increaſe of our debt and the loſs of our people.

This thirſt of blood, however the viſible promoters of ſedition may think it convenient to ſhrink from the accuſation, is loudly avowed by *Junius*, the writer to whom his party owes much of its pride, and ſome of its popularity. Of *Junius* it cannot be ſaid, as of *Ulyſſes*, that he ſcatters ambiguous expreſſions among the vulgar; for he cries *havock* without reſerve, and endeavours to let ſlip the dogs of foreign or of civil war, ignorant whither they are going, and careleſs what may be their prey.

Junius has ſometimes made his ſatire felt, but let not injudicious admiration miſtake the venom of the ſhaft for the vigour of the bow. He has ſometimes ſported with lucky malice; but to him that knows his company, it is not hard to be ſarcaſtick in a maſk. While he walks like *Jack the Giant-killer* in a coat of darkneſs, he may do much miſchief with little ſtrength. Novelty captivates the ſuperficial and thoughtleſs; vehemence delights the diſcontented and turbulent. He that contradicts acknowledged truth will always have an audience; he that vilifies eſtabliſhed authority will always find abettors.

Junius burſt into notice with a blaze of impudence which has rarely glared upon the world before, and drew the rabble after him as a monſter makes a ſhow. When he had once provided for his ſafety by impenetrable ſecrecy, he had nothing to combat but truth and juſtice, enemies whom he knows to be feeble in the dark. Being then at liberty to indulge himſelf in all the immunities of inviſibility; out of the reach of danger, he has been bold; out of the reach of ſhame, he has been confident. As a rhetorician, he has had the art of perſuading when he ſeconded deſire; as a reaſoner, he has convinced thoſe who had no doubt before; as a moraliſt, he has taught that virtue may diſgrace; and as a patriot, he has gratified the mean by inſults on the high. Finding ſedition aſcendant, he has been able to advance it; finding the nation combuſtible, he has been able to inflame it. Let us abſtract from his wit the vivacity of inſolence, and withdraw from his efficacy the ſympathetick favour of plebeian malignity; I do not ſay that we ſhall leave him nothing; the cauſe that I defend ſcorns the help of falſehood; but if we leave him only his merit, what will be his praiſe?

It is not by his livelineſs of imagery, his pungency of periods, or his fertility of alluſion, that he detains the cits of *London*, and the boors of *Middleſex*. Of ſtyle and ſentiment they take no cognizance. They admire him for virtues like their own, for contempt of order and violence of outrage, for rage of defamation and audacity of falſehood. The ſupporters of the Bill of Rights feel no niceties of compoſition, nor dexterities of ſophiſtry; their faculties are better proportioned to the bawl of *Bellas*, or barbarity of *Beckford*; but they are told that *Junius* is on their ſide, and they are therefore ſure that *Junius* is infallible. Thoſe who know not whither he would lead them, reſolve to follow him; and thoſe who cannot find his meaning, hope he means rebellion.

Junius is an unuſual phænomenon, on which ſome have gazed with wonder and ſome with terrour, but wonder and terrour are tranſitory paſſions. He will ſoon be more cloſely viewed or more attentively examined, and what folly has taken for a comet that from its flaming hair ſhook peſtilence and war, inquiry will find to be only a meteor formed by the vapours of putrefying democracy, and kindled into flame by the effervescence of intereſt ſtruggling with conviction; which after having plunged its followers in a bog, will leave us inquiring why we regard it.

Yet though I cannot think the ſtyle of *Junius* ſecure from criticiſm, though his expreſſions are often trite, and his periods feeble, I ſhould never have ſtationed him where he has placed himſelf, had I not rated him by his morals rather than his faculties. What, ſays *Pope*, muſt be the prieſt, where a monkey is the God? What muſt be the drudge of a party of which the heads are *Wilkes* and *Croſby*, *Sawbridge* and *Townſend*?

Junius knows his own meaning, and can therefore tell it. He is an enemy to the miniſtry, he ſees them growing hourly ſtronger. He knows that a war at once unjuſt and unſucceſsful would have certainly diſplaced them, and is therefore, in his zeal for his country, angry that war was not unjuſtly made, and unſucceſsfully conducted. But there are others whoſe thoughts are leſs clearly expreſſed, and whoſe ſchemes perhaps are leſs conſequentially digeſted; who declare that they do not wiſh for a rupture, yet condemn the miniſtry for not doing that, by which a rupture would naturally have been made.

If one party resolves to demand what the other resolves to refuse, the dispute can be determined only by arbitration; and between powers who have no common superiour, there is no other arbitrator than the sword.

Whether the ministry might not equitably have demanded more, is not worth a question. The utmost exertion of right is always invidious, and where claims are not easily determinable is always dangerous. We asked all that was necessary, and persisted in our first claim without mean recession, or wanton aggravation. The *Spaniards* found us resolute, and complied after a short struggle.

The real crime of the ministry is, that they have found the means of avoiding their own ruin; but the charge against them is multifarious and confused, as will happen when malice and discontent are ashamed of their complaint. The past and the future are complicated in the censure. We have heard a tumultuous clamour about honour and rights, injuries and insults, the *British* flag, and the Favourite's rudder, *Buccarelli's* conduct, and *Grimaldi's* declarations, the *Manilla* ransom, delays and reparation.

Through the whole argument of the faction runs the general error, that our settlement on *Falkland's Island* was not only lawful but unquestionable; that our right was not only certain but acknowledged; and that the equity of our conduct was such, that the *Spaniards* could not blame or obstruct it without combating their own conviction, and opposing the general opinion of mankind.

If once it be discovered that, in the opinion of the *Spaniards*, our settlement was usurped, our claim arbitrary, and our conduct insolent, all that has happened will appear to follow by a natural concatenation. Doubts will produce disputes and disquisition, disquisition requires delay, and delay causes inconvenience.

Had the *Spanish* government immediately yielded unconditionally all that was required, we might have been satisfied; but what would *Europe* have judged of their submission? that they shrunk before us as a conquered people, who having lately yielded to our arms, were now compelled to sacrifice to our pride. The honour of the Publick is indeed of high importance; but we must remember that we have had to transact with a mighty king and a powerful nation, who have unluckily been taught to think that they have honour to keep or lose as well as ourselves.

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When the Admiralty were told in *June* of the warning given to *Hunt*, they were, I ſuppoſe, informed that *Hunt* had firſt provoked it by warning away the *Spaniards*, and naturally conſidered one act of inſolence as balanced by another, without expecting that more would be done on either ſide. Of repreſentations and remonſtrances there would be no end, if they were to be made whenever ſmall commanders are uncivil to each other; nor could peace ever be enjoyed, if upon ſuch tranſient provocations it be imagined neceſſary to prepare for war. We might then, it is ſaid, have increaſed our force with more leiſure and leſs inconvenience; but this is to judge only by the event. We omitted to diſturb the Publick, becauſe we did not ſuppoſe that an armament would be neceſſary.

Some months afterwards, as has been told, *Buccarelli*, the governor of *Buenos Ayres*, ſent againſt the ſettlement of *Port Egmont* a force which enſured the conqueſt. The *Spaniſh* commander required the *Engliſh* captains to depart, but they thinking that reſiſtance neceſſary which they knew to be uſeleſs, gave the *Spaniards* the right of preſcribing terms of capitulation. The *Spaniards* impoſed no new condition except that the ſloop ſhould not ſail under twenty days; and of this they ſecured the performance by taking off the rudder.

To an inhabitant of the land there appears nothing in all this unreaſonable or offenſive. If the *Engliſh* intended to keep their ſtipulation, how were they injured by the detention of the rudder? If the rudder be to a ſhip what his tail is in fables to a fox, the part in which honour is placed, and of which the violation is never to be endured, I am ſorry that the *Favourite* ſuffered an indignity, but cannot yet think it a cauſe for which nations ſhould ſlaughter one another.

When *Buccarelli*'s invaſion was known, and the dignity of the crown infringed, we demanded reparation and prepared for war, and we gained equal reſpect by the moderation of our terms, and the ſpirit of our exertion. The *Spaniſh* miniſter immediately denied that *Buccarelli* had received any particular orders to ſeize *Port Egmont*, nor pretended that he was juſtified, otherwiſe than by the general inſtructions by which the *American* governors are required to exclude the ſubjects of other powers.

To have inquired whether our ſettlement at *Port Egmont* was any violation of the *Spaniſh* rights, had been to enter upon

upon a difcuffion which the pertinacity of political difputants might have continued without end. We therefore called for reftitution, not as a confeffion of right, but as a reparation of honour, which required that we fhould be reftored to our former ftate upon the ifland, and that the king of *Spain* fhould difavow the action of his governor.

In return to this demand, the *Spaniards* expected from us a difavowal of the menaces with which they had been firft infulted by *Hunt*; and if the claim to the ifland be fuppofed doubtful, they certainly expected it with equal reafon. This, however, was refufed, and our fuperiority of ftrength gave validity to our arguments.

But we are told that the difavowal of the king of *Spain* is temporary and fallacious; that *Buccarelli*'s armament had all the appearance of regular forces and a concerted expedition; and that he is not treated at home as a man guilty of piracy, or as difobedient to the orders of his mafter.

That the expedition was well planned, and the forces properly fupplied, affords no proof of communication between the governor and his court. Thofe who are intrufted with the care of kingdoms in another hemifphere, muft always be trufted with power to defend them.

As little can be inferred from his reception at the *Spanifh* court. He is not punifhed indeed, for what has he done that deferves punifhment? He was fent into *America* to govern and defend the dominions of *Spain*. He thought the *Englifh* were encroaching, and drove them away. No *Spaniard* thinks that he has exceeded his duty, nor does the king of *Spain* charge him with excefs. The boundaries of dominion in that part of the world have not yet been fettled; and he miftook, if a miftake there was, like a zealous fubject, in his mafter's favour.

But all this enquiry is fuperfluous. Confidered as a reparation of honour, the difavowal of the king of *Spain*, made in the fight of all *Europe*, is of equal value, whether true or falfe. There is indeed no reafon to queftion its veracity; they, however, who do not believe it, muft allow the weight of that influence by which a great prince is reduced to difown his own commiffion.

But the general orders upon which the governor is acknowledged to have acted, are neither difavowed nor explained. Why the *Spaniards* fhould difavow the defence of their own territories, the warmeft difputant will find it difficult to tell; and if by an explanation is meant an accurate

curate delineation of the ſouthern empire, and the limitation of their claims beyond the line, it cannot be imputed to any very culpable remiſſneſs, that what has been denied for two centuries to the *European* powers, was not obtained in a haſty wrangle about a petty ſettlement.

The miniſtry were too well acquainted with negociation to fill their heads with ſuch idle expectations. The queſtion of right was inexplicable and endleſs. They left is as it ſtood. To be reſtored to actual poſſeſſion was eaſily practicable. This reſtoration they required and obtained.

But they ſhould, ſay their opponents, have inſiſted upon more; they ſhould have exacted not only reparation of our honour but repayment of our expence. Nor are they all ſatisfied with the recovery of the coſts and damages of the preſent conteſt; they are for taking this opportunity of calling in old debts, and reviving our right to the ranſom of *Manilla*.

The *Manilla* ranſom has, I think, been moſt mentioned by the inferior bellowers of ſedition. Thoſe who lead the faction know that it cannot be remembered much to their advantage. The followers of Lord *Rockingham* remember that his miniſtry begun and ended without obtaining it; the adherents to *Grenville* would be told, that he could never be taught to underſtand our claim. The law of nations made little of his knowledge. Let him not, however, be depreciated in his grave. If he was ſometimes wrong, he was often right.

Of reimburſement the talk has been more confident, though not more reaſonable. The expences of war have been often deſired, have been ſometimes required, but were never paid; or never, but when reſiſtance was hopeleſs, and there remained no choice between ſubmiſſion and deſtruction.

Of our late equipments I know not from whom the charge can be very properly expected. The king of *Spain* diſavows the violence which provoked us to arm, and for the miſchiefs which he did not do, why ſhould he pay? *Buccarelli*, though he had learned all the arts of an *Eaſt-Indian* governor, could hardly have collected at *Buenos Ayres* a ſum ſufficient to ſatisfy our demands. If he be honeſt, he is hardly rich; and if he be diſpoſed to rob, he has the misfortune of being placed where robbers have been before him.

The

The king of *Spain* indeed delayed to comply with our propoſals, and our armament was made neceſſary by unſatisfactory anſwers and dilatory debates. The delay certainly increaſed our expences, and it is not unlikely that the increaſe of our expences put an end to the delay.

But this is the inevitable proceſs of human affairs. Negociation requires time. What is not apparent to intuition muſt be found by enquiry. Claims that have remained doubtful for ages cannot be ſettled in a day. Reciprocal complaints are not eaſily adjuſted but by reciprocal compliance. The *Spaniards* thinking themſelves entitled to the iſland, and injured by Captain *Hunt*, in their turn demanded ſatisfaction, which was refuſed; and where is the wonder if their conceſſions were delayed! They may tell us, that an independent nation is to be influenced not by command, but by perſuaſion; that if we expect our propoſals to be received without deliberation, we aſſume that ſovereignty which they do not grant us; and that if we arm while they are deliberating, we muſt indulge our martial ardour at our own charge.

The *Engliſh* miniſtry aſked all that was reaſonable, and enforced all that they aſked. Our national honour is advanced, and our intereſt, if any intereſt we have, is ſufficiently ſecured. There can be none amongſt us to whom this tranſaction does not ſeem happily concluded, but thoſe who having fixed their hopes on publick calamities, ſat like vultures waiting for a day of carnage. Having worn out all the arts of domeſtick ſedition, having wearied violence, and exhauſted falſehood, they yet flattered themſelves with ſome aſſiſtance from the pride or malice of *Spain*; and when they could no longer make the people complain of grievances which they did not feel, they had the comfort yet of knowing that real evils were poſſible, and their reſolution is well known, of charging all evil on their governors.

The reconciliation was therefore conſidered as the loſs of their laſt anchor; and received not only with the fretfulneſs of diſappointment but the rage of deſperation. When they found that all were happy in ſpite of their machinations, and the ſoft effulgence of peace ſhone out upon the nation, they felt no motion but that of ſullen envy; they could not, like *Milton*'s prince of hell, abſtract themſelves a moment from their evil; as they have not the wit of *Satan*, they have not his virtue; they tried once again what could be done by ſophiſtry without art, and confidence without credit.

credit. They repreſented their ſovereign as diſhonoured and their country as betrayed, or, in their fiercer paroxyſms of fury, reviled their ſovereign as betraying it.

Their pretences I have here endeavoured to expoſe, by ſhewing that more than has been yielded was not to be expected, that more perhaps was not to be deſired, and that if all had been refuſed, there had ſcarcely been an adequate reaſon for a war.

There was perhaps never much danger of war or of refuſal, but what danger there was, proceeded from the faction. Foreign nations, unacquainted with the inſolence of common councils, and unaccuſtomed to the howl of Plebeian patriotiſm, when they heard of rabbles and riots, of petitions and remonſtrances, of diſcontent in *Surrey*, *Derbyſhire*, and *Yorkſhire*, when they ſaw the chain of ſubordination broken, and the legiſlature threatened and defied, naturally imagined that ſuch a government had little leiſure for *Falkland*'s *Iſland*; they ſuppoſed that the *Engliſh* when they returned ejected from *Port Egmont*, would find *Wilkes* inveſted with the protectorate; or ſee the mayor of *London* what the *French* have formerly ſeen their mayors of the palace, the commander of the army and tutor of the king; that they would be called to tell their tale before the Common Council; and that the world was to expect war or peace from a vote of the ſubſcribers to the Bill of Rights.

But our enemies have now loſt their hopes, and our friends I hope are recovered from their fears. To fancy that our government can be ſubverted by the rabble, whom its lenity has pampered into impudence, is to fear that a city may be drowned by the overflowing of its kennels. The diſtemper which cowardice or malice thought either decay of the vitals, or reſolution of the nerves, appears at laſt to have been nothing more than a political *phthiriaſis*, a diſeaſe too loathſome for a plainer name; but the effect of negligence rather than of weakneſs, and of which the ſhame is greater than the danger.

Among the diſturbers of our quiet are ſome animals of greater bulk, whom their power of roaring perſuaded us to think formidable, but we now perceive that ſound and force do not always go together. The noiſe of a ſavage proves nothing but his hunger.

After all our broils, foreign and domeſtick, we may at laſt hope to remain a while in quiet, amuſed with the view of our own ſucceſs. We have gained political ſtrength by the

the increaſe of our reputation; we have gained real ſtrength by the reparation of our navy; we have ſhewn *Europe* that ten years of war have not yet exhauſted us; and we have enforced our ſettlement on an iſland, on which twenty years ago we durſt not venture to look.

Theſe are the gratifications only of honeſt minds; but there is a time in which hope comes to all. From the preſent happineſs of the Publick the patriots themſelves may derive advantage. To be harmleſs though by impotence obtains ſome degree of kindneſs; no man hates a worm as he hates a viper: they were once dreaded enough to be deteſted, as ſerpents that could bite; they have now ſhewn that they can only hiſs, and may therefore quietly ſlink into holes, and change their ſlough unmoleſted and forgotten.

THE

THE

PATRIOT.

ADDRESSED TO THE

ELECTORS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[1774.]

They bawl for freedom in their ſenſeleſs mood,
Yet ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean, when they cry liberty,
For who loves that muſt firſt be wiſe and good.

MILTON.

TO improve the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life. Many wants are ſuffered, which might once have been ſupplied; and much time is loſt in regretting the time which had been loſt before.

At the end of every ſeven years comes the Saturnalian ſeaſon, when the freemen or *Great Britain* may pleaſe themſelves with the choice of their repreſentatives. This happy day has now arrived, ſomewhat ſooner than it could be claimed.

To

To ſelect and depute thoſe, by whom laws are to be made, and taxes to be granted, is a high dignity and an important truſt: and it is the buſineſs of every elector to conſider, how this dignity may be well ſuſtained, and this truſt faithfully diſcharged.

It ought to be deeply impreſſed on the minds of all who have voices in this national deliberation, that no man can deſerve a ſeat in parliament who is not a PATRIOT. No other man will protect our rights, no other man can merit our confidence.

A PATRIOT is he whoſe publick conduct is regulated by one ſingle motive, the love of his country; who as an agent in parliament, has for himſelf neither hope nor fear, neither kindneſs nor reſentment, but refers every thing to the common intereſt.

That of five hundred men, ſuch as this degenerate age affords a majority can be found thus virtuouſly abſtracted, who will affirm? Yet there is no good in deſpondence: vigilance and activity often effect more than was expected. Let us take a Patriot where we can meet him; and that we may not flatter ourſelves by falſe appearances, diſtinguiſh thoſe marks which are certain from thoſe which may deceive; for a man may have the external appearance of a Patriot, without the conſtituent qualities; as falſe coins have often luſtre, though they want weight.

Some claim a place in the liſt of Patriots by an acrimonious and unremitting oppoſition to the court.

This mark is by no means infallible. Patriotiſm is not neceſſarily included in rebellion. A man may hate his king, yet not love his country. He that has been refuſed a reaſonable or unreaſonable requeſt, who thinks his merit under-rated, and ſees his influence declining, begins ſoon to talk of natural equality, the abſurdity of *many made for one*, the original compact, the foundation of authority, and the majeſty of the people. As his political melancholy increaſes, he tells, and perhaps dreams, of the advances of the prerogative, and the dangers of arbitrary power; yet his deſign in all his declamation is not to benefit his country, but to gratify his malice.

Theſe, however, are the moſt honeſt of the opponents of government; their patriotiſm is a ſpecies of diſeaſe; and they feel ſome part of what they expreſs. But the greater, far the greater number of thoſe who rave and rail, and inquire and accuſe, neither ſuſpect nor fear, nor care for the Publick;

Publick; but hope to force their way to riches by virulence and invective, and are vehement and clamorous, only that they may be ſooner hired to be ſilent.

A man ſometimes ſtarts up a Patriot, only by diſſeminating diſcontent and propagating reports of ſecret influence, of dangerous counſels, of violated rights and encroaching uſurpation.

This practice is no certain note of Patriotiſm. To inſtigate the populace with rage beyond the provocation, is to ſuſpend publick happineſs, if not to deſtroy it. He is no lover of his country, that unneceſſarily diſturbs its peace. Few errors, and few faults of government can juſtify an appeal to the rabble; who ought not to judge of what they cannot underſtand, and whoſe opinions are not propagated by reaſon, but caught by contagion.

The fallacioufneſs of this note of patriotiſm is particularly apparent, when the clamour continues after the evil is paſt. They who are ſtill filling our ears with Mr. *Wilkes*, and the Freeholders of *Middleſex*, lament a grievance that is now at an end. Mr. *Wilkes* may be choſen, if any will chooſe him, and the precedent of his excluſion makes not any honeſt, or any decent man, think himſelf in danger.

It may be doubted whether the name of a Patriot can be fairly given as the reward of ſecret ſatire, or open outrage. To fill the news-papers with ſly hints of corruption and intrigue, to circulate the *Middleſex Journal* and *London Pacquet*, may indeed be zeal; but it may likewiſe be intereſt and malice. To offer a petition, not expected to be granted; to inſult a king with a rude remonſtrance, only becauſe there is no puniſhment for legal inſolence, is not courage, for there is no danger; nor patriotiſm, for it tends to the ſubverſion of order, and lets wickedneſs looſe upon the land, by deſtroying the reverence due to ſovereign authority.

It is the quality of Patriotiſm to be jealous and watchful, to obſerve all ſecret machinations, and to ſee publick dangers at a diſtance. The true *Lover of his country* is ready to communicate his fears and to ſound the alarm, whenever he perceives the approach of miſchief. But he ſounds no alarm, when there is no enemy: he never terrifies his countrymen till he is terrified himſelf. The patriotiſm therefore may be juſtly doubted of him, who profeſſes to be diſturbed by incredibilities; who tells, that the laſt peace was obtained by bribing the Princeſs of *Wales*; that the

King is grafping at arbitrary power; and that becaufe the *French* in the new conquefts enjoy their own laws, there is a defign at court of abolifhing in *England* the trial by juries.

Still lefs does the true Patriot circulate opinions which he knows to be falfe. No man, who loves his country, fills the nation with clamorous complaints, that the proteftant religion is in danger, becaufe *popery is eftablifhed in the extenfive province of* Quebec, a falfehood fo open and fhamelefs, that it can need no confutation among thofe who know that of which it is almoft impoffible for the moft unenlightened zealot to be ignorant.

That *Quebec* is on the other fide of the *Atlantick*, at too great a diftance to do much good or harm to the *European* world:

That the inhabitants, being *French*, were always papifts, who are certainly more dangerous as enemies than as fubjects:

That though the province be wide, the people are few, probably not fo many as may be found in one of the larger *Englifh* counties:

That perfecution is not more virtuous in a proteftant than a papift: and that while we blame *Lewis* the Fourteenth, for his dragoons and his gallies, we ought, when power comes into our hands, to ufe it with greater equity:

That when *Canada* with its inhabitants was yielded, the free enjoyment of their religion was ftipulated; a condition of which King *William*, who was no propagator of popery, gave an example nearer home, at the furrender of *Limerick*:

That in an age, where every mouth is open for *liberty of confcience*, it is equitable to fhew fome regard to the confcience of a papift, who may be fuppofed, like other men, to think himfelf fafeft in his own religion; and that thofe at leaft, who enjoy a toleration, ought not to deny it to our new fubjects.

If liberty of confcience be a natural right, we have no power to withhold it; if it be an indulgence, it may be allowed to papifts, while it is not denied to other fects.

A Patriot is neceffarily and invariably a lover of the people. But even this mark may fometimes deceive us.

The people is a very heterogeneous and confufed mafs of the wealthy and the poor, the wife and the foolifh, the good and the bad. Before we confer on a man, who ca-

reffes

reſſes the people, the title of Patriot, we muſt examine to what part of the people he directs his notice. It is proverbially ſaid, that he who diſſembles his own character, may be known by that of his companions. If the candidate of Patriotiſm endeavours to infuſe right opinions into the higher ranks, and by their influence to regulate the lower; if he conſorts chiefly with the wiſe, the temperate, the regular, and the virtuous, his love of the people may be rational and honeſt. But if his firſt or principal application be to the indigent, who are always inflammable; to the weak, who are naturally ſuſpicious; to the ignorant, who are eaſily miſled; and to the profligate, who have no hope but from miſchief and confuſion; let his love of the people be no longer boaſted. No man can reaſonably be thought a lover of his country, for roaſting an ox, or burning a boot, or attending the meeting at *Mile-End*, or regiſtering his name in the Lumber Troop. He may, among the drunkards be a *hearty fellow*, and among ſober handicraftſmen, a *free-ſpoken gentleman*; but he muſt have ſome better diſtinction before he is a *Patriot*.

A Patriot is always ready to countenance the juſt claims, and animate the reaſonable hopes of the people; he reminds them frequently of their rights, and ſtimulates them to reſent encroachments, and to multiply ſecurities.

But all this may be done in appearance, without real patriotiſm. He that raiſes falſe hopes to ſerve a preſent purpoſe, only makes a way for diſappointment and diſcontent. He who promiſes to endeavour, what he knows his endeavours unable to effect, means only to delude his followers by an empty clamour of ineffectual zeal.

A true Patriot is no laviſh promiſer: he undertakes not to ſhorten parliaments; to repeal laws; or to change the mode of repreſentation, tranſmitted by our anceſtors: he knows that futurity is not in his power, and that all times are not alike favourable to change.

Much leſs does he make a vague and indefinite promiſe of obeying the mandates of his conſtituents. He knows the prejudices of faction, and the inconſtancy of the multitude. He would firſt inquire, how the opinion of his conſtituents ſhall be taken. Popular inſtructions are commonly the work, not of the wiſe and ſteady, but the violent and raſh; meetings held for directing repreſentatives are ſeldom attended but by the idle and the diſſolute; and he is not without ſuſpicion, that of his conſtituents, as of

other numbers of men, the ſmaller part may often be the wiſer.

He conſiders himſelf as deputed to promote the publick good, and to preſerve his conſtituents, with the reſt of his countrymen, not only from being hurt by others, but from hurting themſelves.

The common marks of patriotiſm having been examined, and ſhewn to be ſuch as artifice may counterfeit, or folly miſapply, it cannot be improper to conſider, whether there are not ſome characteriſtical modes of ſpeaking or acting, which may prove a man to be NOT A PATRIOT.

In this inquiry, perhaps clearer evidence may be diſcovered, and firmer perſuaſion attained; for it is commonly eaſier to know what is wrong than what is right; to find what we ſhould avoid, than what we ſhould purſue.

As war is one of the heavieſt of national evils, a calamity in which every ſpecies of miſery is involved; as it ſets the general ſafety to hazard, ſuſpends commerce, and deſolates the country; as it expoſes great numbers to hardſhips, dangers, captivity, and death; no man, who deſires the publick proſperity, will inflame general reſentment by aggravating minute injuries, or enforcing diſputable rights of little importance.

It may therefore be ſafely pronounced, that thoſe men are no Patriots, who when the national honour was vindicated in the ſight of *Europe*, and the *Spaniards* having invaded what they call their own, had ſhrunk to a diſavowal of their attempt and a relaxation of their claim, would ſtill have inſtigated us to a war for a bleak and barren ſpot in the *Magellanick* ocean, of which no uſe could be made unleſs it were a place of exile for the hypocrites of patriotiſm.

Yet let it not be forgotten, that by the howling violence of patriotick rage, the nation was for a time exaſperated to ſuch madneſs, that for a barren rock, under a ſtormy ſky, we might have now been fighting and dying, had not our competitors been wiſer than ourſelves; and thoſe who are now courting the favour of the people by noiſy profeſſions of publick ſpirit, would, while they were counting the profits of their artifice, have enjoyed the patriotick pleaſure of hearing ſometimes, that thouſands had been ſlaughtered in a battle, and ſometimes that a navy had been diſpeopled by poiſoned air and corrupted food.

He

He that wiſhes to ſee his country robbed of its rights, cannot be a Patriot.

That man therefore is no Patriot, who juſtifies the ridiculous claims of *American* uſurpation; who endeavours to deprive the nation of its natural and lawful authority over its own colonies; thoſe colonies, which were ſettled under *Engliſh* protection; were conſtituted by an *Engliſh* charter; and have been defended by *Engliſh* arms.

To ſuppoſe, that by ſending out a colony, the nation eſtabliſhed an independent power; that when, by indulgence and favour, emigrants are become rich, they ſhall not contribute to their own defence, but at their own pleaſure; and that they ſhall not be included, like millions of their fellow-ſubjects, in the general ſyſtem of repreſentation; involves ſuch an accumulation of abſurdity, as nothing but the ſhew of patriotiſm could palliate.

He that accepts protection, ſtipulates obedience. We have always protected the *Americans;* we may therefore ſubject them to government.

The leſs is included in the greater. That power, which can take away life, may ſeize upon property. The parliament may enact for *America* a law of capital puniſhment; it may therefore eſtabliſh a mode and proportion of taxation.

But there are ſome who lament the ſtate of the poor Boſtonians, becauſe they cannot all be ſuppoſed to have committed acts of rebellion, yet all are involved in the penalty impoſed. This, they ſay, is to violate the firſt rule of juſtice, by condemning the innocent to ſuffer with the guilty.

This deſerves ſome notice, as it ſeems dictated by equity and humanity, however it may raiſe contempt, by the ignorance which it betrays of the ſtate of man, and the ſyſtem of things. That the innocent ſhould be confounded with the guilty, is undoubtedly an evil; but it is an evil which no care or caution can prevent. National crimes require national puniſhments, of which many muſt neceſſarily have their part, who have not incurred them by perſonal guilt. If rebels ſhould fortify a town, the cannon of lawful authority will endanger equally the harmleſs burghers and the criminal garriſon.

In ſome caſes, thoſe ſuffer moſt who are leaſt intended to be hurt. If the *French* in the late war had taken an *Engliſh* city, and permitted the natives to keep their dwellings,

lings, how could it have been recovered, but by the ſlaughter of our friends? A bomb might as well deſtroy an *Engliſhman* as a *Frenchman;* and by famine we know that the inhabitants would be the firſt that ſhould periſh.

This infliction of promiſcuous evil may therefore be lamented, but cannot be blamed. The power of lawful government muſt be maintained; and the miſeries which rebellion produces, can be charged only on the rebels.

That man likewiſe is *not a Patriot*, who denies his governors their due praiſe, and who conceals from the people the benefits which they receive. Thoſe therefore can lay no claim to this illuſtrious appellation, who impute want of publick ſpirit to the late parliament; an aſſembly of men, whom, notwithſtanding ſome fluctuation of counſel, and ſome weakneſs of agency, the nation muſt always remember with gratitude, ſince it is indebted to them for a very ample conceſſion in the reſignation of protections, and a wiſe and honeſt attempt to improve the conſtitution, in the new judicature inſtituted for the trial of elections.

The right of protection, which might be neceſſary when it was firſt claimed, and was very conſiſtent with that liberality of immunities in which the feudal conſtitution delighted, was by its nature liable to abuſe, and had in reality been ſometimes miſapplied, to the evaſion of the law and the defeat of juſtice. The evil was perhaps not adequate to the clamour; nor is it very certain, that the poſſible good of this privilege was not more than equal to the poſſible evil. It is however plain, that whether they gave any thing or not to the Publick, they at leaſt loſt ſomething from themſelves. They diveſted their dignity of a very ſplendid diſtinction, and ſhewed that they were more willing than their predeceſſors to ſtand on a level with their fellow-ſubjects.

The new mode of trying elections, if it be found effectual, will diffuſe its conſequences further than ſeems yet to be foreſeen. It is, I believe, generally conſidered as advantageous only to thoſe who claim ſeats in parliament; but, if to chuſe repreſentatives be one of the moſt valuable rights of *Engliſhmen*, every voter muſt conſider that law as adding to his happineſs, which makes his ſuffrage efficacious; ſince it was vain to chuſe, while the election could be controlled by any other power.

With what imperious contempt of ancient rights, and what audaciouſneſs of arbitrary authority former parliaments have

have judged the disputes about elections, it is not necessary to relate. The claim of a candidate, and the right of electors are said scarcely to have been, even in appearance, referred to conscience; but to have been decided by party, by passion, by prejudice, or by frolick. To have friends in the borough was of little use to him, who wanted friends in the house; a pretence was easily found to evade a majority, and the seat was at last his, that was chosen not by his electors, but his fellow-senators.

Thus the nation was insulted with a mock election, and the parliament was filled with spurious representatives; one of the most important claims, that of right to sit in the supreme council of the kingdom, was debated in jest, and no man could be confident of success from the justice of his cause.

A disputed election is now tried with the same scrupulousness and solemnity, as any other title. The candidate that has deserved well of his neighbours, may now be certain of enjoying the effect of their approbation; and the elector, who has voted honestly for known merit, may be certain that he has not voted in vain.

Such was the parliament, which some of those, who are now aspiring to sit in another, have taught the rabble to consider as an unlawful convention of men, worthless, venal, and prostitute, slaves of the court, and tyrants of the people.

That the next House of Commons may act upon the principles of the last, with more constancy and higher spirit, must be the wish of all who wish well to the Publick; and it is surely not too much to expect, that the nation will recover from its delusion, and unite in a general abhorrence of those who, by deceiving the credulous with fictitious mischiefs, overbearing the weak by audacity of falsehood, by appealing to the judgment of ignorance, and flattering the vanity of meanness, by slandering honesty and insulting dignity, have gathered round them whatever the kingdom can supply of base, and gross, and profligate; and *raised by merit to this bad eminence*, arrogate to themselves the name of PATRIOTS.

TAXATION

TAXATION NO TYRANNY;

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

RESOLUTIONS AND ADDRESS

OF THE

AMERICAN CONGRESS.

[1775.]

IN all the parts of human knowledge, whether terminating in ſcience merely ſpeculative, or operating upon life private or civil, are admitted ſome fundamental principles, or common axioms, which being generally received are little doubted, and being little doubted have been rarely proved.

Of theſe gratuitous and acknowledged truths it is often the fate to become leſs evident by endeavours to explain them, however neceſſary ſuch endeavours may be made by the miſapprehenſions of abſurdity, or the ſophiſtries of intereſt. It is difficult to prove the principles of ſcience, becauſe notions cannot always be found more intelligible than thoſe which are queſtioned. It is difficult to prove the principles of practice, becauſe they have for the moſt part not been diſcovered by inveſtigation, but obtruded by experience, and the demonſtrator will find, after an operoſe deduction, that he has been trying to make that ſeen which can be only felt.

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Of this kind is the poſition, that *the ſupreme power of every community has the right of requiring from all its ſubjects, ſuch contributions are as neceſſary to the publick ſafety or publick proſperity*, which was conſidered by all mankind as compriſing the primary and eſſential condition of all political ſociety, till it became diſputed by thoſe zealots of anarchy, who have denied to the parliament of *Britain* the right of taxing the *American* Colonies.

In favour of this exemption of the *Americans* from the authority of their lawful ſovereign, and the dominion of their mother-country, very loud clamours have been raiſed, and many wild aſſertions advanced, which by ſuch as borrow their opinions from the reigning faſhion have been admitted as arguments; and what is ſtrange, though their tendency is to leſſen *Engliſh* honour, and *Engliſh* power, have been heard by *Engliſhmen* with a wiſh to find them true. Paſſion has in its firſt violence controlled intereſt, as the eddy for a while runs againſt the ſtream.

To be prejudiced is always to be weak; yet there are prejudices ſo near to laudable, that they have been often praiſed, and are always pardoned. To love their country has been conſidered as virtue in men, whoſe love could not be otherwiſe than blind, becauſe their preference was made without a compariſon; but it has never been my fortune to find, either in ancient or modern writers, any honourable mention of thoſe, who have with equal blindneſs hated their country.

Theſe antipatriotick prejudices are the abortions of folly impregnated by faction, which being produced againſt the ſtanding order of nature, have not ſtrength ſufficient for long life. They are born only to ſcream and periſh, and leave thoſe to contempt or deteſtation, whoſe kindneſs was employed to nurſe them into miſchief.

To perplex the opinion of the Publick many artifices have been uſed, which, as uſually happens when falſehood is to be maintained by fraud, loſe their force by counteracting one another.

The nation is ſometimes to be mollified by a tender tale of men, who fled from tyranny to rocks and deſerts, and is perſuaded to loſe all claims of juſtice, and all ſenſe of dignity, in compaſſion for a harmleſs people, who having worked hard for bread in a wild country, and obtained by the ſlow progreſſion of manual induſtry the accommodations

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of life, are now invaded by unprecedented oppreſſion, and plundered of their properties by the harpies of taxation.

We are told how their induſtry is obſtructed by unnatural reſtraints, and their trade confined by rigorous prohibitions; how they are forbidden to enjoy the products of their own ſoil, to manufacture the materials which nature ſpreads before them, or to carry their own goods to the neareſt market: and ſurely the generoſity of *Engliſh* virtue will never heap new weight upon thoſe that are already overladen, will never delight in that dominion, which cannot be exerciſed but by cruelty and outrage.

But while we are melting in ſilent ſorrow, and in the tranſports of delirious pity dropping both the ſword and balance from our hands, another friend of the *Americans* thinks it better to awaken another paſſion, and tries to alarm our intereſt, or excite our veneration, by accounts of their greatneſs and their opulence, of the fertility of their land, and the ſplendour of their towns. We then begin to conſider the queſtion with more evenneſs of mind, are ready to conclude that thoſe reſtrictions are not very oppreſſive which have been found conſiſtent with this ſpeedy growth of proſperity, and begin to think it reaſonable that they, who thus flouriſh under the protection of our government, ſhould contribute ſomething towards its expence.

But we are ſoon told that the *Americans*, however wealthy, cannot be taxed; that they are the deſcendants of men who left all for liberty, and that they have conſtantly preſerved the principles and ſtubbornneſs of their progenitors; that they are too obſtinate for perſuaſion, and too powerful for conſtraint; that they will laugh at argument, and defeat violence; that the continent of *North America* contains three millions, not of men merely, but of Whigs, of Whigs fierce for liberty, and diſdainful of dominion; that they multiply with the fecundity of their own rattle-ſnakes, ſo that every quarter of a century doubles their numbers.

Men accuſtomed to think themſelves maſters do not love to be threatened. This talk is, I hope, commonly thrown away, or raiſes paſſions different from thoſe which it was intended to excite. Inſtead of terrifying the *Engliſh* hearer to tame acquieſcence, it diſpoſes him to haſten the experiment of bending obſtinacy before it is become yet more obdurate, and convinces him that it is neceſſary to attack a nation thus prolifick while we may yet hope to prevail. When he is told through what extent of territory we muſt travel

travel to ſubdue them, he recollects how far, a few years ago, we travelled in their defence. When it is urged that they will ſhoot up like the hydra, he naturally conſiders how the hydra was deſtroyed.

Nothing dejects a trader like the interruption of his profits. A commercial people, however magnanimous, ſhrinks at the thought of declining traffick, and an unfavourable balance. The effect of this terrour has been tried. We have been ſtunned with the importance of our *American* commerce, and heard of merchants with warehouſes that are never to be emptied, and of manufacturers ſtarving for want of work.

That our commerce with *America* is profitable, however leſs than oſtentatious or deceitful eſtimates have made it, and that it is our intereſt to preſerve it, has never been denied; but ſurely it will moſt effectually be preſerved, by being kept always in our own power. Conceſſions may promote it for a moment, but ſuperiority only can enſure its continuance. There will always be a part, and always a very large part of every community that have no care but for themſelves, and whoſe care for themſelves reaches little farther than impatience of immediate pain, and eagerneſs for the neareſt good. The blind are ſaid to feel with peculiar nicety. They who look but little into futurity, have perhaps the quickeſt ſenſation of the preſent. A merchant's deſire is not of glory, but of gain; not of publick wealth, but of private emolument; he is therefore rarely to be conſulted about war and peace, or any deſigns of wide extent and diſtant conſequence.

Yet this, like other general characters, will ſometimes fail. The traders of *Birmingham* have reſcued themſelves from all imputation of narrow ſelfiſhneſs by a manly recommendation to parliament of the rights and dignity of their native country.

To theſe men I do not intend to aſcribe an abſurd and enthuſiaſtick contempt of intereſt, but to give them the rational and juſt praiſe of diſtinguiſhing real from ſeeming good, of being able to ſee through the cloud of interpoſing difficulties, to the laſting and ſolid happineſs of victory and ſettlement.

Leſt all theſe topicks of perſuaſion ſhould fail, the great actor of patriotiſm has tried another, in which terrour and pity are happily combined, not without a proper ſuperaddition of that admiration which latter ages have brought into

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the drama. The heroes of *Boſton* he tells us, if the ſtamp act had not been repealed, would have left their town, their port, and their trade, have reſigned the ſplendour of opulence, and quitted the delight of neighbourhood, to diſperſe themſelves over the country, where they would till the ground, and fiſh in the rivers, and range the mountains, AND BE FREE.

Theſe ſurely are brave words. If the mere ſound of freedom can operate thus powerfully, let no man hereafter doubt the ſtory of the Pied Piper. *The removal of the people of* Boſton *into the country*, ſeems even to the Congreſs not only *difficult in its execution*, but *important in its conſequences*. The difficulty of execution is beſt known to the *Boſtonians* themſelves; the conſequence, alas! will only be, that they will leave good houſes to wiſer men.

Yet before they quit the comforts of a warm home for the ſounding ſomething which they think better, he cannot be thought their enemy who adviſes them to conſider well whether they ſhall find it. By turning fiſhermen or hunters, woodmen or ſhepherds, they may become wild, but it is not ſo eaſy to conceive them free; for who can be more a ſlave than he that is driven by force from the comforts of life, is compelled to leave his houſe to a caſual comer, and whatever he does, or wherever he wanders, finds every moment ſome new teſtimony of his own ſubjection? If choice of evil be freedom, the felon in the gallies has his option of labour or of ſtripes. The *Boſtonian* may quit his houſe to ſtarve in the fields; his dog may refuſe to ſet, and ſmart under the laſh, and they may then congratulate each other upon the ſmiles of liberty, *profuſe of bliſs, and pregnant with delight*.

To treat ſuch deſigns as ſerious, would be to think too contemptuouſly of *Boſtonian* underſtandings. The artifice indeed is not new; the bluſterer who threatened in vain to deſtroy his opponent, has ſometimes obtained his end, by making it believed that he would hang himſelf.

But terrours and pity are not the only means by which the taxation of the *Americans* is oppoſed. There are thoſe who profeſs to uſe them only as auxiliaries to reaſon and juſtice, who tell us, that to tax the Colonies is uſurpation and oppreſſion, an invaſion of natural and legal rights, and a violation of thoſe principles which ſupport the conſtitution of *Engliſh* government.

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This queſtion is of great importance. That the *Americans* are able to bear taxation is indubitable; that their refuſal may be over-ruled is highly probable; but power is no ſufficient evidence of truth. Let us examine our own claim, and the objections of the recuſants, with caution proportioned to the event of the deciſion, which muſt convict one part of robbery, or the other of rebellion.

A tax is a payment exacted by authority from part of the community for the benefit of the whole. From whom, and in what proportion ſuch payment ſhall be required, and to what uſe it ſhall be applied, thoſe only are to judge to whom government is entruſted. In the *Britiſh* dominion taxes are apportioned, levied, and appropriated by the ſtates aſſembled in parliament.

Of every empire all the ſubordinate communities are liable to taxation, becauſe they all ſhare the benefits of government, and therefore ought all to furniſh their proportion of the expence.

This the *Americans* have never openly denied. That it is their duty to pay the coſt of their own ſafety they ſeem to admit; nor do they refuſe their contribution to the exigencies, whatever they may be, of the *Britiſh* empire; but they make this participation of the publick burden a duty of very uncertain extent, and imperfect obligation, a duty temporary, occaſional, and elective, of which they reſerve to themſelves the right of ſettling the degree, the time, and the duration, of judging when it may be required, and when it has been performed.

They allow to the ſupreme power nothing more than the liberty of notifying to them its demands or its neceſſities. Of this notification they profeſs to think for themſelves, how far it ſhall influence their counſels, and of the neceſſities alledged, how far they ſhall endeavour to relieve them. They aſſume the excluſive power of ſettling not only the mode, but the quantity of this payment. They are ready to co-operate with all the other dominions of the king; but they will co-operate by no means which they do not like, and at no greater charge than they are willing to bear.

This claim, wild as it may ſeem, this claim which ſuppoſes dominion without authority, and ſubjects without ſubordination, has found among the libertines of policy many clamorous and hardy vindicators. The laws of nature, the rights of humanity, the faith of charters, the danger of liberty, the encroachments of uſurpation, have been thundered

dered in our ears, ſometimes by intereſted faction, and ſometimes by honeſt ſtupidity.

It is ſaid by *Fontenelle*, that if twenty philoſophers ſhall reſolutely deny that the preſence of the ſun makes the day, he will not deſpair but whole nations may adopt the opinion. So many political dogmatiſts have denied to the mother-country the power of taxing the Colonies, and have enforced their denial with ſo much violence of outcry, that their ſect is already very numerous, and the publick voice ſuſpends its deciſion.

In moral and political queſtions the conteſt between intereſt and juſtice has been often tedious and often fierce, but perhaps, it never happened before, that juſtice found much oppoſition with intereſt on her ſide.

For the ſatisfaction of this inquiry, it is neceſſary to conſider how a Colony is conſtituted, what are the terms of migration as dictated by nature, or ſettled by compact, and what ſocial or political rights the man loſes, or acquires, that leaves his country to eſtabliſh himſelf in a diſtant plantation.

Of two modes of migration the hiſtory of mankind informs us, and ſo far as I can yet diſcover, of two only.

In countries where life was yet unadjuſted, and policy unformed, it ſometimes happened that by the diſſentions of heads of families, by the ambition of daring adventurers, by ſome accidental preſſure of diſtreſs, or by the mere diſcontent of idleneſs, one part of the community broke off from the reſt, and numbers, greater or ſmaller, forſook their habitations, put themſelves under the command of ſome favourite of fortune, and with or without the conſent of their countrymen or governors, went out to ſee what better regions they could occupy, and in what place, by conqueſt or by treaty, they could gain a habitation.

Sons of enterpriſe like theſe, who committed to their own ſwords their hopes and their lives, when they left their country, became another nation, with deſigns, and proſpects, and intereſts, of their own. They looked back no more to their former home; they expected no help from thoſe whom they had left behind; if they conquered, they conquered for themſelves; if they were deſtroyed, they were not by any other power either lamented or revenged.

Of this kind ſeem to have been all the migrations of the early world, whether hiſtorical or fabulous, and of this kind were the eruptions of thoſe nations which from the North

North invaded the *Roman* empire, and filled *Europe* with new ſovereignties.

But when by the gradual admiſſion of wiſer laws and gentler manners, ſociety became more compacted and better regulated, it was found that the power of every people conſiſted in union, produced by one common intereſt, and operating in joint efforts and conſiſtent counſels.

From this time independence perceptibly waſted away. No part of the nation was permitted to act for itſelf. All now had the ſame enemies and the ſame friends; the government protected individuals, and individuals were required to refer their deſigns to the proſperity of the government.

By this principle it is, that ſtates are formed and conſolidated. Every man is taught to conſider his own happineſs as combined with the publick proſperity, and to think himſelf great and powerful, in proportion to the greatneſs and power of his governors.

Had the Weſtern continent been diſcovered between the fourth and tenth century, when all the northern world was in motion; and had navigation been at that time ſufficiently advanced to make ſo long a paſſage eaſily practicable, there is little reaſon for doubting but the intumeſcence of nations would have found its vent, like all other expanſive violence, where there was leaſt reſiſtance; and that *Huns* and *Vandals*, inſtead of fighting their way to the ſouth of *Europe*, would have gone by thouſands and by myriads under their ſeveral chiefs to take poſſeſſion of regions ſmiling with pleaſure and waving with fertility, from which the naked inhabitants were unable to repel them.

Every expedition would in thoſe days of laxity have produced a diſtinct and independant ſtate. The *Scandinavian* heroes might have divided the country among them, and have ſpread the feudal ſubdiviſion of regality from *Hudſon*'s *Bay* to the *Pacifick Ocean*.

But *Columbus* came five or ſix hundred years too late for the candidates of ſovereignty. When he formed his project of diſcovery, the fluctuations of military turbulence had ſubſided, and *Europe* began to regain a ſettled form, by eſtabliſhed government and regular ſubordination. No man could any longer erect himſelf into a chieftain, and lead out his fellow-ſubjects by his own authority to plunder or to war. He that committed any act of hoſtility by land or ſea, without the commiſſion of ſome acknowledged ſovereign,

ſovereign, was conſidered by all mankind as a robber or pirate, names which were now of little credit, and of which therefore no man was ambitious.

Columbus in a remoter time would have found his way to ſome diſcontented Lord, or ſome younger brother of a petty ſovereign, who would have taken fire at his propoſal, and have quickly kindled with equal heat a troop of followers; they would have built ſhips, or have ſeized them, and have wandered with him at all adventures as far as they could keep hope in their company. But the age being now paſt of vagrant excurſion and fortuitous hoſtility, he was under the neceſſity of travelling from court to court, ſcorned and repulſed as a wild projector, an idle promiſer of kingdoms in the clouds: nor has any part of the world yet had reaſon to rejoice that he found at laſt reception and employment.

In the ſame year, in a year hitherto diſaſtrous to mankind, by the *Portugueſe* was diſcovered the paſſage of the *Indies*, and by the *Spaniards* the coaſt of *America*. The nations of *Europe* were fired with boundleſs expectations, and the diſcoverers purſuing their enterpriſe, made conqueſts in both hemiſpheres of wide extent. But the adventurers were contented with plunder; though they took gold and ſilver to themſelves, they ſeized iſlands and kingdoms in the name of their ſovereigns. When a new region was gained, a governor was appointed by that power which had given the commiſſion to the conqueror; nor have I met with any *European* but *Stukely* of *London*, that formed a deſign of exalting himſelf in the newly found countries to independent dominion.

To ſecure a conqueſt, it was always neceſſary to plant a colony, and territories thus occupied and ſettled were rightly conſidered as mere extenſions or proceſſes of empire; as ramifications which, by the circulation of one publick intereſt, communicated with the original ſource of dominion, and which were kept flouriſhing and ſpreading by the radical vigour of the Mother-country.

The Colonies of *England* differ no otherwiſe from thoſe of other nations, than as the *Engliſh* conſtitution differs from theirs. All government is ultimately and eſſentially abſolute, but ſubordinate ſocieties may have more immunities, or individuals greater liberty, as the operations of government are differently conducted. An *Engliſhman* in the common courſe of life and action feels no reſtraint. An

Engliſh

Engliſh Colony has very liberal powers of regulating its own manners and adjuſting its own affairs. But an *Engliſh* individual may by the ſupreme authority be deprived of liberty, and a Colony diveſted of its powers, for reaſons of which that authority is the only judge.

In ſovereignty there are no gradations. There may be limited royalty, there may be limited conſulſhip; but there can be no limited government. There muſt in every ſociety be ſome power or other from which there is no appeal, which admits no reſtrictions, which pervades the whole maſs of the community, regulates and adjuſts all ſubordination, enacts laws or repeals them, erects or annuls judicatures, extends or contracts privileges, exempt itſelf from queſtion or control, and bounded only by phyſical neceſſity.

By this power, wherever it ſubſiſts, all legiſlation and juriſdiction is animated and maintained. From this all legal rights are emanations, which, whether equitably or not, may be legally recalled. It is not infallible, for it may do wrong; but it is irreſiſtible, for it can be reſiſted only by rebellion, by an act which makes it queſtionable what ſhall be thenceforward the ſupreme power.

An *Engliſh* Colony is a number of perſons, to whom the King grants a charter permitting them to ſettle in ſome diſtant country, and enabling them to conſtitute a corporation, enjoying ſuch powers as the charter grants, to be adminiſtered in ſuch forms as the charter preſcribes. As a corporation they make laws for themſelves, but as a corporation ſubſiſting by a grant from higher authority, to the control of that authority they continue ſubject.

As men are placed at a greater diſtance from the ſupreme council of the kingdom, they muſt be intruſted with ampler liberty of regulating their conduct by their own wiſdom. As they are more ſeeluded from eaſy recourſe to national judicature, they muſt be more extenſively commiſſioned to paſs judgment on each other.

For this reaſon our more important and opulent Colonies ſee the appearance and feel the effect of a regular legiſlature, which in ſome places has acted ſo long with unqueſtioned authority, that it has forgotten whence that authority was originally derived.

To their charters the Colonies owe, like other corporations, their political exiſtence. The ſolemnities of legiſlation, the adminiſtration of juſtice, the ſecurity of property, are all beſtowed upon them by the royal grant. Without

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their charter there would be no power among them, by which any law could be made, or duties enjoined, any debt recovered, or criminal punifhed.

A charter is a grant of certain powers or privileges given to a part of the community for the advantage of the whole, and is therefore liable by its nature to change or to revocation. Every act of government aims at publick good. A charter, which experience has fhewn to be detrimental to the nation, is to be repealed; becaufe general profperity muft always be preferred to particular intereft. If a charter be ufed to evil purpofes, it is forfeited, as the weapon is taken away which is injuriouffly employed.

The charter therefore by which provincial governments are conftituted, may be always legally, and where it is either inconvenient in its nature, or mifapplied in its ufe, may be equitably repealed; by fuch repeal the whole fabrick of fubordination is immediately deftroyed, and the conftitution funk at once into a chaos: the fociety is diffolved into a tumult of individuals, without authority to command, or obligation to obey; without any punifhment of wrongs but by perfonal refentment, or any protection of right but by the hand of the poffeffor.

A Colony is to the Mother-country as a member to the body, deriving its action and its ftrength from the general principle of vitality; receiving from the body, and communicating to it, all the benefits and evils of health and difeafe; liable in dangerous maladies to fharp applications, of which the body however muft partake the pain; and expofed, if incurably tainted, to amputation, by which the body likewife will be mutilated.

The Mother-country always confiders the Colonies thus connected, as parts of itfelf; the profperity or unhappinefs of either is the profperity or unhappinefs of both; not perhaps of both in the fame degree, for the body may fubfift, though lefs commodiouffly, without a limb, but the limb muft perifh if it be parted from the body.

Our Colonies therefore, however diftant, have been hitherto treated as conftituent parts of the *Britifh* empire. The inhabitants incorporated by *Englifh* charters, are entitled to all the rights of *Englifhmen*. They are governed by *Englifh* laws, entitled to *Englifh* dignities, regulated by *Englifh* counfels, and protected by *Englifh* arms; and it feems to follow by confequence not eafily avoided, that they

they are ſubject to *Engliſh* government, and chargeable by *Engliſh* taxation.

To him that conſiders the nature, the original, the progreſs, and the conſtitution of the Colonies, who remembers that the firſt diſcoverers had commiſſions from the crown, that the firſt ſettlers owe to a charter their civil forms and regular magiſtracy, and that all perſonal immunities and legal ſecurities, by which the condition of the ſubject has been from time to time improved, have been extended to the Coloniſts, it will not be doubted but the parliament of *England* has a right to bind them by ſtatutes, and *to bind them in all caſes whatſoever*, and has therefore a natural and conſtitutional power of laying upon them any tax or impoſt, whether external or internal, upon the product of land, or the manufactures of induſtry, in the exigencies of war, or in the time of profound peace, for the defence of *America*, *for the purpoſe of raiſing a revenue*, or for any other end beneficial to the empire.

There are ſome, and thoſe not inconſiderable for number, nor contemptible for knowledge, who except the power of taxation from the general dominion of parliament, and hold, that whatever degrees of obedience may be exacted, or whatever authority may be exerciſed in other acts of government, there is ſtill reverence to be paid to money, and that legiſlation paſſes its limits when it violates the purſe.

Of this exception, which by a head not fully impregnated with politicks is not eaſily comprehended, it is alledged as an unanſwerable reaſon, that the Colonies ſend no repreſentatives to the Houſe of Commons.

It is, ſay the *American* advocates, the natural diſtinction of a freeman, and the legal privilege of an *Engliſhman*, that he is able to call his poſſeſſions his own, that he can ſit ſecure in the enjoyment of inheritance or acquiſition, that his houſe is fortified by the law, and that nothing can be taken from him but by his own conſent. This conſent is given for every man by his repreſentative in parliament. The *Americans* unrepreſented cannot conſent to *Engliſh* taxations, as a corporation, and they will not conſent as individuals.

Of this argument, it has been obſerved by more than one, that its force extends equally to all other laws, for a freeman is not to be expoſed to puniſhment, or be called to any onerous ſervice but by his own conſent. The Con-

greſs has extracted a poſition from the fanciful *Monteſquieu*, that *in a free ſtate every man being a free agent ought to be concerned in his own government.* Whatever is true of taxation is true of every other law, that he who is bound by it, without his conſent, is not free, for he is not concerned in his own government.

He that denies the *Engliſh* parliament the right of taxation, denies it likewiſe the right of making any other laws civil or criminal, yet this power over the Colonies was never yet diſputed by themſelves. They have always admitted ſtatutes for the puniſhment of offences, and for the redreſs or prevention of inconveniencies, and the reception of any law draws after it, by a chain which cannot be broken, the unwelcome neceſſity of ſubmitting to taxation.

That a free man is governed by himſelf, or by laws to which he has conſented, is a poſition of mighty ſound: but every man that utters it, with whatever confidence, and every man that hears it, with whatever acquieſcence, if conſent be ſuppoſed to imply the power of refuſal, feels it to be falſe. We virtually and implicitly allow the inſtitutions of any government of which we enjoy the benefit, and ſolicit the protection. In wide extended dominions, though power has been diffuſed with the moſt even hand, yet a very ſmall part of the people are either primarily or ſecondarily conſulted in legiſlation. The buſineſs of the Publick muſt be done by delegation. The choice of delegates is made by a ſelect number, and thoſe who are not electors ſtand idle and helpleſs ſpectators of the commonweal, *wholly unconcerned in the government of themſelves.*

Of electors the hap is but little better. They are often far from unanimity in their choice, and where the numbers approach to equality, almoſt half muſt be governed not only without, but againſt their choice.

How any man can have conſented to inſtitutions eſtabliſhed in diſtant ages, it will be difficult to explain. In the moſt favourite reſidence of liberty, the conſent of individuals is merely paſſive, a tacit admiſſion in every community of the terms which that community grants and requires. As all are born the ſubjects of ſome ſtate or other, we may be ſaid to have been all born conſenting to ſome ſyſtem of government. Other conſent than this, the condition of civil life does not allow. It is the unmeaning clamour of the pedants of policy, the delirious dream of republican fanaticiſm.

But

But hear, ye ſons and daughters of liberty, the ſounds which the winds are wafting from the Weſtern Continent. The *Americans* are telling one another, what, if we may judge from their noiſy triumph, they have but lately diſcovered, and what yet is a very important truth; *That they are entitled to life, liberty, and property, and that they have never ceded to any ſovereign power whatever a right to diſpoſe of either without their conſent.*

While this reſolution ſtands alone, the *Americans* are free from ſingularity of opinion; their wit has not yet betrayed them to hereſy. While they ſpeak as the naked ſons of nature, they claim but what is claimed by other men, and have withheld nothing but what all withhold. They are here upon firm ground, behind entrenchments which never can be forced.

Humanity is very uniform. The *Americans* have this reſemblance to *Europeans*, that they do not always know when they are well. They ſoon quit the fortreſs that could neither have been mined by ſophiſtry, nor battered by declamation. Their next reſolution declares, that *their anceſtors, who firſt ſettled the Colonies, were, at the time of their emigration from the Mother-country, entitled to all the rights, liberties, and immunities of free and natural-born ſubjects within the realm of* England.

This likewiſe is true; but when this is granted, their boaſt of original rights is at an end; they are no longer in a ſtate of nature. Theſe lords of themſelves, theſe kings of *me*, theſe demigods of independence, ſink down to Coloniſts, governed by a charter. If their anceſtors were ſubjects, they acknowledged a ſovereign: if they had a right to *Engliſh* privileges, they were accountable to *Engliſh* laws, and what muſt grieve the lover of liberty to diſcover, had ceded to the king and parliament, whether the right or not, at leaſt the power of diſpoſing, *without their conſent, of their lives, liberties, and properties.* It therefore is required of them to prove that the parliament ever ceded to them a diſpenſation from that obedience, which they owe as natural-born ſubjects, or any degree of independence or immunity not enjoyed by other *Engliſhmen.*

They ſay, That by ſuch emigration they by no means forfeited, ſurrendered, or loſt any of thoſe rights; but that *they were, and their deſcendants now are, entitled to the exerciſe and enjoyment of all ſuch of them as their local and other circumſtances enable them to exerciſe and enjoy.*

That

That they who form a ſettlement by a lawful charter having committed no crime forfeit no privileges, will be readily confeſſed; but what they do not forfeit by any judicial ſentence, they may loſe by natural effects. As man can be but in one place at once, he cannot have the advantages of multiplied reſidence. He that will enjoy the brightneſs of ſunſhine, muſt quit the coolneſs of the ſhade. He who goes voluntarily to *America*, cannot complain of loſing what he leaves in *Europe*. He perhaps had a right to vote for a knight or burgeſs; by croſſing the *Atlantick* he has not nullified his right; but he has made its exertion no longer poſſible*. By his own choice he has left a country where he had a vote and little property, for another, where he has great property, but no vote. But as this preference was deliberated and unconſtrained, he is ſtill *concerned in the government of himſelf;* he has reduced himſelf from a voter to one of the innumerable multitude that have no vote. He has truly *ceded his right*, but he ſtill is governed by his own conſent; becauſe he has conſented to throw his atom of intereſt into the general maſs of the community. Of the conſequences of his own act he has no cauſe to complain; he has choſen, or intended to chuſe, the greater good; he is repreſented, as himſelf deſired, in the general repreſentation.

But the privileges of an *American* ſcorn the limits of place; they are part of himſelf, and cannot be loſt by departure from his country; they float in the air, or glide under the ocean.

DORIS *amara ſuam non intermiſceat undam.*

A planter, wherever he ſettles, is not only a freeman, but a legiſlator, *ubi imperator, ibi* Roma. *As the* Engliſh *Coloniſts are not repreſented in the* Britiſh *parliament, they are entitled to a free and excluſive power of legiſlation in their ſeveral legiſlatures, in all caſes of taxation and internal polity, ſubject only to the negative of the ſovereign, in ſuch manner as has been heretofore uſed and accuſtomed. We cheerfully conſent to the operation of ſuch acts of the* Britiſh *parliament as are* bona fide *reſtrained to the regulation of our external commerce—excluding*

* Of this reaſoning, I owe part to a converſation with Sir John Hawkins.

cluding every idea of taxation, internal or external, for raiſing a revenue on the ſubjects of America *without their conſent.*

Their reaſon for this claim is, *That the foundation of* Engliſh *liberty, and of all government, is a right in the people to participate in their legiſlative council.*

They inherit, they ſay, *from their anceſtors, the right which their anceſtors poſſeſſed, of enjoying all the privileges of* Engliſhmen. That they inherit the right of their anceſtors is allowed; but they can inherit no more. Their anceſtors left a country where the repreſentatives of the people, were elected by men particularly qualified, and where thoſe who wanted qualifications, or who did not uſe them, were bound by the deciſions of men, whom they had not deputed.

The Coloniſts are the deſcendants of men, who either had no vote in elections, or who voluntarily reſigned them for ſomething, in their opinion, of more eſtimation; they have therefore exactly what their anceſtors left them, not a vote in making laws, or in conſtituting legiſlators, but the happineſs of being protected by law, and the duty of obeying it.

What their anceſtors did not carry with them, neither they nor their deſcendants have ſince acquired. They have not, by abandoning their part in one legiſlature, obtained the power of conſtituting another, excluſive and independent, any more than the multitudes, who are now debarred from voting, have a right to erect a ſeparate parliament for themſelves.

Men are wrong for want of ſenſe, but they are wrong by halves for want of ſpirit. Since the *Americans* have diſcovered that they can make a parliament, whence comes it that they do not think themſelves equally empowered to make a king? If they are ſubjects, whoſe government is conſtituted by a charter, they can form no body of independant legiſlature. If their rights are inherent and underived, they may by their own ſuffrages encircle with a diadem the brows of Mr. *Cuſhing*.

It is farther declared by the Congreſs of *Philadelphia, That his Majeſty's Colonies are entitled to all the privileges and immunities granted and confirmed to them by royal charters, or ſecured to them by their ſeveral codes of provincial laws.*

The firſt clauſe of this reſolution is eaſily underſtood, and will be readily admitted. To all the privileges which a charter can convey, they are by a royal charter evidently entitled.

titled. The ſecond clauſe is of greater difficulty; for how can a provincial law ſecure privileges or immunities to a province? Provincial laws may grant to certain individuals of the province the enjoyment of gainful, or an immunity from onerous offices; they may operate upon the people to whom they relate; but no province can confer provincial privileges on itſelf. They may have a right to all which the king has given them; but it is a conceit of the other hemiſphere, that men have a right to all which they have given to themſelves.

A corporation is conſidered in law as an individual, and can no more extend its own immunities, than a man can by his own choice aſſume dignities or titles.

The legiſlature of a Colony, let not the compariſon be too much diſdained, is only the veſtry of a larger pariſh, which may lay a ceſs on the inhabitants, and enforce the payment; but can extend no influence beyond its own diſtrict, muſt modify its particular regulations by the general law, and whatever may be its internal expences, is ſtill liable to taxes laid by ſuperior authority.

The charters given to different provinces are different, and no general right can be extracted from them. The charter of *Pennſylvania*, where this Congreſs of anarchy has been impudently held, contains a clauſe admitting in expreſs terms taxation by the parliament. If in the other charters no ſuch reſerve is made, it muſt have been omitted as not neceſſary, becauſe it is implied in the nature of ſubordinate government. They who are ſubject to laws, are liable to taxes. If any ſuch immunity had been granted, it is ſtill revocable by the legiſlature, and ought to be revoked, as contrary to the publick good, which is in every charter ultimately intended.

Suppoſe it true, that any ſuch exemption is contained in the charter of *Maryland*, it can be pleaded only by the *Marylanders*. It is of no uſe for any other province; and with regard even to them, muſt have been conſidered as one of the grants in which the king has been deceived, and annulled as miſchievous to the Publick, by ſacrificing to one little ſettlement the general intereſt of the empire; as infringing the ſyſtem of dominion, and violating the compact of government. But Dr. *Tucker* has ſhewn that even this charter promiſes no exemption from parliamentary taxes.

In

In the controverſy agitated about the beginning of this century, whether the *Engliſh* laws could bind *Ireland*, *Davenant*, who defended againſt *Molyneux* the claims of *England*, conſidered it as neceſſary to prove nothing more, than that the preſent *Iriſh* muſt be deemed a Colony.

The neceſſary connexion of repreſentatives with taxes, ſeems to have ſunk deep into many of thoſe minds, that admit ſounds without their meaning.

Our nation is repreſented in parliament by an aſſembly as numerous as can well conſiſt with order and diſpatch, choſen by perſons ſo differently qualified in different places, that the mode of choice ſeems to be, for the moſt part, formed by chance, and ſettled by cuſtom. Of individuals far the greater part have no vote, and of the voters few have any perſonal knowledge of him to whom they intruſt their liberty and fortune.

Yet this repreſentation has the whole effect expected or deſired; that of ſpreading ſo wide the care of general intereſt, and the participation of publick counſels, that the advantage or corruption of particular men can ſeldom operate with much injury to the Publick.

For this reaſon many populous and opulent towns neither enjoy nor deſire particular repreſentatives; they are included in the general ſcheme of publick adminiſtration, and cannot ſuffer but with the reſt of the empire.

It is urged that the *Americans* have not the ſame ſecurity, and that a *Britiſh* legiſlator may wanton with their property; yet if it be true, that their wealth is our wealth, and that their ruin will be our ruin, the parliament has the ſame intereſt in attending to them, as to any other part of the nation. The reaſon why we place any confidence in our repreſentatives is, that they muſt ſhare in the good or evil which their counſels ſhall produce. Their ſhare is indeed commonly conſequential and remote; but it is not often poſſible that any immediate advantage can be extended to ſuch numbers as may prevail againſt it. We are therefore as ſecure againſt intentional depravations of government as human wiſdom can make us, and upon this ſecurity the *Americans* may venture to repoſe.

It is ſaid by the *Old Member* who has written an *Appeal* againſt the tax, that *as the produce of* American *labour is ſpent in* Britiſh *manufactures, the balance of trade is greatly againſt them; whatever you take directly in taxes, is in effect taken from your own commerce. If the miniſter ſeizes the money*

with

with which the American *ſhould pay his debts and come to market, the merchant cannot expect him as a cuſtomer, nor can the debts already contracted be paid.—Suppoſe we obtain from* America *a million inſtead of one hundred thouſand pounds, it would be ſupplying one perſonal exigence by the future ruin of our commerce.*

Part of this is true; but the *Old Member* ſeems not to perceive, that if his brethren of the legiſlature know this as well as himſelf, the *Americans* are in no danger of oppreſſion, ſince by men commonly provident they muſt be ſo taxed, as that we may not loſe one way what we gain another.

The ſame *Old Member* has diſcovered, that the judges formerly thought it illegal to tax *Ireland*, and declares that no caſes can be more alike than thoſe of *Ireland* and *America*: yet the judges whom he quotes have mentioned a difference. *Ireland*, they ſay, *hath a parliament of its own.* When any Colony has an independent parliament acknowledged by the parliament of *Britain*, the caſes will differ leſs. Yet by the 6 *Geo.* I. chap. 5. the acts of the *Britiſh* parliament bind *Ireland.*

It is urged that when *Wales*, *Durham*, and *Cheſter* were diveſted of their particular privileges or ancient government, and reduced to the ſtate of *Engliſh* counties, they had repreſentatives aſſigned them.

To thoſe from whom ſomething had been taken, ſomething in return might probably be given. To the *Americans* their charters are left as they were, nor have they loſt any thing except that of which their ſedition has deprived them. If they were to be repreſented in parliament, ſomething would be granted, though nothing is withdrawn.

The inhabitants of *Cheſter*, *Durham*, and *Wales*, were invited to exchange their peculiar inſtitutions for the power of voting, which they wanted before. The *Americans* have voluntarily reſigned the power of voting, to live in diſtant and ſeparate governments, and what they have voluntarily quitted, they have no right to claim.

It muſt always be remembered, that they are repreſented by the ſame virtual repreſentation as the greater part of *Engliſhmen*; and that if by change of place they have leſs ſhare in the legiſlature than is proportionate to their opulence, they by their removal gained that opulence, and had originally and have now their choice of a vote at home, or riches at a diſtance.

We

We are told, what appears to the *Old Member* and to others a poſition that muſt drive us into inextricable abſurdity, that we have either no right, or the ſole right of taxing the Colonies. The meaning is, that if we can tax them, they cannot tax themſelves; and that if they can tax themſelves we cannot tax them. We anſwer with very little heſitation, that for the general uſe of the empire we have the ſole right of taxing them. If they have contributed any thing in their own aſſemblies, what they contributed was not paid, but given; it was not a tax or tribute, but a preſent. Yet they have the natural and legal power of levying money on themſelves for provincial purpoſes, of providing for their own expence, at their own diſcretion. Let not this be thought new or ſtrange; it is the ſtate of every pariſh in the kingdom.

The friends of the *Americans* are of different opinions. Some think that being unrepreſented they ought to tax themſelves, and others that they ought to have repreſentatives in the *Britiſh* parliament.

If they are to tax themſelves, what power is to remain in the ſupreme legiſlature? That they muſt ſettle their own mode of levying their money is ſuppoſed. May the *Britiſh* parliament tell them how much they ſhall contribute? If the ſum may be preſcribed, they will return few thanks for the power of raiſing it; if they are at liberty to grant or to deny, they are no longer ſubjects.

If they are to be repreſented, what number of theſe weſtern orators are to be admitted? This I ſuppoſe the parliament muſt ſettle; yet if men have a natural and unalienable right to be repreſented, who ſhall determine the number of their delegates? Let us however ſuppoſe them to ſend twenty-three, half as many as the kingdom of *Scotland*, what will this repreſentation avail them? To pay taxes will be ſtill a grievance. The love of money will not be leſſened, nor the power of getting it increaſed.

Whither will this neceſſity of repreſentation drive us? Is every petty ſettlement to be out of the reach of government, till it has ſent a ſenator to parliament; or may two of them or a greater number be forced to unite in a ſingle deputation? What at laſt is the difference between him that is taxed by compulſion without repreſentation, and him that is repreſented by compulſion in order to be taxed?

For many reigns the Houſe of Commons was in a ſtate of fluctuation: new burgeſſes were added from time to time,

time, without any reaſon now to be diſcovered; but the number has been fixed for more than a century and a half, and the king's power of increaſing it has been queſtioned. It will hardly be thought fit to new-model the conſtitution in favour of the planters, who, as they grow rich, may buy eſtates in *England*, and, without any innovation, effectually repreſent their native colonies.

The friends of the *Americans* indeed aſk for them what they do not aſk for themſelves. This ineſtimable right of repreſentation they have never ſolicited. They mean not to exchange ſolid money for ſuch airy honour. They ſay, and ſay willingly, that they cannot conveniently be repreſented; becauſe their inference is, that they cannot be taxed. They are too remote to ſhare the general government, and therefore claim the privilege of governing themſelves.

Of the principles contained in the reſolutions of the Congreſs, however wild, indefinite, and obſcure, ſuch has been the influence upon *American* underſtanding, that from *New-England* to *South Carolina* there is formed a general combination of all the provinces againſt their Mother-country. The madneſs of independence has ſpread from Colony to Colony, till order is loſt and government deſpiſed, and all is filled with miſrule, uproar, violence, and confuſion. To be quiet is diſaffection, to be loyal is treaſon.

The Congreſs of *Philadelphia*, an aſſembly convened by its own authority, has promulgated a declaration, in compliance with which the communication between *Britain* and the greateſt part of *North America* is now ſuſpended. They ceaſed to admit the importation of *Engliſh* goods in *December* 1774, and determine to permit the exportation of their own no longer than to *November* 1775.

This might ſeem enough, but they have done more. They have declared, that they ſhall treat all as enemies who do not concur with them in diſaffection and perverſeneſs, and that they will trade with none that ſhall trade with *Britain*.

They threaten to ſtigmatize in their Gazette thoſe who ſhall conſume the products or merchandiſe of their Mother-country, and are now ſearching ſuſpected houſes for prohibited goods.

Theſe hoſtile declarations they profeſs themſelves ready to maintain by force. They have armed the militia of their provinces,

provinces, and ſeized the publick ſtores of ammunition. They are therefore no longer ſubjects, ſince they refuſe the laws of their Sovereign, and in defence of that refuſal are making open preparations for war.

Being now in their own opinion free ſtates, they are not only raiſing armies, but forming alliances, not only haſtening to rebel themſelves, but ſeducing their neighbours to rebellion. They have publiſhed an addreſs to the inhabitants of *Quebec*, in which diſcontent and reſiſtance are openly incited, and with very reſpectful mention of *the ſagacity of Frenchmen*, invite them to ſend deputies to the Congreſs of *Philadelphia*, to that ſeat of Virtue and Veracity, whence the people of *England* are told, that to eſtabliſh popery, *a religion fraught with ſanguinary and impious tenets*, even in *Quebec*, a country of which the inhabitants are papiſts, is ſo contrary to the conſtitution that it cannot be lawfully done by the legiſlature itſelf; where it is made one of the articles of their aſſociation, to deprive the conquered *French* of their religious eſtabliſhment; and whence the *French* of *Quebec* are, at the ſame time, flattered into ſedition, by profeſſions of expecting, *from the liberality of ſentiment diſtinguiſhing* their *nation*, that *difference of religion will not prejudice them againſt a hearty amity*, becauſe *the tranſcendant nature of freedom elevates all who unite in the cauſe above ſuch low-minded infirmities.*

Quebec, however, is at a great diſtance. They have aimed a ſtroke from which they may hope for greater and more ſpeedy miſchief. They have tried to infect the people of *England* with the contagion of diſloyalty. Their credit is happily not ſuch as gives them influence proportionate to their malice. When they talk of their pretended immunities *guarantied by the plighted faith of Government, and the moſt ſolemn compacts with Engliſh Sovereigns*, we think ourſelves at liberty to inquire when the faith was plighted and the compact made; and when we can only find that king *James* and king *Charles* the Firſt promiſed the ſettlers in *Maſſachuſett's Bay*, now famous by the appellation of *Boſtonians*, exemption from taxes for ſeven years, we infer with Mr. *Mauduit*, that by this *ſolemn compact*, they were, after expiration of the ſtipulated term, liable to taxation.

When they apply to our compaſſion, by telling us, that they are to be carried from their own country to be tried for certain offences, we are not ſo ready to pity them, as

to

to advise them not to offend. While they are innocent they are safe.

When they tell of laws made expresly for their punishment, we answer, that tumults and sedition were always punishable, and that the new law prescribes only the mode of execution.

When it is said that the whole town of *Boston* is distressed for a misdemeanour of a few, we wonder at their shamefulness; for we know that the town of *Boston*, and all the associated provinces, are now in rebellion to defend or justify the criminals.

If frauds in the imposts of *Boston* are tried by commission without a jury, they are tried here in the same mode; and why should the *Bostonians* expect from us more tenderness for them than for ourselves?

If they are condemned unheard, it is because there is no need of a trial. The crime is manifest and notorious. All trial is the investigation of something doubtful. An *Italian* philosopher observes, that no man desires to hear what he has already seen.

If their assemblies have been suddenly dissolved, what was the reason? Their deliberations were indecent, and their intentions seditious. The power of dissolution is granted and reserved for such times of turbulence. Their best friends have been lately soliciting the King to dissolve his Parliament, to do what they so loudly complain of suffering.

That the same vengeance involves the innocent and guilty is an evil to be lamented, but human caution cannot prevent it, nor human power always redress it. To bring misery on those who have not deserved it, is part of the aggregated guilt of rebellion.

That governors have been sometimes given them only that a great man might get ease from importunity, and that they have had judges not always of the deepest learning, or the purest integrity, we have no great reason to doubt, because such misfortunes happen to ourselves. Whoever is governed will sometimes be governed ill, even when he is most *concerned in his own government*.

That improper officers or magistrates are sent, is the crime or folly of those that sent them. When incapacity is discovered, it ought to be removed; if corruption is detected, it ought to be punished. No government could subsist for a day, if single errors could justify defection.

One

One of their complaints is not ſuch as can claim much commiſeration from the ſofteſt boſom. They tell us, that we have changed our conduct, and that a tax is now laid by Parliament on thoſe who were never taxed by Parliament before. To this we think it may be eaſily anſwered, that the longer they have been ſpared, the better they can pay.

It is certainly not much their intereſt to repreſent innovation as criminal or invidious; for they have introduced into the hiſtory of mankind a new mode of diſaffection, and have given, I believe, the firſt example of a proſcription publiſhed by a Colony againſt the Mother-country.

To what is urged of new powers granted to the Courts of Admiralty, or the extenſion of authority conferred on the judges, it may be anſwered in a few words, that they have themſelves made ſuch regulations neceſſary; that they are eſtabliſhed for the prevention of greater evils; at the ſame time, it muſt be obſerved, that theſe powers have not been extended ſince the rebellion in *America*.

One mode of perſuaſion their ingenuity has ſuggeſted, which it may perhaps be leſs eaſy to reſiſt. That we may not look with indifference on the *American* conteſt, or imagine that the ſtruggle is for a claim, which, however decided, is of ſmall importance and remote conſequence, the *Philadelphian* Congreſs has taken care to inform us that they are reſiſting the demands of Parliament, as well for our ſakes as their own.

Their keenneſs of perſpicacity has enabled them to purſue conſequences to a greater diſtance; to ſee through clouds impervious to the dimneſs of *European* ſight; and to find, I know not how, that when they are taxed, we ſhall be enſlaved.

That ſlavery is a miſerable ſtate, we have been often told, and doubtleſs many a *Briton* will tremble to find it ſo near as in *America*; but how it will be brought hither, the Congreſs muſt inform us. The queſtion might diſtreſs a common underſtanding; but the ſtateſmen of the other hemiſphere can eaſily reſolve it. Our miniſters, they ſay, are our enemies, and *if they ſhould carry the point of taxation, may with the ſame army enſlave us. It may be ſaid, we will not pay them; but remember*, ſay the weſtern ſages, *the taxes from* America, *and we may add the men, and particularly the Roman Catholics of this vaſt continent will then be in the power of your enemies. Nor have you any reaſon to expect, that after*

making

making ſlaves of us, many of us will refuſe to aſſiſt in reducing you to the ſame abject ſtate.

Theſe are dreadful menaces; but ſuſpecting that they have not much the ſound of probability, the Congreſs proceeds: *Do not treat this as chimerical. Know that in leſs than half a century the quit-rents reſerved to the crown from the numberleſs grants of this vaſt continent will pour large ſtreams of wealth into the royal coffers. If to this be added the power of taxing* America *at pleaſure, the crown will poſſeſs more treaſure than may be neceſſary to purchaſe* the remains *of liberty in your iſland.*

All this is very dreadful; but amidſt the terror that ſhakes my frame, I cannot forbear to wiſh that ſome ſluice were opened for theſe ſtreams of treaſure. I ſhould gladly ſee *America* return half of what *England* has expended in her defence; and of the ſtream that will *flow ſo largely in leſs than half a century*, I hope a ſmall rill at leaſt may be found to quench the thirſt of the preſent generation, which ſeems to think itſelf in more danger of wanting money than of loſing liberty.

It is difficult to judge with what intention ſuch airy burſts of malevolence are vented; if ſuch writers hope to deceive, let us rather repel them with ſcorn, than refute them by diſputation.

In this laſt terrifick paragraph are two poſitions, that, if our fears do not overpower our reflection, may enable us to ſupport life a little longer. We are told by theſe croakers of calamity, not only that our preſent miniſters deſign to enſlave us, but that the ſame malignity of purpoſe is to deſcend through all their ſucceſſors, and that the wealth to be poured into *England* by the *Pactolus* of *America* will, whenever it comes, be employed to purchaſe *the remains of liberty.*

Of thoſe who now conduct the national affairs we may, without much arrogance, preſume to know more than themſelves, and of thoſe who ſhall ſucceed them, whether miniſter or king, not to know leſs.

The other poſition is, that the *Crown*, if this laudable oppoſition ſhould not be ſucceſsful, *will have the power of taxing* America *at pleaſure.* Surely they think rather too meanly of our apprehenſions, when they ſuppoſe us not to know what they well know themſelves, that they are taxed, like all other *Britiſh* ſubjects, by Parliament; and that the Crown has not by the new impoſts, whether right

right or wrong, obtained any additional power over their poſſeſſions.

It were a curious, but an idle ſpeculation to inquire, what effect theſe dictators of ſedition expect from the diſperſion of their Letter among us. If they believe their own complaints of hardſhip, and really dread the danger which they deſcribe, they will naturally hope to communicate the ſame perceptions to their fellow-ſubjects. But probably in *America*, as in other places, the chiefs are incendiaries, that hope to rob in the tumults of a conflagration, and toſs brands among a rabble paſſively combuſtible. Thoſe who wrote the Addreſs, though they have ſhewn no great extent or profundity of mind, are yet probably wiſer than to believe it: but they have been taught by ſome maſter of miſchief, how to put in motion the engine of political electricity; to attract by the ſounds of Liberty and Property, to repel by thoſe of Popery and Slavery; and to give the great ſtroke by the name of *Boſton*.

When ſubordinate communities oppoſe the decrees of the general legiſlature with defiance thus audacious, and malignity thus acrimonious, nothing remains but to conquer or to yield; to allow their claim of independence, or to reduce them by force to ſubmiſſion and allegiance.

It might be hoped, that no *Engliſhman* could be found, whom the menaces of our own Coloniſts, juſt reſcued from the *French*, would not move to indignation, like that of the *Scythians*, who, returning from war, found themſelves excluded from their own houſes by their ſlaves.

That corporations conſtituted by favour, and exiſting by ſufferance, ſhould dare to prohibit commerce with their native country, and threaten individuals by infamy, and ſocieties with at leaſt ſuſpenſion of amity, for daring to be more obedient to government than themſelves, is a degree of inſolence, which not only deſerves to be puniſhed, but of which the puniſhment is loudly demanded by the order of life, and the peace of nations.

Yet there have riſen up, in the face of the publick, men who, by whatever corruptions or whatever infatuation, have undertaken to defend the *Americans*, endeavour to ſhelter them from reſentment, and propoſe reconciliation without ſubmiſſion.

As political diſeaſes are naturally contagious, let it be ſuppoſed for a moment that *Cornwall*, ſeized with the *Philadelphian* frenzy, may reſolve to ſeparate itſelf from the

general ſyſtem of the *Engliſh* conſtitution, and judge of its own rights in its own parliament. A Congreſs might then meet at *Truro*, and addreſs the other counties in a ſtyle not unlike the language of the *American* patriots:

"Friends and Fellow-ſubjects,

"We the delegates of the ſeveral towns and pariſhes of *Cornwall*, aſſembled to deliberate upon our own ſtate and that of our conſtituents, having, after ſerious debate and calm conſideration, ſettled the ſcheme of our future conduct, hold it neceſſary to declare the reſolutions which we think ourſelves entitled to form by the unalienable rights of reaſonable Beings, and into which we have been compelled by grievances and oppreſſions, long endured by us in patient ſilence, not becauſe we did not feel, or could not remove them, but becauſe we were unwilling to give diſturbance to a ſettled government, and hoped that others would in time find like ourſelves their true intereſt and their original powers, and all co-operate to univerſal happineſs.

"But ſince having long indulged the pleaſing expectation, we find general diſcontent not likely to increaſe, or not likely to end in general defection, we reſolve to erect alone the ſtandard of liberty.

"*Know then*, that you are no longer to conſider *Cornwall* as an *Engliſh* county, viſited by *Engliſh* judges, receiving law from an *Engliſh* Parliament, or included in any general taxation of the kingdom; but as a ſtate diſtinct and independent, governed by its own inſtitutions, adminiſtered by its own magiſtrates, and exempt from any tax or tribute but ſuch as we ſhall impoſe upon ourſelves.

"We are the acknowledged deſcendants of the earlieſt inhabitants of *Britain*, of men, who before the time of hiſtory took poſſeſſion of the iſland deſolate and waſte, and therefore open to the firſt occupants. Of this deſcent, our language is a ſufficient proof, which, not quite a century ago, was different from yours.

"Such are the *Corniſhmen*; but who are you? who but the unauthoriſed and lawleſs children of intruders, invaders, and oppreſſors? who but the tranſmitters of wrong, the inheritors of robbery? In claiming independence we claim but little. We might require you to depart from a land which

which you poſſeſs by uſurpation, and to reſtore all that you have taken from us.

"Independence is the gift of Nature. No man is born the maſter of another. Every *Corniſhman* is a freeman, for we have never reſigned the rights of humanity; and he only can be thought free, who is not governed but by his own conſent.

"You may urge that the preſent ſyſtem of government has deſcended through many ages, and that we have a larger part in the repreſentation of the kingdom, than any other county.

"All this is true, but it is neither cogent nor perſuaſive. We look to the original of things. Our union with the *Engliſh* counties was either compelled by force, or ſettled by compact.

"That which was made by violence, may by violence be broken. If we are treated as a conquered people, our rights might be obſcured, but could never be extinguiſhed. The ſword can give nothing but power, which a ſharper ſword can take away.

"If our union was by compact, whom could the compact bind but thoſe that concurred in the ſtipulations? We gave our anceſtors no commiſſion to ſettle the terms of future exiſtence. They might be cowards that were frighted, or blockheads that were cheated; but whatever they were, they could contract only for themſelves. What they could eſtabliſh, we can annul.

"Againſt our preſent form of government it ſhall ſtand in the place of all arguments, that we do not like it. While we are governed as we do not like, where is our liberty? We do not like taxes, we will therefore not be taxed; we do not like your laws, and will not obey them.

"The taxes laid by our repreſentatives are laid, you tell us, by our own conſent; but we will no longer conſent to be repreſented. Our number of legiſlators was originally a burden, and ought to have been refuſed: it is now conſidered as a diſproportionate advantage; who then will complain we reſign it?

"We ſhall form a Senate of our own, under a Preſident whom the King ſhall nominate, but whoſe authority we will limit, by adjuſting his ſalary to his merit. We will not with-hold a proper ſhare of contribution to the neceſſary expence of lawful government, but we will decide for our-

ſelves what ſhare is proper, what expence is neceſſary, and what government is lawful.

"Till our counſel is proclaimed independent and unaccountable, we will, after the tenth day of *September*, keep our Tin in our own hands: you can be ſupplied from no other place, and muſt therefore comply, or be poiſoned with the copper of your own kitchens.

"If any *Corniſhman* ſhall refuſe his name to this juſt and laudable aſſociation, he ſhall be tumbled from *St. Michael's Mount*, or buried alive in a tin-mine; and if any emiſſary ſhall be found feducing *Corniſhmen* to their former ſtate, he ſhall be ſmeared with tar, and rolled in feathers, and chaſed with dogs out of our dominions.

"From the *Corniſh* Congreſs at *Truro*."

Of this memorial what could be ſaid but that it was written in jeſt, or written by a madman? yet I know not whether the warmeſt admirers of *Pennſylvanian* eloquence can find any argument in the Addreſſes of the Congreſs, that is not with greater ſtrength urged by the *Corniſhman*.

The argument of the irregular troops of controverſy, ſtripped of its colours, and turned out naked to the view, is no more than this. Liberty is the birthright of man, and where obedience is compelled, there is no liberty. The anſwer is equally ſimple. Government is neceſſary to man, and where obedience is not compelled, there is no government.

If the ſubject refuſes to obey, it is the duty of authority to uſe compulſion. Society cannot ſubſiſt but by the power, firſt of making laws, and then of enforcing them.

To one of the threats hiſſed out by the Congreſs, I have put nothing ſimilar into the *Corniſh* proclamation; becauſe it is too wild for folly and too fooliſh for madneſs. If we do not withhold our King and his Parliament from taxing them, they will croſs the *Atlantick* and enſlave us.

How they will come they have not told us; perhaps they will take wing, and light upon our coaſts. When the cranes thus begin to flutter, it is time for pygmies to keep their eyes about them. The Great Orator obſerves, that they will be very fit, after they have been taxed, to impoſe chains upon us. If they are ſo fit as their friend deſcribes them, and ſo willing as they deſcribe themſelves, let us increaſe our army, and double our militia.

It

It has been of late a very general practice to talk of ſlavery among thoſe who are ſetting at defiance every power that keeps the world in order. If the learned Author of the *Reflections on Learning* has rightly obſerved, that no man ever could give law to language, it will be vain to prohibit the uſe of the word *ſlavery:* but I could wiſh it more diſcreetly uttered; it is driven at one time too hard into our ears by the loud hurricane of *Pennſylvanian* eloquence, and at another glides too cold into our hearts by the ſoft conveyance of a female patriot bewailing the miſeries of her *friends and fellow-citizens.*

Such has been the progreſs of ſedition, that thoſe who a few years ago diſputed only our right of laying taxes, now queſtion the validity of every act of legiſlation. They conſider themſelves as emancipated from obedience, and as being no longer the ſubjects of the *Britiſh* Crown. They leave us no choice but of yielding or conquering, of reſigning our dominion, or maintaining it by force.

From force many endeavours have been uſed, either to diſſuade, or to deter us. Sometimes the merit of the *Americans* is exalted, and ſometimes their ſufferings are aggravated. We are told of their contributions to the laſt war, a war incited by their outcries, and continued for their protection, a war by which none but themſelves were gainers. All that they can boaſt is, that they did ſomething for themſelves, and did not wholly ſtand inactive while the ſons of *Britain* were fighting in their cauſe.

If we cannot admire, we are called to pity them; to pity thoſe that ſhew no regard to their Mother-country; have obeyed no law which they could violate; have imparted no good which they could withhold; have entered into aſſociations of fraud to rob their creditors; and into combinations to diſtreſs all who depended on their commerce. We are reproached with the cruelty of ſhutting one port, where every port is ſhut againſt us. We are cenſured as tyrannical for hindering thoſe from fiſhing, who have condemned our merchants to bankruptcy and our manufacturers to hunger.

Others perſuade us to give them more liberty, to take off reſtraints, and relax authority; and tell us what happy conſequences will ariſe from forbearance: how their affections will be conciliated, and into what diffuſions of beneficence their gratitude will luxuriate. They will love their friends. They will reverence their protectors. They will throw themſelves into our arms, and lay their property at

our

our feet. They will buy from no other what we can ſell them; they will ſell to no other what we wiſh to buy.

That any obligations ſhould overpower their attention to profit, we have known them long enough not to expect. It is not to be expected from a more liberal people. With what kindneſs they repay benefits, they are now ſhewing us, who, as ſoon as we have delivered them from *France*, are defying and proſcribing us.

But if we will permit them to tax themſelves, they will give us more than we require. If we proclaim them independent, they will during pleaſure pay us a ſubſidy. The conteſt is not now for money, but for power. The queſtion is not how much we ſhall collect, but by what authority the collection ſhall be made.

Thoſe who find that the *Americans* cannot be ſhewn in any form that may raiſe love or pity, dreſs them in habiliments of terror, and try to make us think them formidable. The *Boſtonians* can call into the field ninety thouſand men. While we conquer all before us, new enemies will riſe up behind, and our work will be always to begin. If we take poſſeſſion of the towns, the Coloniſts will retire into the inland regions, and the gain of victory will be only empty houſes and a wide extent of waſte and deſolation. If we ſubdue them for the preſent, they will univerſally revolt in the next war, and reſign us without pity to ſubjection and deſtruction.

To all this it may be anſwered, that between loſing *America* and reſigning it, there is no great difference; that it is not very reaſonable to jump into the ſea, becauſe the ſhip is leaky. All thoſe evils may befal us, but we need not haſten them.

The Dean of *Glouceſter* has propoſed, and ſeems to propoſe it ſeriouſly, that we ſhould at once releaſe our claims, declare them maſters of themſelves, and whiſtle them down the wind. His opinion is, that our gain from them will be the ſame, and our expence leſs. What they can have moſt cheaply from *Britain*, they will ſtill buy; what they can ſell to us at the higheſt price, they will ſtill ſell.

It is, however, a little hard, that having ſo lately fought and conquered for their ſafety, we ſhould govern them no longer. By letting them looſe before the war, how many millions might have been ſaved. One wild propoſal is beſt anſwered by another. Let us reſtore to the *French* what we have taken from them. We ſhall ſee our Coloniſts at our

our feet, when they have an enemy ſo near them. Let us give the *Indians* arms, and teach them diſcipline, and encourage them now and then to plunder a plantation. Security and leiſure are the parents of ſedition.

While theſe different opinions are agitated, it ſeems to be determined by the Legiſlature, that force ſhall be tried. Men of the pen have ſeldom any great ſkill in conquering kingdoms, but they have ſtrong inclinations to give advice. I cannot forbear to wiſh, that this commotion may end without bloodſhed, and that the rebels may be ſubdued by terror rather than by violence; and therefore recommend ſuch a force as may take away, not only the power, but the hope of reſiſtance, and by conquering without a battle, ſave many from the ſword.

If their obſtinacy continues without actual hoſtilities, it may perhaps be mollified by turning out the ſoldiers to free quarters, forbidding any perſonal cruelty or hurt. It has been propoſed, that the ſlaves ſhould be ſet free, an act which ſurely the lovers of liberty cannot but commend. If they are furniſhed with fire-arms for defence, and utenſils for huſbandry, and ſettled in ſome ſimple form of government within the country, they may be more grateful and honeſt than their maſters.

Far be it from any *Engliſhman* to thirſt for the blood of his fellow-ſubjects. Thoſe who moſt deſerve our reſentment are unhappily at leſs diſtance. The *Americans*, when the Stamp Act was firſt propoſed, undoubtedly diſliked it, as every nation diſlikes an impoſt; but they had no thought of reſiſting it, till they were encouraged and incited by *European* intelligence from men whom they thought their friends, but who were friends only to themſelves.

On the original contrivers of miſchief let an inſulted nation pour out its vengeance. With whatever deſign they have inflamed this pernicious conteſt, they are themſelves equally deteſtable: If they wiſh ſucceſs to the Colonies, they are traitors to this country; if they wiſh their deſeat, they are traitors at once to *America* and *England*. To them and them only muſt be imputed the interruption of commerce, and the miſeries of war, the ſorrow of thoſe that ſhall be ruined, and the blood of thoſe that ſhall fall.

Since the *Americans* have made it neceſſary to ſubdue them, may they be ſubdued with the leaſt injury poſſible to their perſons and their poſſeſſions! When they are reduced

to

to obedience, may that obedience be ſecured by ſtricter laws and ſtronger obligations!

Nothing can be more noxious to ſociety, than that erroneous clemency, which when a rebellion is ſuppreſſed, exacts no forfeiture and eſtabliſhes no ſecurities, but leaves the rebels in their former ſtate. Who would not try the experiment which promiſes advantage without expence? If rebels once obtain a victory, their wiſhes are accompliſhed; if they are defeated, they ſuffer little, perhaps leſs than their conquerors; however often they play the game, the chance is always in their favour. In the mean time, they are growing rich by victualling the troops that we have ſent againſt them, and perhaps gain more by the reſidence of the army than they loſe by the obſtruction of their port.

Their charters being now, I ſuppoſe, legally forfeited, may be modelled as ſhall appear moſt commodious to the Mother-country. Thus the privileges, which are found by experience liable to miſuſe, will be taken away, and thoſe who now bellow as patriots, bluſter as ſoldiers, and dominecr as legiſlators, will ſink into ſober merchants and ſilent planters, peaceably diligent, and ſecurely rich.

But there is one writer, and perhaps many who do not write, to whom the contraction of theſe pernicious privileges appears very dangerous, and who ſtartle at the thoughts of *England free and America in chains.* Children fly from their own ſhadow, and rhetoricians are frighted by their own voices. *Chains* is undoubtedly a dreadful word; but perhaps the maſters of civil wiſdom may diſcover ſome gradations between chains and anarchy. Chains need not be put upon thoſe who will be reſtrained without them. This conteſt may end in the ſofter phraſe of *Engliſh* Superiority and *American* Obedience.

We are told, that the ſubjection of *Americans* may tend to the diminution of our own liberties: an event, which none but very perſpicacious politicians are able to foreſee. If ſlavery be thus fatally contagious, how is it that we hear the loudeſt yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?

But let us interrupt a while this dream of conqueſt, ſettlement, and ſupremacy. Let us remember that being to contend, according to one orator, with three millions of Whigs, and according to another, with ninety thouſand patriots of *Maſſachuſet's Bay*, we may poſſibly be checked in our career of reduction. We may be reduced to peace upon equal terms, or driven from the weſtern continent, and forbidden

forbidden to violate a ſecond time the happy borders of the land of liberty. The time is now perhaps at hand, which Sir *Thomas Brown* predicted between jeſt and earneſt,

> When *America* ſhall no more ſend out her treaſure,
> But ſpend it at home in *American* pleaſure.

If we are allowed upon our defeat to ſtipulate conditions, I hope the treaty of *Boſton* will permit us to import into the confederated Cantons ſuch products as they do not raiſe, and ſuch manufactures as they do not make, and cannot buy cheaper from other nations, paying like others the appointed cuſtoms; that if an *Engliſh* ſhip ſalutes a fort with four guns, it ſhall be anſwered at leaſt with two; and that if an *Engliſhman* be inclined to hold a plantation, he ſhall only take an oath of allegiance to the reigning powers, and be ſuffered, while he lives inoffenſively, to retain his own opinion of *Engliſh* rights, unmoleſted in his conſcience by an oath of abjuration.

A JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

A

JOURNEY, &c.

I HAD defired to vifit the *Hebrides*, or Weftern Iflands of *Scotland*, fo long, that I fcarcely remember how the wifh was originally excited; and was in the Autumn of the year 1773 induced to undertake the journey, by finding in Mr. *Bofwell* a companion, whofe acutenefs would help my enquiry, and whofe gaiety of converfation and civility of manners are fufficient to counteract the inconveniencies of travel, in countries lefs hofpitable than we have paffed.

On the eighteenth of *Auguft* we left *Edinburgh*, a city too well known to admit defcription, and directed our courfe northward, along the eaftern coaft of *Scotland*, accompanied the firft day by another gentleman, who could ftay with us only long enough to fhew us how much we loft at feparation.

As we croffed the *Frith* of *Forth*, our curiofity was attracted by *Inch Keith*, a fmall ifland, which neither of my companions had ever vifited, though, lying within their view, it had all their lives folicited their notice. Here, by climbing with fome difficulty over fhattered crags, we made the firft experiment of unfrequented coafts. *Inch Keith* is nothing more than a rock covered with a thin layer of earth, not wholly bare of grafs, and very fertile of thiftles. A fmall herd of cows grazes annually upon it in the fummer. It feems never to have afforded to man or beaft a permanent habitation.

We found only the ruins of a fmall fort, not fo injured by time but that it might be eafily reftored to its former ftate. It feems never to have been intended as a place of ftrength,

nor

nor was built to endure a ſiege, but merely to afford cover to a few ſoldiers, who perhaps had the charge of a battery, or were ſtationed to give ſignals of approaching danger. There is therefore no proviſion of water within the walls, though the ſpring is ſo near, that it might have been eaſily encloſed. One of the ſtones had this inſcription: "*Maria Reg.* 1564." It has probably been neglected from the time that the whole iſland had the ſame king.

We left this little iſland with our thoughts employed a while on the different appearance that it would have made, if it had been placed at the ſame diſtance from *London* with the ſame facility of approach; with what emulation of price a few rocky acres would have been purchaſed, and with what expenſive induſtry they would have been cultivated and adorned.

When we landed, we found our chaiſe ready, and paſſed through *Kinghorn*, *Kirkaldy*, and *Cowpar*, places not unlike the ſmall or ſtraggling market-towns in thoſe parts of *England* where commerce and manufactures have not yet produced opulence.

Though we were yet in the moſt populous part of *Scotland*, and at ſo ſmall a diſtance from the capital, we met few paſſengers.

The roads are neither rough nor dirty; and it affords a ſouthern ſtranger a new kind of pleaſure to travel ſo commodiouſly without the interruption of toll-gates. Where the bottom is rocky, as it ſeems commonly to be in *Scotland*, a ſmooth way is made indeed with great labour, but it never wants repairs; and in thoſe parts where adventitious materials are neceſſary, the ground once conſolidated is rarely broken; for the inland commerce is not great, nor are heavy commodities often tranſported otherwiſe than by water. The carriages in common uſe are ſmall carts, drawn each by one little horſe; and a man ſeems to derive ſome degree of dignity and importance from the reputation of poſſeſſing a two-horſe cart.

ST. ANDREWS.

At an hour ſomewhat late we came to *St. Andrews*, a city once archiepiſcopal; where that univerſity ſtill ſubſiſts in which philoſophy was formerly taught by *Buchanan*, whoſe name has as fair a claim to immortality as can be conferred by

by modern latinity, and perhaps a fairer than the inſtability of vernacular languages admits.

We found, that by the interpoſition of ſome inviſible friend, lodgings had been provided for us at the houſe of one of the profeſſors, whoſe eaſy civility quickly made us forget that we were ſtrangers; and in the whole time of our ſtay we were gratified by every mode of kindneſs, and entertained with all the elegance of lettered hoſpitality.

In the morning we roſe to perambulate a city, which only hiſtory ſhews to have once flouriſhed, and ſurveyed the ruins of ancient magnificence, of which even the ruins cannot long be viſible, unleſs ſome care be taken to preſerve them; and where is the pleaſure of preſerving ſuch mournful memorials? They have been till very lately ſo much neglected, that every man carried away the ſtones who fancied that he wanted them.

The cathedral, of which the foundations may be ſtill traced, and a ſmall part of the wall is ſtanding, appears to have been a ſpacious and majeſtick building, not unſuitable to the primacy of the kingdom. Of the architecture, the poor remains can hardly exhibit, even to an artiſt, a ſufficient ſpecimen. It was demoliſhed, as is well known, in the tumult and violence of *Knox*'s reformation.

Not far from the cathedral, on the margin of the water, ſtands a fragment of the caſtle, in which the archbiſhop anciently reſided. It was never very large, and was built with more attention to ſecurity than pleaſure. Cardinal *Beatoun* is ſaid to have had workmen employed in improving its fortifications, at the time when he was murdered by the ruffians of reformation, in the manner of which *Knox* has given what he himſelf calls a merry narrative.

The change of religion in *Scotland*, eager and vehement as it was, raiſed an epidemical enthuſiaſm, compounded of ſullen ſcrupulouſneſs and warlike ferocity, which in a people whom idleneſs reſigned to their own thoughts, and who, converſing only with each other, ſuffered no dilution of their zeal from the gradual influx of new opinions, was long tranſmitted in its full ſtrength from the old to the young, but by trade and intercourſe with *England*, is now viſibly abating, and giving way too faſt to that laxity of practice, and indifference of opinion, in which men, not ſufficiently inſtructed to find the middle point, too eaſily ſhelter themſelves from rigour and conſtraint.

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The city of *St. Andrews*, when it had loſt its archiepiſcopal pre-eminence, gradually decayed: one of its ſtreets is now loſt; and in thoſe that remain, there is the ſilence and ſolitude of inactive indigence and gloomy depopulation.

The univerſity, within a few years, conſiſted of three colleges, but is now reduced to two; the college of *St. Leonard* being lately diſſolved by the ſale of its buildings, and the appropriation of its revenues to the profeſſors of the two others. The chapel of the alienated college is yet ſtanding, a fabrick not inelegant of external ſtructure: but I was always, by ſome civil excuſe, hindred from entering it. A decent attempt, as I was ſince told, has been made to convert it into a kind of green-houſe, by planting its area with ſhrubs. This new method of gardening is unſucceſsful; the plants do not hitherto proſper. To what uſe it will next be put, I have no pleaſure in conjecturing. It is ſomething, that its preſent ſtate is at leaſt not oſtentatiouſly diſplayed. Where there is yet ſhame, there may in time be virtue.

The diſſolution of *St. Leonard's College* was doubtleſs neceſſary; but of that neceſſity there is reaſon to complain. It is ſurely not without juſt reproach, that a nation, of which the commerce is hourly extending, and the wealth increaſing, denies any participation of its proſperity to its literary ſocieties; and while its merchants or its nobles are raiſing palaces, ſuffers its univerſities to moulder into duſt.

Of the two colleges yet ſtanding, one is by the inſtitution of its founder appropriated to divinity. It is ſaid to be capable of containing fifty ſtudents; but more than one muſt occupy a chamber. The library, which is of late erection, is not very ſpacious, but elegant and luminous.

The doctor, by whom it was ſhewn, hoped to irritate or ſubdue my *Engliſh* vanity, by telling me, that we had no ſuch repoſitory of books in *England*.

St. Andrews ſeems to be a place eminently adapted to ſtudy and education, being ſituated in a populous, yet a cheap country, and expoſing the minds and manners of young men neither to the levity and diſſoluteneſs of a capital city, nor to the groſs luxury of a town of commerce, places naturally unpropitious to learning; in one the deſire of knowledge eaſily gives way to the love of pleaſure, and

and in the other, is in danger of yielding to the love of money.

The ſtudents however are repreſented as at this time not exceeding a hundred. Perhaps it may be ſome obſtruction to their increaſe that there is no epiſcopal chapel in the place. I ſaw no reaſon for imputing their paucity to the preſent profeſſors; nor can the expence of an academical education be very reaſonably objected. A ſtudent of the higheſt claſs may keep his annual ſeſſion, or as the *Engliſh* call it, his term, which laſts ſeven months, for about fifteen pounds, and one of lower rank for leſs than ten; in which, board, lodging, and inſtruction are all included.

The chief magiſtrate reſident in the univerſity, anſwering to our vice-chancellor, and to the *rector magnificus* on the continent, had commonly the title of Lord Rector; but being addreſſed only as *Mr. Rector* in an inauguratory ſpeech by the preſent chancellor, he has fallen from his former dignity of ſtyle. Lordſhip was very liberally annexed by our anceſtors to any ſtation or character of dignity: they ſaid, the *Lord General*, and *Lord Ambaſſador*; ſo we ſtill ſay, *my Lord*, to the judge upon the circuit, and yet retain in our Liturgy, *the Lords of the Council.*

In walking among the ruins of religious buildings, we came to two vaults over which had formerly ſtood the houſe of the ſub-prior. One of the vaults was inhabited by an old woman, who claimed the right of abode there, as the widow of a man whoſe anceſtors had poſſeſſed the ſame gloomy manſion for no leſs than four generations. The right, however it began, was conſidered as eſtabliſhed by legal preſcription, and the old woman lives undiſturbed. She thinks however that ſhe has a claim to ſomething more than ſufferance; for as her huſband's name was *Bruce*, ſhe is allied to royalty, and told Mr. *Boſwell*, that when there were perſons of quality in the place, ſhe was diſtinguiſhed by ſome notice; that indeed ſhe is now neglected, but ſhe ſpins a thread, has the company of a cat, and is troubleſome to nobody.

Having now ſeen whatever this ancient city offered to our curioſity, we left it with good wiſhes, having reaſon to be highly pleaſed with the attention that was paid us. But whoever ſurveys the world muſt ſee many things that give him pain. The kindneſs of the profeſſors did not contribute to abate the uneaſy remembrance of an univerſity declin-

ing, a college alienated, and a church profaned and hastening to the ground.

St. Andrews indeed has formerly suffered more atrocious ravages and more extensive destruction, but recent evils affect with greater force. We were reconciled to the sight of archiepiscopal ruins. The distance of a calamity from the present time seems to preclude the mind from contact or sympathy. Events long past are barely known; they are not considered. We read with as little emotion the violence of *Knox* and his followers, as the irruptions of *Alaric* and the *Goths*. Had the university been destroyed two centuries ago, we should not have regretted it; but to see it pining in decay, and struggling for life, fills the mind with mournful images and ineffectual wishes.

ABERBROTHICK.

As we knew sorrow and wishes to be vain, it was now our business to mind our way. The roads of *Scotland* afford little diversion to the traveller, who seldom sees himself either encountered or overtaken, and who has nothing to contemplate but grounds that have no visible boundaries, or are separated by walls of loose stone. From the bank of the *Tweed* to *St. Andrews* I had never seen a single tree, which I did not believe to have grown up far within the present century. Now and then about a gentleman's house stands a small plantation, which in *Scotch* is called a *policy*, but of these there are few, and those few all very young. The variety of sun and shade is here utterly unknown. There is no tree for either shelter or timber. The oak and the thorn is equally a stranger, and the whole country is extended in uniform nakedness, except that in the road between *Kirkaldy* and *Cowpar*, I passed for a few yards between two hedges. A tree might be a shew in *Scotland* as a horse in *Venice*. At *St. Andrews* Mr. *Boswell* found only one, and recommended it to my notice; I told him that it was rough and low, or looked as I thought so. This, said he, is nothing to another a few miles off. I was still less delighted to hear that another tree was not to be seen nearer. Nay, said a gentleman that stood by, I know but of this and that tree in the county.

The Lowlands of *Scotland* had once undoubtedly an equal portion of woods with other countries. Forests are every where gradually diminished, as architecture and cultivation prevail

prevail by the increaſe of people and the introduction of arts. But I believe few regions have been denuded like this, where many centuries muſt have paſſed in waſte without the leaſt thought of future ſupply. *Davies* obſerves in his account of *Ireland*, that no *Iriſhman* had ever planted an orchard. For that negligence ſome excuſe might be drawn from an unſettled ſtate of life, and the inſtability of property; but in *Scotland* poſſeſſion has long been ſecure, and inheritance regular, yet it may be doubted whether before the Union any man between *Edinburgh* and *England* had ever ſet a tree.

Of this improvidence no other account can be given than that it probably began in times of tumult, and continued becauſe it had begun. Eſtabliſhed cuſtom is not eaſily broken, till ſome great event ſhakes the whole ſyſtem of things, and life ſeems to recommence upon new principles. That before the Union the *Scots* had little trade and little money, is no valid apology; for plantation is the leaſt expenſive of all methods of improvement. To drop a ſeed into the ground can coſt nothing, and the trouble is not great of protecting the young plant, till it is out of danger; though it muſt be allowed to have ſome difficulty in places like theſe, where they have neither wood for paliſades, nor thorns for hedges.

Our way was over the *Firth* of *Tay*, where, though the water was not wide, we paid four ſhillings for ferrying the chaiſe. In *Scotland* the neceſſaries of life are eaſily procured, but ſuperfluities and elegancies are of the ſame price at leaſt as in *England*, and therefore may be conſidered as much dearer.

We ſtopped a while at *Dundee*, where I remember nothing remarkable, and mounting our chaiſe again, came about the cloſe of the day to *Aberbrothick*.

The monaſtery of *Aberbrothick* is of great renown in the hiſtory of *Scotland*. Its ruins afford ample teſtimony of its ancient magnificence: its extent might, I ſuppoſe, eaſily be found by following the walls among the graſs and weeds, and its height is known by ſome parts yet ſtanding. The arch of one of the gates is entire, and of another only ſo far dilapidated as to diverſify the appearance. A ſquare apartment of great loftineſs is yet ſtanding; its uſe I could not conjecture, as its elevation was very diſproportionate to its area. Two corner towers particularly attracted our attention. Mr. *Boſwell*, whoſe inquiſitiveneſs is ſeconded by great activity, ſcrambled in at a high window, but found

the ſtairs within broken, and could not reach the top. Of the other tower we were told that the inhabitants ſometimes climbed it, but we did not immediately diſcern the entrance, and as the night was gathering upon us, thought proper to deſiſt. Men ſkilled in architecture might do what we did not attempt: they might probably form an exact ground-plot of this venerable edifice. They may from ſome parts yet ſtanding conjecture its general form, and perhaps by comparing it with other buildings of the ſame kind and the ſame age, attain an idea very near to truth. I ſhould ſcarcely have regretted my journey, had it afforded nothing more than the ſight of *Aberbrothick*.

MONTROSE.

Leaving theſe fragments of magnificence, we travelled on to *Montroſe*, which we ſurveyed in the morning, and found it well built, airy, and clean. The town-houſe is a handſome fabrick with a portico. We then went to view the *Engliſh* chapel, and found a ſmall church, clean to a degree unknown in any other part of *Scotland*, with commodious galleries, and what was yet leſs expected, with an organ.

At our inn we did not find a reception ſuch as we thought proportionate to the commerical opulence of the place; but Mr. *Boſwell* deſired me to obſerve that the innkeeper was an *Engliſhman*, and I then defended him as well as I could.

When I had proceeded thus far, I had opportunities of obſerving what I had never heard, that there were many beggars in *Scotland*. In *Edinburgh* the proportion is, I think, not leſs than in *London*, and in the ſmaller places it is far greater than in *Engliſh* towns of the ſame extent. It muſt, however, be allowed, that they are not importunate, nor clamorous. They ſolicit ſilently, or very modeſtly, and therefore, though their behaviour may ſtrike with more force the heart of a ſtranger, they are certainly in danger of miſſing the attention of their countrymen. Novelty has always ſome power; an accuſtomed mode of begging excites an unaccuſtomed degree of pity. But the force of novelty is by its own nature ſoon at an end; the efficacy of outcry and perſeverance is permanent and certain.

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The road from *Montrose* exhibited a continuation of the same appearances. The country is still naked, the hedges are of stone, and the fields so generally plowed, that it is hard to imagine where grass is found for the horses that till them. The harvest, which was almost ripe, appeared very plentiful.

Early in the afternoon Mr. *Boswell* observed that we were at no great distance from the house of lord *Monboddo*. The magnetism of his conversation easily drew us out of our way, and the entertainment which we received would have been a sufficient recompence for a much greater deviation.

The roads beyond *Edinburgh*, as they are less frequented, must be expected to grow gradually rougher; but they were hitherto by no means incommodious. We travelled on with the gentle pace of a *Scotch* driver, who having no rivals in expedition, neither gives himself nor his horses unnecessary trouble. We did not affect the impatience we did not feel, but were satisfied with the company of each other as well riding in the chaise, as sitting at an inn. The night and the day are equally solitary and equally safe; for where there are so few travellers, why should there be robbers?

ABERDEEN.

We came somewhat late to *Aberdeen*, and found the inn so full, that we had some difficulty in obtaining admission, till Mr. *Boswell* made himself known: his name overpowered all objection, and we found a very good house and civil treatment.

I received the next day a very kind letter from Sir *Alexander Gordon*, whom I had formerly known in *London*, and, after a cessation of all intercourse for near twenty years, met here professor of physick in the *King*'s *College*. Such unexpected renewals of acquaintance may be numbered among the most pleasing incidents of life.

The knowledge of one professor soon procured me the notice of the rest, and I did not want any token of regard, being conducted wherever there was any thing which I desired to see, and entertained at once with the novelty of the place, and the kindness of communication.

To write of the cities of our own island with the solemnity of geographical description, as if we had been cast upon a newly

newly discovered coast, has the appearance of a very frivolous ostentation; yet as *Scotland* is little known to the greater part of those who may read these observations, it is not superfluous to relate, that under the name of *Aberdeen* are comprised two towns, standing about a mile distant from each other, but governed, I think by the same magistrates.

Old Aberdeen is the ancient episcopal city, in which are still to be seen the remains of the cathedral. It has the appearance of a town in decay, having been situated, in times when commerce was yet unstudied, with very little attention to the commodities of the harbour.

New Aberdeen has all the bustle of prosperous trade, and all the show of increasing opulence. It is built by the waterside. The houses are large and lofty, and the streets spacious and clean. They build almost wholly with the granite used in the new pavement of the streets of *London*, which is well known not to want hardness, yet they shape it easily. It is beautiful, and must be very lasting.

What particular parts of commerce are chiefly exercised by the merchants of *Aberdeen*, I have not enquired. The manufacture which forces itself upon a stranger's eye is that of knit-stockings, on which the women of the lower class are visibly employed.

In each of these towns there is a college, or in stricter language, an university; for in both there are professors of the same parts of learning, and the colleges hold their sessions and confer degrees separately, with total independence of one on the other.

In *Old Aberdeen* stands the *King*'s *College*, of which the first president was *Hector Boece*, or *Boethius*, who may be justly reverenced as one of the revivers of elegant learning. When he studied at *Paris*, he was acquainted with *Erasmus*, who afterwards gave him a publick testimony of his esteem, by inscribing to him a catalogue of his works. The style of *Boethius*, though, perhaps, not always rigorously pure, is formed with great diligence upon ancient models, and wholly unmixed with monastick barbarity. His history is written with elegance and vigour, but his fabulousness and credulity are justly blamed. His fabulousness, if he was the author of the fictions, is a fault for which no apology can be made; but his credulity may be excused in an age when all men were credulous. Learning was then rising on the world; but ages so long accustomed to darkness, were too much dazzled

zled with its light to ſee any thing diſtinctly. The firſt race of ſcholars in the fifteenth century, and ſome time after, were, for the moſt part, learning to ſpeak, rather than to think, and were therefore more ſtudious of elegance than of truth. The contemporaries of *Boethius* thought it ſufficient to know what the ancients had delivered. The examination of tenets and of facts was reſerved for another generation.

Boethius, as preſident of the univerſity, enjoyed a revenue of forty *Scottiſh* marks, about two pounds four ſhillings and ſix-pence of ſterling money. In the preſent age of trade and taxes, it is difficult even for the imagination ſo to raiſe the value of money, or ſo to diminiſh the demands of life as to ſuppoſe four and forty ſhillings a year an honourable ſtipend; yet it was probably equal, not only to the needs, but to the rank of *Boethius*. The wealth of *England* was undoubtedly to that of *Scotland* more than five to one, and it is known that *Henry the Eighth*, among whoſe faults avarice was never reckoned, granted to *Roger Aſcham*, as a reward of his learning, a penſion of ten pounds a year.

The other, called the *Mariſchal College*, is in the new town. The hall is large and well lighted. One of its ornaments is the picture of *Arthur Johnſon*, who was principal of the college, and who holds among the *Latin* poets of *Scotland* the next place to the elegant *Buchanan*.

In the library I was ſhewn ſome curioſities; a *Hebrew* manuſcript of exquiſite penmanſhip, and a *Latin* tranſlation of *Ariſtotle*'s Politicks by *Leonardus Aretinus*, written in the *Roman* character with nicety and beauty, which as the art of printing has made them no longer neceſſary, are not now to be found. This was one of the lateſt performances of the tranſcribers, for *Aretinus* died but about twenty years before typography was invented. This verſion has been printed, and may be found in libraries, but is little read; for the ſame books have been ſince tranſlated both by *Victorius* and *Lambinus*, who lived in an age more cultivated, but perhaps owed in part to *Aretinus* that they were able to excel him. Much is due to thoſe who firſt broke the way to knowledge, and left only to their ſucceſſors the taſk of ſmoothing it.

In both theſe colleges the methods of inſtruction are nearly the ſame; the lectures differing only by the accidental difference of diligence, or ability in the profeſſors. The ſtudents wear ſcarlet gowns, and the profeſſors black, which

which is, I believe, the academical dreſs in all the *Scottiſh* univerſities, except that of *Edinburgh*, where the ſcholars are not diſtinguiſhed by any particular habit. In the *King*'s *College* there is kept a publick table, but the ſcholars of the *Mariſchal College* are boarded in the town. The expence of living is here, according to the information that I could obtain, ſomewhat more than at *St. Andrews*.

The courſe of education is extended to four years, at the end of which thoſe who take a degree, who are not many, become maſters of arts, and whoever is a maſter may, if he pleaſes, immediately commence doctor. The title of doctor, however, was for a conſiderable time beſtowed only on phyſicians. The advocates are examined and approved by their own body; the miniſters were not ambitious of titles, or were afraid of being cenſured for ambition; and the doctorate in every faculty was commonly given or ſold into other countries. The miniſters are now reconciled to diſtinction, and as it muſt always happen that ſome will excel others, have thought graduation a proper teſtimony of uncommon abilities or acquiſitions.

The indiſcriminate collation of degrees has juſtly taken away that reſpect which they originally claimed as ſtamps, by which the literary value of men ſo diſtinguiſhed was authoritatively denoted. That academical honours, or any others, ſhould be conferred with exact proportion to merit, is more than human judgment or human integrity have given reaſon to expect. Perhaps degrees in univerſities cannot be better adjuſted by any general rule than by the length of time paſſed in the publick profeſſion of learning. An *Engliſh* or *Iriſh* doctorate cannot be obtained by a very young man, and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, what is likewiſe by experience commonly found true, that he who is by age qualified to be a doctor, has in ſo much time gained learning ſufficient not to diſgrace the title, or wit ſufficient not to deſire it.

The *Scotch* univerſities hold but one term or ſeſſion in the year. That of *St. Andrews* continues eight months, that of *Aberdeen* only five, from the firſt of *November* to the firſt of *April*.

In *Aberdeen* there is an *Engliſh* chapel, in which the congregation was numerous and ſplendid. The form of publick worſhip uſed by the church of *England* is in *Scotland* legally practiſed in licenſed chapels ſerved by clergymen of *Engliſh* or *Iriſh* ordination, and by tacit connivance quietly permitted

permitted in ſeparate congregations, ſupplied with miniſters by the ſucceſſors of the biſhops who were deprived at the Revolution.

We came to *Aberdeen* on *Saturday Auguſt* 21. On *Monday* we were invited into the town-hall, where I had the freedom of the city given me by the Lord Provoſt. The honour conferred had all the decorations that politeneſs could add, and what I am afraid I ſhould not have had to ſay of any city ſouth of the *Tweed*, I found no petty officer bowing for a fee.

The parchment containing the record of admiſſion is, with the ſeal appending, faſtened to a ribband, and worn for one day by the new citizen in his hat.

By a lady who ſaw us at the chapel, the earl of *Errol* was informed of our arrival, and we had the honour of an invitation to his ſeat, called *Slanes Caſtle*, as I am told, improperly, from the caſtle of that name, which once ſtood at a place not far diſtant.

The road beyond *Aberdeen* grew more ſtony, and continued equally naked of all vegetable decoration. We travelled over a tract of ground near the ſea, which not long ago, ſuffered a very uncommon and unexpected calamity. The ſand of the ſhore was raiſed by a tempeſt in ſuch quantities, and carried to ſuch a diſtance, that an eſtate was overwhelmed and loſt. Such and ſo hopeleſs was the barrenneſs ſuperinduced, that the owner, when he was required to pay the uſual tax, deſired rather to reſign the ground.

SLANES CASTLE. THE BULLER OF BUCHAN.

We came in the afternoon to *Slanes Caſtle*, built upon the margin of the ſea, ſo that the walls of one of the towers ſeem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the houſe ſeemed impracticable. From the windows the eye wanders over the ſea that ſeparates *Scotland* from *Norway*, and when the winds beat with violence, muſt enjoy all the terrifick grandeur of the tempeſtuous ocean. I would not for my amuſement wiſh for a ſtorm; but as ſtorms, whether wiſhed or not, will ſometimes happen, I may ſay, without violation of humanity, that I ſhould willingly look out upon them from *Slanes Caſtle*.

When

When we were about to take our leave, our departure was prohibited by the countefs till we fhould have feen two places upon the coaft, which fhe rightly confidered as worthy of curiofity, *Dun Buy*, and the *Buller of Buchan*, to which Mr. *Boyd* very kindly conducted us.

Dun Buy, which in *Erfe* is faid to fignify the *Yellow-Rock*, is a double protuberance of ftone, open to the main fea on one fide, and parted from the land by a very narrow channel on the other. It has its name and its colour from the dung of innumerable fea-fowls, which in the fpring chufe this place as convenient for incubation, and have their eggs and their young taken in great abundance. One of the birds that frequent this rock has, as we were told, its body not larger than a duck's, and yet lays eggs as large as thofe of a goofe. This bird is by the inhabitants named a *Coot*. That which is called *Coot* in *England*, is here a *Cooter*.

Upon thefe rocks there was nothing that could long detain attention, and we foon turned our eyes to the *Buller*, or *Bouilloir of Buchan*, which no man can fee with indifference, who has either fenfe of danger, or delight in rarity. It is a rock perpendicularly tubulated, united on one fide with a high fhore, and on the other rifing fteep to a great height, above the main fea. The top is open, from which may be feen a dark gulf of water which flows into the cavity, through a breach made in the lower part of the inclofing rock. It has the appearance of a vaft well bordered with a wall. The edge of the *Buller* is not wide, and to thofe that walk round, appears very narrow. He that ventures to look downward fees, that if his foot fhould flip, he muft fall from his dreadful elevation upon ftones on one fide, or into the water on the other. We however went and were glad when the circuit was completed.

When we came down to the fea, we faw fome boats, and rowers, and refolved to explore the *Buller*, at the bottom. We entered the arch, which the water had made, and found ourfelves in a place, which though we could not think ourfelves in danger, we could fcarcely furvey without fome recoil of the mind. The bafon in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were inclofed by a natural wall, rifing fteep on every fide to a height which produced the idea of infurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caufed a difmal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the diftant fky, and below

below an unknown profundity of water. If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the *Red-sea*, I would condemn him to reside in the *Buller Buchan*.

But terror without danger is only one of the sports of fancy, a voluntary agitation of the mind that is permitted no longer than it pleases. We were soon at leisure to examine the place with minute inspection, and found many cavities which, as the watermen told us, went backward to a depth which they had never explored. Their extent we had not time to try; they are said to serve different purposes. Ladies come hither sometimes in the summer with collations, and smugglers make them storehouses for clandestine merchandise. It is hardly to be doubted but the pirates of ancient times often used them as magazines of arms, or repositories of plunder.

To the little vessels used by the northern rowers, the *Buller* may have served as a shelter from storms, and perhaps as a retreat from enemies; the entrance might have been stopped, or guarded with little difficulty, and though the vessels that were stationed within would have been battered with stones showered on them from above, yet the crews would have lain safe in the caverns.

Next morning we continued our journey, pleased with our reception at *Slanes Castle*, of which we had now leisure to recount the grandeur and the elegance; for our way afforded us few topicks of conversation. The ground was neither uncultivated nor unfruitful; but it was still all arable. Of flocks or herds there was no appearance. I had now travelled two hundred miles in *Scotland*, and seen only one tree not younger than myself.

B A M F F.

We dined this day at the house of Mr. *Frazer* of *Streichton*, who shewed us in his grounds some stones yet standing of a druidical circle, and what I began to think more worthy of notice, some forest trees of full growth.

At night we came to *Bamff*, where I remember nothing that particularly claimed my attention. The ancient towns of *Scotland* have generally an appearance unusual to *Englishmen*. The houses, whether great or small, are for the most part built of stones. Their ends are now and then next the streets, and the entrance into them is very often by a flight of

of ſteps, which reaches up to the ſecond ſtory; the floor which is level with the ground being entered only by ſtairs deſcending within the houſe.

The art of joining ſquares of glaſs with lead is little uſed in *Scotland*, and in ſome places is totally forgotten. The frames of their windows are all of wood. They are more frugal of their glaſs than the *Engliſh*, and will often, in houſes not otherwiſe mean, compoſe a ſquare of two pieces, not joining like cracked glaſs, but with one edge laid perhaps half an inch over the other. Their windows do not move upon hinges, but are puſhed up and drawn down in grooves, yet they are ſeldom accommodated with weights and pullies. He that would have his window open muſt hold it with his hand, unleſs what may be ſometimes found among good contrivers, there be a nail which he may ſtick into a hole, to keep it from falling.

What cannot be done without ſome uncommon trouble or particular expedient, will not often be done at all. The incommodiouſneſs of the *Scotch* windows keeps them very cloſely ſhut. The neceſſity of ventilating human habitations has not yet been found by our northern neighbours; and even in houſes well built, and elegantly furniſhed, a ſtranger may be ſometimes forgiven, if he allows himſelf to wiſh for freſh air.

Theſe diminutive obſervations ſeem to take away ſomething from the dignity of writing, and therefore are never communicated but with heſitation, and a little fear of abaſement and contempt. But it muſt be remembered, that life conſiſts not of a ſeries of illuſtrious actions, or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time paſſes in compliance with neceſſities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of ſmall inconveniencies, in the procurement of petty pleaſures; and we are well or ill at eaſe, as the main ſtream of life glides on ſmoothly, or is ruffled by ſmall obſtacles and frequent interruption. The true ſtate of every nation is the ſtate of common life. The manners of a people are not to be found in the ſchools of learning, or the palaces of greatneſs, where the national character is obſcured or obliterated by travel or inſtruction, by philoſophy or vanity; nor is publick happineſs to be eſtimated by the aſſemblies of the gay, or the banquets of the rich. The great maſs of nations is neither rich nor gay: they whoſe aggregate conſtitutes the people, are found in the ſtreets and the villages, in the ſhops and farms; and from them collectively

conſidered,

conſidered, muſt the meaſure of general proſperity be taken. As they approach to delicacy, a nation is refined; as their conveniencies are multiplied, a nation, at leaſt a commercial nation, muſt be denominated wealthy.

ELGIN.

Finding nothing to detain us at *Bamff*, we ſet out in the morning, and having breakfaſted at *Cullen*, about noon came to *Elgin*, where, in the inn that we ſuppoſed the beſt, a dinner was ſet before us, which we could not eat. This was the firſt time, and except one, the laſt, that I found any reaſon to complain of a *Scottiſh* table; and ſuch diſappointments, I ſuppoſe, muſt be expected in every country, where there is no great frequency of travellers.

The ruins of the cathedral of *Elgin* afforded us another proof of the waſte of reformation. There is enough yet remaining to ſhew, that it was once magnificent. Its whole plot is eaſily traced. On the north ſide of the choir, the chapter-houſe, which is roofed with an arch of ſtone, remains entire; and on the ſouth ſide, another maſs of building which we could not enter, is preſerved by the care of the family of *Gordon*; but the body of the church is a maſs of fragments.

A paper was here put into our hands, which deduced from ſufficient authorities the hiſtory of this venerable ruin. The church of *Elgin* had, in the inteſtine tumults of the barbarous ages, been laid waſte by the irruption of a highland chief, whom the biſhop had offended; but it was gradually reſtored to the ſtate of which the traces may be now diſcerned, and was at laſt not deſtroyed by the tumultuous violence of *Knox*, but more ſhamefully ſuffered to dilapidate by deliberate robbery and frigid indifference. There is ſtill extant, in the books of the council, an order, of which I cannot remember the date, but which was doubtleſs iſſued after the reformation, directing that the lead, which covers the two cathedrals of *Elgin* and *Aberdeen*, ſhall be taken away, and converted into money for the ſupport of the army. A *Scotch* army was in thoſe times very cheaply kept; yet the lead of two churches muſt have born ſo ſmall a proportion to any military expence, that it is hard not to believe the reaſon alledged to be merely popular, and the money intended for ſome private purſe. The order however was obeyed;

obeyed; the two churches were ſtripped, and the lead was ſhipped to be ſold in *Holland*. I hope every reader will rejoice that this cargo of ſacrilege was loſt at ſea.

Let us not however make too much haſte to deſpiſe our neighbours. Our own cathedrals are mouldering by unregarded dilapidation. It ſeems to be part of the deſpicable philoſophy of the time to deſpiſe monuments of ſacred magnificence, and we are in danger of doing that deliberately, which the *Scots* did not do but in the unſettled ſtate of an imperfect conſtitution.

Thoſe who had once uncovered the cathedrals never wiſhed to cover them again; and being thus made uſeleſs, they were firſt neglected, and perhaps as the ſtone was wanted, afterwards demoliſhed.

Elgin ſeems a place of little trade, and thinly inhabited. The epiſcopal cities of *Scotland*, I believe generally fell with their churches, though ſome of them have ſince recovered by a ſituation convenient for commerce. Thus *Glaſgow*, though it has no longer an archbiſhop, has riſen beyond its original ſtate by the opulence of its traders; and *Aberdeen*, though its ancient ſtock had decayed, flouriſhes by a new ſhoot in another place.

In the chief ſtreet of *Elgin*, the houſes jut over the loweſt ſtory, like the old buildings of timber in *London*, but with greater prominence; ſo that there is ſometimes a walk for a conſiderable length under a cloiſter, or portico, which is now indeed frequently broken, becauſe the new houſes have another form, but ſeems to have been uniformly continued in the old city.

FORES. CALDER. FORT GEORGE.

We went forwards the ſame day to *Fores*, the town to which *Macbeth* was travelling, when he met the weird ſiſters in his way. This to an *Engliſhman* is claſſick ground. Our imaginations were heated, and our thoughts recalled to their old amuſements.

We had now a prelude to the Highlands. We began to leave fertility and culture behind us, and ſaw for a great length of road nothing but heath; yet at *Fochabars*, a ſeat belonging to the duke of *Gordon*, there is an orchard, which in *Scotland* I had never ſeen before, with ſome timber trees, and a plantation of oaks.

At

At *Fores* we found good accommodation, but nothing worthy of particular remark, and next morning entered upon the road on which *Macbeth* heard the fatal prediction; but we travelled on not interrupted by promiſes of kingdoms, and came to *Nairn*, a royal burgh, which, if once it flouriſhed, is now in a ſtate of miſerable decay; but I know not whether its chief annual magiſtrate has not ſtill the title of Lord Provoſt.

At *Nairn* we may fix the verge of the Highlands; for here I firſt ſaw peat fires, and firſt heard the *Erſe* language. We had no motive to ſtay longer than to breakfaſt, and went forward to the houſe of Mr. *Macaulay*, the miniſter who publiſhed an account of *St. Kilda*, and by his direction viſited *Calder Caſtle*, from which *Macbeth* drew his ſecond title. It has been formerly a place of ſtrength. The drawbridge is ſtill to be ſeen, but the moat is now dry. The tower is very ancient. Its walls are of great thickneſs, arched on the top with ſtone, and ſurrounded with battlements. The reſt of the houſe is later, though far from modern.

We were favoured by a gentleman, who lives in the caſtle, with a letter to one of the officers at *Fort George*; which being the moſt regular fortification in the iſland, well deſerves the notice of a traveller, who has never travelled before. We went thither next day, found a very kind reception, were led round the works by a gentleman, who explained the uſe of every part, and entertained by Sir *Eyre Coote*, the governor, with ſuch elegance of converſation as left us no attention to the delicacies of his table.

Of *Fort George* I ſhall not attempt to give any account. I cannot delineate it ſcientifically, and a looſe and popular deſcription is of uſe only when the imagination is to be amuſed. There was every where an appearance of the utmoſt neatneſs and regularity. But my ſuffrage is of little value, becauſe this and *Fort Auguſtus* are the only garriſons that I ever ſaw.

We did not regret the time ſpent at the fort, though in conſequence of our delay we came ſomewhat late to *Inverneſs*, the town which may properly be called the capital of the Highlands. Hither the inhabitants of the inland parts come to be ſupplied with what they cannot make for themſelves: hither the young nymphs of the mountains and

vallies

vallies are ſent for education, and as far as my obſervation has reached, are not ſent in vain.

INVERNESS.

Inverneſs was the laſt place which had a regular communication by high roads with the ſouthern counties. All the ways beyond it have, I believe, been made by the ſoldiers in this century. At *Inverneſs* therefore *Cromwell*, when he ſubdued *Scotland*, ſtationed a garriſon, as at the boundary of the Highlands. The ſoldiers ſeem to have incorporated afterwards with the inhabitants, and to have peopled the place with an *Engliſh* race; for the language of this town has been long conſidered as peculiarly elegant.

Here is a caſtle, called the caſtle of *Macbeth*, the walls of which are yet ſtanding. It was no very capacious edifice, but ſtands upon a rock ſo high and ſteep, that I think it was once not acceſſible, but by the help of ladders, or a bridge. Over againſt it, on another hill, was a fort built by *Cromwell*, now totally demoliſhed; for no faction of *Scotland* loved the name of *Cromwell*, or had any deſire to continue his memory.

Yet what the *Romans* did to other nations, was in a great degree done by *Cromwell* to the *Scots*; he civilized them by conqueſt, and introduced by uſeful violence the arts of peace. I was told at *Aberdeen*, that the people learned from *Cromwell*'s ſoldiers to make ſhoes and to plant kail.

How they lived without kail, it is not eaſy to gueſs; they cultivate hardly any other plant for common tables, and when they had not kail they probably had nothing. The numbers that go barefoot are ſtill ſufficient to ſhow that ſhoes may be ſpared; they are not yet conſidered as neceſſaries of life; for tall boys, not otherwiſe meanly dreſſed, run without them in the ſtreets; and in the iſlands the ſons of gentlemen paſs ſeveral of their firſt years with naked feet.

I know not whether it be not peculiar to the *Scots* to have attained the liberal, without the manual arts, to have excelled in ornamental knowledge, and to have wanted not only the elegancies, but the conveniencies of common life. Literature ſoon after its revival found its way to *Scotland*, and from the middle of the ſixteenth century, almoſt to the middle of the ſeventeenth, the politer ſtudies were very diligently

ligently purſued. The *Latin* poetry of *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum* would have done honour to any nation; at leaſt, till the publication of *May*'s *Supplement*, the *Engliſh* had very little to oppoſe.

Yet men thus ingenious and inquiſitive were content to live in total ignorance of the trades by which human wants are ſupplied, and to ſupply them by the groſſeſt means. Till the Union made them acquainted with *Engliſh* manners, the culture of their lands was unſkilful, and their domeſtick life unformed; their tables were coarſe as the feaſts of *Eſkimeaux*, and their houſes filthy as the cottages of *Hottentots*.

Since they have known that their condition was capable of improvement, their progreſs in uſeful knowledge has been rapid and uniform. What remains to be done they will quickly do, and then wonder, like me, why that which was ſo neceſſary and ſo eaſy was ſo long delayed. But they muſt be for ever content to owe to the *Engliſh* that elegance and culture, which if they had been vigilant and active, perhaps the *Engliſh* might have owed to them.

Here the appearance of life began to alter. I had ſeen a few women, with plaids at *Aberdeen*; but at *Inverneſs* the Highland manners are common. There is I think a kirk, in which only the *Erſe* language is uſed. There is likewiſe an *Engliſh* chapel, but meanly built, where on *Sunday* we ſaw a very decent congregation.

We were now to bid farewell to the luxury of travelling, and to enter a country upon which perhaps no wheel has ever rolled. We could indeed have uſed our poſt-chaiſe one day longer, along the military road to *Fort Auguſtus*, but we could have hired no horſes beyond *Inverneſs*, and we were not ſo ſparing of ourſelves, as to lead them, merely that we might have one day longer the indulgence of a carriage.

At *Inverneſs* therefore we procured three horſes for ourſelves and a ſervant, and one more for our baggage, which was no very heavy load. We found in the courſe of our journey the convenience of having diſencumbered ourſelves, by laying aſide whatever we could ſpare; for it is not to be imagined without experience, how in climbing crags, and treading bogs, and winding through narrow and obſtructed paſſages, a little bulk will hinder, and a little weight will burden; or how often a man that has pleaſed himſelf at home with his own reſolution, will, in the hour

of darkneſs and fatigue, be content to leave behind him every thing but himſelf.

LOUGH NESS.

We took two Highlanders to run beſide us, partly to ſhew us the way, and partly to take back from the ſea-ſide the horſes, of which they were the owners. One of them was a man of great livelineſs and activity, of whom his companion ſaid, that he would tire any horſe in *Inverneſs*. Both of them were civil and ready-handed. Civility ſeems part of the national character of Highlanders. Every chieftain is a monarch, and politeneſs, the natural product of royal government, is diffuſed from the laird through the whole clan. But they are not commonly dextrous: their narrowneſs of life confines them to a few operations, and they are accuſtomed to endure little wants more than to remove them.

We mounted our ſteeds on the twenty-eighth of *Auguſt*, and directed our guides to conduct us to *Port Auguſtus*. It is built at the head of *Lough Neſs*, of which *Inverneſs* ſtands at the outlet. The way between them has been cut by the ſoldiers, and the greater part of its runs along a rock, levelled with greater labour and exactneſs, near the water-ſide.

Moſt of this day's journey was very pleſant. The day though bright, was not hot; and the appearance of the country, if I had not ſeen the *Peak*, would have been wholly new. We went upon a ſurface ſo hard and level, that we had little care to hold the bridle, and were therefore at full leiſure for contemplation. On the left were high and ſteepy rocks ſhaded with birch, the hardy native of the north, and covered with fern or heath. On the right the limpid waters of *Lough Neſs* were beating their bank, and waving their ſurface by a gentle agitation. Beyond them were rocks ſometimes covered with verdure, and ſometimes towering in horrid nakedneſs. Now and then we eſpied a little corn-field, which ſerved to impreſs more ſtrongly the general barrenneſs.

Lough Neſs is about twenty-four miles long, and from one mile to two miles broad. It is remarkable that *Boethius*, in his deſcription of *Scotland*, gives it twelve miles of breadth. When hiſtorians or geographers exhibit falſe accounts of places far diſtant, they may be forgiven, becauſe they can tell but what they are told; and

and that their accounts exceed the truth may be juſtly ſuppoſed becauſe moſt men exaggerate to others, if not to themſelves: but *Boethius* lived at no great diſtance; if he never ſaw the lake, he muſt have been very incurious, and if he had ſeen it, his veracity yielded to very ſlight temptations.

Lough Neſs, though not twelve miles broad, is a very remarkable diffuſion of water without iſlands. It fills a large hollow between two ridges of high rocks, being ſupplied partly by the torrents which fall into it on either ſide, and partly, as is ſuppoſed, by ſprings at the bottom. Its water is remarkably clear and pleaſant, and is imagined by the natives to be medicinal. We were told that it is in ſome places a hundred and forty fathom deep, a profundity ſcarcely credible, and which probably thoſe that relate it have never ſounded. Its fiſh are ſalmon, trout, and pike.

It was ſaid at *Fort Auguſtus*, that *Lough Neſs* is open in the hardeſt winters, though a lake not far from it is covered with ice. In diſcuſſing theſe exceptions from the courſe of nature, the firſt queſtion is, whether the fact be juſtly ſtated. That which is ſtrange is delightful, and a pleaſing error is not willingly detected. Accuracy of narration is not very common, and there are few ſo rigidly philoſophical, as not to repreſent as perpetual, what is only frequent, or as conſtant, what is really caſual. If it be true that *Lough Neſs* never freezes, it is either ſheltered by its high banks from the cold blaſts, and expoſed only to thoſe winds which have more power to agitate than congeal; or it is kept in perpetual motion by the ruſh of ſtreams from the rocks that incloſe it. Its profundity, though it ſhould be ſuch as is repreſented, can have little part in this exemption; for though deep wells are not frozen, becauſe their water is ſecluded from the external air, yet where a wide ſurface is expoſed to the full influence of a freezing atmoſphere, I know not why the depth ſhould keep it open. Natural philoſophy is now one of the favourite ſtudies of the *Scottiſh* nation, and *Lough Neſs* well deſerves to be diligently examined.

The road on which we travelled, and which was itſelf a ſource of entertainment, is made along the rock, in the direction of the lough, ſometimes by breaking off protuberances, and ſometimes by cutting the great maſs of ſtone to a conſiderable depth. The fragments are piled in a looſe wall on either ſide, with apertures left at very ſhort

ſpaces, to give a paſſage to the wintry currents. Part of it is bordered with low trees, from which our guides gathered nuts, and would have had the appearance of an *Engliſh* lane, except that an *Engliſh* lane is almoſt always dirty. It has been made with great labour, but has this advantage, that it cannot, without equal labour, be broken up.

Within our ſight there were goats feeding or playing. The mountains have red deer, but they came not within view; and if what is ſaid of their vigilance and ſubtlety be true, they have ſome claim to that palm of wiſdom, which the eaſtern philoſopher, whom *Alexander* interrogated, gave to thoſe beaſts which live furtheſt from men.

Near the way, by the water ſide, we eſpied a cottage. This was the firſt Highland hut that I had ſeen; and as our buſineſs was with life and manners, we were willing to viſit it. To enter a habitation without leave ſeems to be not conſidered here as rudeneſs or intruſion. The old laws of hoſpitality ſtill give this licence to a ſtranger.

A hut is conſtructed with looſe ſtones, ranged for the moſt part with ſome tendency to circularity. It muſt be placed where the wind cannot act upon it with violence, becauſe it has no cement; and where the water will run eaſily away, becauſe it has no floor but the naked ground. The wall, which is commonly about ſix feet high, declines from the perpendicular a little inward. Such rafters as can be procured are then raiſed for a roof, and covered with heath, which makes a ſtrong and warm thatch, kept from flying off by ropes of twiſted heath, of which the ends, reaching from the centre of the thatch to the top of the wall, are held firm by the weight of a large ſtone. No light is admitted but at the entrance, and through a hole in the thatch, which gives vent to the ſmoak. This hole is not directly over the fire, leſt the rain ſhould extinguiſh it; and the ſmoak therefore naturally fills the place before it eſcapes. Such is the general ſtructure of the houſes in which one of the nations, of this opulent and powerful iſland has been hitherto content to live. Huts however are not more uniform than palaces; and this which we were inſpecting was very far from one of the meaneſt, for it was divided into ſeveral apartments; and its inhabitants poſſeſſed ſuch property as a paſtoral poet might exalt into riches.

When we entered, we found an old woman boiling goat's-fleſh in a kettle. She ſpoke little *Engliſh*, but we had interpreters at hand; and ſhe was willing enough to diſplay her

her whole ſyſtem of œconomy. She has five children, of which none are yet gone from her. The eldeſt, a boy of thirteen, and her huſband, who is eighty years old, were at work in the wood. Her two next ſons were gone to *Inverneſs* to buy *meal*, by which oatmeal is always meant. Meal ſhe conſidered as expenſive food, and told us, that in ſpring when the goats gave milk, the children could live without it. She is miſtreſs of ſixty goats, and I ſaw many kids in an encloſure at the end of her houſe. She had alſo ſome poultry. By the lake we ſaw a potatoe-garden, and a ſmall ſpot of ground on which ſtood four ſhucks, containing each twelve ſheaves of barley. She has all this from the labour of their own hands, and for what is neceſſary to be bought, her kids and her chickens are ſent to market.

With the true paſtoral hoſpitality, ſhe aſked us to ſit down and drink whiſkey. She is religious, and though the kirk is four miles off, probably eight *Engliſh* miles, ſhe goes thither every *Sunday*. We gave her a ſhilling, and ſhe begged ſnuff; for ſnuff is the luxury of a Highland cottage.

Soon afterwards we came to the *General's Hut*, ſo called becauſe it was the temporary abode of *Wade*, while he ſuperintended the works upon the road. It is is now a houſe of entertainment for paſſengers, and we found it not ill ſtocked with proviſions.

FALL OF FIERS.

Towards evening we croſſed by a bridge, the river which makes the celebrated *Fall of Fiers*. The country at the bridge ſtrikes the imagination with all the gloom and grandeur of *Siberian* ſolitude. The way makes a flexure, and the mountains, covered with trees, riſe at once on the left hand and in the front. We deſired our guides to ſhew us the *Fall*, and diſmounting clambered over very rugged crags, till I began to wiſh that our curioſity might have been gratified with leſs trouble and danger. We came at laſt to a place where we could overlook the river, and ſaw a channel torn, as it ſeems, through black piles of ſtone, by which the ſtream is obſtructed and broken, till it comes to a very ſteep deſcent, of ſuch dreadful depth, that we were naturally inclined to turn aſide our eyes.

But

But we viſited the place at an unſeaſonable time, and found it diveſted of its dignity and terror. Nature never gives every thing at once. A long continuance of dry weather, which made the reſt of the way eaſy and delightful, deprived us of the pleaſure expected from the *Fall of Fiers*. The river having now no water but what the ſprings ſupply, ſhewed us only a ſwift current, clear and ſhallow, fretting over the aſperities of the rocky bottom; and we were left to exerciſe our thoughts, by endeavouring to conceive the effect of a thouſand ſtreams poured from the mountains into one channel, ſtruggling for expanſion in a narrow paſſage, exaſperated by rocks riſing in their way, and at laſt diſcharging all their violence of waters by a ſudden fall through the horrid chaſm.

The way now grew leſs eaſy, deſcending by an uneven declivity, but without either dirt or danger. We did not arrive at *Fort Auguſtus* till it was late. Mr. *Boſwell*, who, between his father's merit and his own, is ſure of reception wherever he comes, ſent a ſervant before to beg admiſſion and entertainment for that night. Mr. *Trapaud*, the governor, treated us with that courteſy which is ſo cloſely connected with the military character. He came out to meet us beyond the gates, and apologized that, at ſo late an hour, the rules of a garriſon ſuffered him to give us entrance only at the poſtern.

FORT AUGUSTUS.

In the morning we viewed the fort, which is much leſs than that of *St. George*, and is ſaid to be commanded by the neighbouring hills. It was not long ago taken by the *Highlanders*. But its ſituation ſeems well choſen for pleaſure, if not for ſtrength; it ſtands at the head of the lake, and, by a ſloop of ſixty tons, is ſupplied from *Inverneſs* with great convenience.

We were now to croſs the *Highlands* towards the weſtern coaſt, and to content ourſelves with ſuch accommodations, as a way ſo little frequented could afford. The journey was not formidable, for it was but of two days, very unequally divided, becauſe the only houſe where we could be entertained, was not further off than a third of the way. We ſoon came to a high hill, which we mounted by a military road, cut in traverſes, ſo that as we went upon a higher

ſtage,

ſtage, we ſaw the baggage following us below in a contrary direction. To make this way, the rock has been hewn to a level with labour that might have broken the perſeverance of a *Roman* legion.

The country is totally denuded of its wood, but the ſtumps both of oaks and firs, which are ſtill found, ſhew that it has been once a foreſt of large timber. I do not remember that we ſaw any animals, but we were told that, in the mountains, there are ſtags, roebucks, goats, and rabbits.

We did not perceive that this tract was poſſeſſed by human beings, except that once we ſaw a corn-field, in which a lady was walking with ſome gentlemen. Their houſe was certainly at no great diſtance, but ſo ſituated that we could not deſcry it.

Paſſing on through the drearineſs of ſolitude, we found a party of ſoldiers from the fort, working on the road, under the ſuperintendence of a ſerjeant. We told them how kindly we had been treated at the garriſon, and as we were enjoying the benefit of their labours, begged leave to ſhew our gratitude by a ſmall preſent.

ANOCH.

Early in the afternoon we came to *Anoch*, a village in *Glenmolliſon* of three huts, one of which is diſtinguiſhed by a chimney. Here we were to dine and lodge, and were conducted through the firſt room, that had the chimney, into another lighted by a ſmall glaſs window. The landlord attended us with great civility, and told us what he could give us to eat and drink. I found ſome books on a ſhelf, among which were a volume or more of *Prideaux*'s *Connection*.

This I mentioned as ſomething unexpected, and perceived that I did not pleaſe him. I praiſed the propriety of his language, and was anſwered that I need not wonder, for he had learned it by grammar.

By ſubſequent opportunities of obſervation I found that my hoſt's diſtinction had nothing peculiar. Thoſe *Highlanders* that can ſpeak *Engliſh*, commonly ſpeak it well, with few of the words, and little of the tone by which a *Scotchman* is diſtinguiſhed. Their language ſeems to have been learned in the army or the navy, or by ſome communication with

thoſe

those who could give them good examples of accent and pronunciation. By their Lowland neighbours they would not willingly be taught; for they have long considered them as a mean and degenerate race. These prejudices are wearing fast away; but so much of them still remains, that when I asked a very learned minister in the islands, which they considered as their most savage clans: "*Those*, said he, "*that live next the Lowlands.*"

As we came hither early in the day, we had time sufficient to survey the place. The house was built like other huts of loose stones, but the part in which we dined and slept was lined with turf and wattled with twigs, which kept the earth from falling. Near it was a garden of turnips and a field of potatoes. It stands in a glen, or valley, pleasantly watered by a winding river. But this country, however it may delight the gazer or amuse the naturalist, is of no great advantage to its owners. Our landlord told us of a gentleman, who possesses lands, eighteen *Scotch* miles in length, and three in breadth; a space containing at least a hundred square *English* miles. He has raised his rents, to the danger of depopulating his farms, and he fells his timber, and by exerting every art of augmentation, has obtained an yearly revenue of four hundred pounds, which for a hundred square miles is three half-pence an acre.

Some time after dinner we were surprised by the entrance of a young woman, not inelegant either in mien or dress, who asked us whether we would have tea. We found that she was the daughter of our host, and desired her to make it. Her conversation, like her appearance, was gentle and pleasing. We knew that the girls of the *Highlands* are all gentlewomen, and treated her with great respect, which she received as customary and due, and was neither elated by it, nor confused, but repaid my civilities without embarrassment, and told me how much I honoured her country by coming to survey it.

She had been at *Inverness* to gain the common female qualifications, and had, like her father, the *English* pronunciation. I presented her with a book, which I happened to have about me, and should not be pleased to think that she forgets me.

In the evening the soldiers, whom we had passed on the road, came to spend at our inn the little money that we had given them. They had the true military impatience of coin in their pockets, and had marched at least six miles to find

find the firſt place where liquor could be bought. Having never been before in a place ſo wild and unfrequented, I was glad of their arrival, becauſe I knew that we had made them friends, and to gain ſtill more of their good-will, we went to them, where they were carouſing in the barn, and added ſomething to our former gift. All that we gave was not much, but it detained them in the barn, either merry or quarrelling, the whole night, and in the morning they went back to their work with great indignation at the bad qualities of whiſkey.

We had gained ſo much the favour of our hoſt, that when we left his houſe in the morning, he walked by us a great way, and entertained us with converſation both on his own condition, and that of the country. His life ſeemed to be merely paſtoral, except that he differed from ſome of the ancient *Nomades* in having a ſettled dwelling. His wealth conſiſts of one hundred ſheep, as many goats, twelve milk-cows, and twenty-eight beeves ready for the drover.

From him we firſt heard of the general diſſatisfaction, which is now driving the *Highlanders* into the other hemiſphere; and when I aſked him whether they would ſtay at home, if they were well treated, he anſwered with indignation, that no man willingly left his native country. Of the farm, which he himſelf occupied, the rent had, in twenty-five years, been advanced from five to twenty pounds, which he found himſelf ſo little able to pay, that he would be glad to try his fortune in ſome other place. Yet he owned the reaſonableneſs of raiſing the *Highland* rents in a certain degree, and declared himſelf willing to pay ten pounds for the ground which he had formerly had for five.

Our hoſt having amuſed us for a time, reſigned us to our guides. The journey of this day was long, not that the diſtance was great, but that the way was difficult. We were now in the boſom of the *Highlands*, with full leiſure to contemplate the appearance and properties of mountainous regions, ſuch as have been, in many countries, the laſt ſhelters of national diſtreſs, and are every where the ſcenes of adventures, ſtratagems, ſurpriſes, and eſcapes.

Mountainous countries are not paſſed but with difficulty, not merely from the labour of climbing; for to climb is not always neceſſary: but becauſe that which is not mountain is commonly bog, through which the way muſt be picked

picked with caution. Where there are hills, there is much rain, and the torrents pouring down into the intermediate ſpaces, ſeldom find ſo ready an outlet, as not to ſtagnate, till they have broken the texture of the ground.

Of the hills, which our journey offered to the view on either ſide, we did not take the height, nor did we ſee any that aſtoniſhed us with their loftineſs. Towards the ſummit of one, there was a white ſpot, which I ſhould have called a naked rock, but the guides, who had better eyes, and were acquainted with the phœnomena of the country, declared it to be ſnow. It had already laſted to the end of *Auguſt*, and was likely to maintain its conteſt with the ſun, till it ſhould be reinforced by winter.

The height of mountains philoſophically conſidered is properly computed from the ſurface of the next ſea; but as it affects the eye or imagination of the paſſenger, as it makes either a ſpectacle or an obſtruction, it muſt be reckoned from the place where the riſe begins to make a conſiderable angle with the plain. In extenſive continents the land may, by gradual elevation, attain great height, without any other appearance than that of a plane gently inclined, and if a hill placed upon ſuch raiſed ground be deſcribed, as having its altitude equal to the whole ſpace above the ſea, the repreſentation will be fallacious.

Theſe mountains may be properly enough meaſured from the inland baſe; for it is not much above the ſea. As we advanced at evening towards the weſtern coaſt, I did not obſerve the declivity to be greater than is neceſſary for the diſcharge of the inland waters.

We paſſed many rivers and rivulets, which commonly ran with a clear ſhallow ſtream over a hard pebbly bottom. Theſe channels, which ſeem ſo much wider than the water that they convey would naturally require, are formed by the violence of wintry floods, produced by the accumulation of innumerable ſtreams that fall in rainy weather from the hills, and burſting away with reſiſtleſs impetuoſity, make themſelves a paſſage proportionate to their maſs.

Such capricious and temporary waters cannot be expected to produce many fiſh. The rapidity of the wintry deluge ſweeps them away, and the ſcantineſs of the ſummer ſtream would hardly ſuſtain them above the ground. This is the reaſon why in fording the northern rivers, no fiſhes are ſeen, as in *England*, wandering in the water.

Of

Of the hills many may be called with *Homer's Ida, abundant in ſprings*, but few can deſerve the epithet which he beſtows upon *Pelion*, by *waving their leaves*. They exhibit very little variety; being almoſt wholly covered with dark heath, and even that ſeems to be checked in its growth. What is not heath, is nakedneſs, a little diverſified by now and then a ſtream ruſhing down the ſteep. An eye accuſtomed to flowery paſtures and waving harveſts is aſtoniſhed and repelled by this wide extent of hopeleſs ſterility. The appearance is that of matter incapable of form or uſefulneſs, diſmiſſed by nature from her care, and diſinherited of her favours, left in its original elemental ſtate, or quickened only with one ſullen power of uſeleſs vegetation.

It will very readily occur, that this uniformity of barrenneſs can afford very little amuſement to the traveller; that it is eaſy to ſit at home and conceive rocks, and heath, and waterfalls; and that theſe journeys are uſeleſs labours, which neither impregnate the imagination, nor enlarge the underſtanding. It is true, that of far the greater part of things, we muſt content ourſelves with ſuch knowledge as deſcription may exhibit, or analogy ſupply: but it is true likewiſe, that theſe ideas are always incomplete, and that, at leaſt, till we have compared them with realities, we do not know them to be juſt. As we ſee more, we become poſſeſſed of more certainties, and conſequently gain more principles of reaſoning, and found a wider baſis of analogy.

Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited, and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth, and he that has never ſeen them, muſt live unacquainted with much of the face of nature, and with one of the great ſcenes of human exiſtence.

As the day advanced towards noon, we entered a narrow valley not very flowery, but ſufficiently verdant. Our guides told us, that the horſes could not travel all day without reſt or meat, and entreated us to ſtop here, becauſe no graſs would be found in any other place. The requeſt was reaſonable, and the argument cogent. We therefore willingly diſmounted, and diverted ourſelves as the place gave us opportunity.

I ſat down on a bank, ſuch as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had indeed no trees to whiſper over my head, but a clear rivulet ſtreamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air was ſoft, and all was rudeneſs, ſilence, and

and ſolitude. Before me, and on either ſide, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itſelf. Whether I ſpent the hour well I know not; for here I firſt conceived the thought of this narration.

We were in this place at eaſe and by choice, and had no evils to ſuffer or to fear; yet the imaginations excited by the view of an unknown and untravelled wilderneſs are not ſuch as ariſe in the artificial ſolitude of parks and gardens, a flattering notion of ſelf-ſufficiency, a placid indulgence of voluntary deluſions, a ſecure expanſion of the fancy, or a cool concentration of the mental powers. The phantoms which haunt a deſert are want, and miſery, and danger; the evils of dereliction ruſh upon the thoughts; man is made unwillingly acquainted with his own weakneſs, and meditation ſhews him only how little he can ſuſtain, and how little he can perform. There were no traces of inhabitants, except perhaps a rude pile of clods called a ſummer hut, in which a herdſman had reſted in the favourable ſeaſons. Whoever had been in the place where I then ſat, unprovided with proviſions, and ignorant of the country, might, at leaſt before the roads were made, have wandered among the rocks, till he had periſhed with hardſhips, before he could have found either food or ſhelter. Yet what are theſe hillocks to the ridges of *Taurus*, or theſe ſpots of wilderneſs to the deſerts of *America?*

It was not long before we were invited to mount, and continued our journey along the ſide of a lough, kept full by many ſtreams, which with more or leſs rapidity and noiſe croſſed the road from the hills on the other hand. Theſe currents, in their diminiſhed ſtate, after ſeveral dry months, afford, to one who has always lived in level countries, an unuſual and delightful ſpectacle; but in the rainy ſeaſon, ſuch as every winter may be expected to bring, muſt precipitate an impetuous and tremendous flood. I ſuppoſe the way by which we went, is at this time impaſſable.

GLENSHEALS.

The lough at laſt ended in a river broad and ſhallow like the reſt, but that it may be paſſed when it is deeper, there is a bridge over it. Beyond it is a valley called *Glenſheals*, inhabited

inhabited by the clan of *Macrae*. Here we found a village called *Auknaſheals*, conſiſting of many huts, perhaps twenty, built all of *dry-ſtone*, that is, ſtones piled up without mortar.

We had, by the direction of the officers at *Fort Auguſtus*, taken bread for ourſelves, and tobacco for thoſe *Highlanders* who might ſhow us any kindneſs. We were now at a place where we could obtain milk, but muſt have wanted bread if we had not brought it. The people of this valley did not appear to know any *Engliſh*, and our guides now became doubly neceſſary as interpreters. A woman, whoſe hut was diſtinguiſhed by greater ſpaciouſneſs and better architecture, brought out ſome pails of milk. The vilagers gathered about us in conſiderable numbers, I believe without any evil intention, but with a very ſavage wildneſs of aſpect and manner. When our meal was over, Mr. *Boſwell* ſliced the bread, and divided it amongſt them, as he ſuppoſed them never to have taſted a wheaten loaf before. He then gave them little pieces of twiſted tobacco, and among the children we diſtributed a ſmall handful of halfpence, which they received with great eagerneſs. Yet I have been ſince told, that the people of that valley are not indigent; and when we mentioned them afterwards as needy and pitiable, a *Highland* lady let us know, that we might ſpare our commiſeration; for the dame whoſe milk we drank had probably more than a dozen milk-cows. She ſeemed unwilling to take any price, but being preſſed to make a demand, at laſt named a ſhilling. Honeſty is not greater where elegance is leſs. One of the by-ſtanders, as we were told afterwards, adviſed her to aſk more, but ſhe ſaid a ſhilling was enough. We gave her half a crown, and I hope got ſome credit by our behaviour; for the company ſaid, if our interpreters did not flatter us, that they had not ſeen ſuch a day ſince the old laird of *Macleod* paſſed through their country.

The *Macraes*, as we heard afterwards in the *Hebrides*, were originally an indigent and ſubordinate clan, and having no farms nor ſtock, were in great numbers ſervants to the *Maclellans*, who, in the war of *Charles* the Firſt, took arms at the call of the heroick *Montroſe*, and were in one of his battles, almoſt all deſtroyed. The women that were left at home, being thus deprived of their huſbands, like the *Scythian* ladies of old, married their ſervants, and the *Macraes* became a conſiderable race.

THE

THE HIGHLANDS.

As we continued our journey, we were at leiſure to extend our ſpeculations, and to inveſtigate the reaſon of thoſe peculiarities by which ſuch rugged regions as theſe before us are generally diſtinguiſhed.

Mountainous countries commonly contain the original, at leaſt the oldeſt race of inhabitants, for they are not eaſily conquered, becauſe they muſt be entered by narrow ways, expoſed to every power of miſchief from thoſe that occupy the heights; and every new ridge is a new fortreſs, where the defendants have again the ſame advantages. If the aſſailants either force the ſtrait, or ſtorm the ſummit, they gain only ſo much ground; their enemies are fled to take poſſeſſion of the next rock, and the purſuers ſtand at gaze, knowing neither where the ways of eſcape wind among the ſteeps, nor where the bog has firmneſs to ſuſtain them: beſides that, mountaineers have an agility in climbing and deſcending diſtinct from ſtrength or courage, and attainable only by uſe.

If the war be not ſoon concluded, the invaders are diſlodged by hunger; for in thoſe anxious and toilſome marches, proviſions cannot eaſily be carried, and are never to be found. The wealth of mountains is cattle, which, while the men ſtand in the paſſes, the women drive away. Such lands at laſt cannot repay the expence of conqueſt, and therefore perhaps have not been ſo often invaded by the mere ambition of dominion; as by reſentment of robberies and inſults, or the deſire of enjoying in ſecurity the more fruitful provinces.

As mountaineers are long before they are conquered, they are likewiſe long before they are civilized. Men are ſoftened by intercourſe mutually profitable, and inſtructed by comparing their own notions with thoſe of others. Thus *Cæſar* found the maritime parts of *Britain* made leſs barbarous by their commerce with the *Gauls*. Into a barren and rough tract no ſtranger is brought either by the hope of gain or of pleaſure. The inhabitants having neither commodities for ſale, nor money for purchaſe, ſeldom viſit more poliſhed places, or if they do viſit them ſeldom return.

It

It ſometimes happens that by conqueſt, intermixture, or gradual refinement, the cultivated parts of a country change their language. The mountaineers then become a diſtinct nation, cut off by diſſimilitude of ſpeech from converſation with their neighbours. Thus in *Biſcay*, the original *Cantabrian*, and in *Dalecarlia*, the old *Swediſh* ſtill ſubſiſts. Thus *Wales* and the *Highlands* ſpeak the tongue of the firſt inhabitants of *Britain*, while the other parts have received firſt the *Saxon*, and in ſome degree afterwards the *French*, and then formed a third language between them.

That the primitive manners are continued where the primitive language is ſpoken, no nation will deſire me to ſuppoſe, for the manners of mountaineers are commonly ſavage, but they are rather produced by their ſituation than derived from their anceſtors.

Such ſeems to be the diſpoſition of man, that whatever makes a diſtinction produces rivalry. *England*, before other cauſes of enmity were found, was diſturbed for ſome centuries by the conteſts of the northern and ſouthern counties; ſo that at *Oxford*, the peace of ſtudy could for a long time be preſerved only by chuſing annually one of the proctors from each ſide of the *Trent*. A tract interſected by many ridges of mountains, naturally divides its inhabitants into petty nations, which are made by a thouſand cauſes enemies to each other. Each will exalt its own chiefs, each will boaſt the valour of its men, or the beauty of its women, and every claim of ſuperiority irritates competition; injuries will ſometimes be done, and be more injuriouſly defended; retaliation will ſometimes be attempted, and the debt exacted with too much intereſt.

In the *Highlands* it was a law, that if a robber was ſheltered from juſtice, any man of the ſame clan might be taken in his place. This was a kind of irregular juſtice, which, though neceſſary in ſavage times, could hardly fail to end in a feud, and a feud once kindled among an idle people, with no variety of purſuits to divert their thoughts, burnt on for ages, either ſullenly glowing in ſecret miſchief, or openly blazing into publick violence. Of the effects of this violent judicature, there are not wanting memorials. The cave is now to be ſeen to which one of the *Campbells*, who had injured the *Macdonalds*, retired with a body of his own clan. The *Macdonalds* required the offender, and being refuſed, made a fire at the mouth of the cave, by which he and his adherents were ſuffocated together.

Mountaineers

Mountaineers are warlike, becaufe by their feuds and competitions they confider themfelves as furrounded with enemies, and are always prepared to repel incurfions, or to make them. Like the *Greeks* in their unpolifhed ftate, defcribed by *Thucydides*, the *Highlanders*, till lately, went always armed, and carried their weapons to vifits, and to church.

Mountaineers are thievifh, becaufe they are poor, and having neither manufactures nor commerce, can grow richer only by robbery. They regularly plunder their neighbours, for their neighbours are commonly their enemies; and having loft that reverence for property, by which the order of civil life is preferved, foon confider all as enemies, whom they do not reckon as friends, and think themfelves licenfed to invade whatever they are not obliged to protect.

By a ftrict adminiftration of the laws, fince the laws have been introduced into the *Highlands*, this difpofition to thievery is very much repreffed. Thirty years ago no herd had ever been conducted through the mountains, without paying tribute in the night to fome of the clans; but cattle are now driven, and paffengers travel, without danger, fear, or moleftation.

Among a warlike people, the quality of higheft efteem is perfonal courage, and with the oftentatious difplay of courage are clofely connected promptitude of offence, and quicknefs of refentment. The *Highlanders*, before they were difarmed, were fo addicted to quarrels, that the boys ufed to follow any publick proceffion or ceremony, however feftive or however folemn, in expectation of the battle, which was fure to happen before the company difperfed.

Mountainous regions are fometimes fo remote from the feat of government, and fo difficult of accefs, that they are very little under the influence of the fovereign, or within the reach of national juftice. Law is nothing without power; and the fentence of a diftant court could not be eafily executed, nor perhaps very fafely promulgated, among men ignorantly proud and habitually violent, unconnected with the general fyftem, and accuftomed to reverence only their own lords. It has therefore been neceffary to erect many particular jurifdictions, and commit the punifhment of crimes, and the decifion of right, to the proprietors of the country who could enforce their own decrees. It immediately appears that fuch judges will be often ignorant, and

and often partial; but in the immaturity of political eſtabliſhments no better expedient could be found. As government advances towards perfection, provincial judicature is perhaps in every empire gradually aboliſhed.

Thoſe who had thus the diſpenſation of law, were by conſequence themſelves lawleſs. Their vaſſals had no ſhelter from outrages and oppreſſions; but were condemned to endure, without reſiſtance, the caprices of wantonneſs, and the rage of cruelty.

In the *Highlands*, ſome great lords had an hereditary juriſdiction over counties; and ſome chieftains over their own lands; till the final conqueſt of the *Highlands* afforded an opportunity of cruſhing all the local courts, and of extending the general benefits of equal law to the low and the high, in the deepeſt receſſes and obſcureſt corners.

While the chiefs had this reſemblance of royalty, they had little inclination to appeal, on any queſtion, to ſuperior judicatures. A claim of lands between two powerful lairds was decided like a conteſt for dominion between ſovereign powers. They drew their forces into the field, and right attended on the ſtrongeſt. This was, in ruder times, the common practice, which the kings of *Scotland* could ſeldom controul.

Even ſo lately as in the laſt years of king *William*, a battle was fought at *Mull Roy*, on a plain a few miles to the ſouth of *Inverneſs*, between the clans of *Mackintoſh* and *Macdonald* of *Keppoch*. Colonel *Macdonald*, the head of a ſmall clan, refuſed to pay the duties demanded of him by *Mackintoſh*, as his ſuperior lord. They diſdained the interpoſition of judges and laws, and calling each his followers to maintain the dignity of the clan, fought a formal battle, in which ſeveral conſiderable men fell on the ſide of *Mackintoſh*, without a complete victory to either. This is ſaid to have been the laſt open war made between the clans by their own authority.

The *Highland* lords made treaties, and formed alliances, of which ſome traces may ſtill be found, and ſome conſequences ſtill remain as laſting evidences of petty regality. The terms of one of theſe confederacies were, that each ſhould ſupport the other in the right, or in the wrong, except againſt the king.

The inhabitants of mountains form diſtinct races, and are careful to preſerve their genealogies. Men in a ſmall diſtrict neceſſarily mingle blood by intermarriages, and com-

bine at laſt into one family, with a common intereſt in the honour and diſgrace of every individual. Then begins that union of affections, and co-operation of endeavours, that conſtitute a clan. They who conſider themſelves as ennobled by their family, will think highly of their progenitors, and they who through ſucceſſive generations live always together in the ſame place, will preſerve local ſtories and hereditary prejudices. Thus every *Highlander* can talk of his anceſtors, and recount the outrages which they ſuffered from the wicked inhabitants of the next valley.

Such are the effects of habitation among mountains, and ſuch were the qualities of the *Highlanders*, while their rocks ſecluded them from the reſt of mankind, and kept them an unaltered and diſcriminated race. They are now loſing their diſtinction, and haſtening to mingle with the general community.

GLENELG.

We left *Auknaſheals* and the *Macraes* in the afternoon, and in the evening came to *Ratiken*, a high hill on which a road is cut, but ſo ſteep and narrow that it is very difficult. There is now a deſign of making another way round the bottom. Upon one of the precipices, my horſe, weary with the ſteepneſs of the riſe, ſtaggered a little, and I called in haſte to the *Highlander* to hold him. This was the only moment of my journey, in which I thought myſelf endangered.

Having ſurmounted the hill at laſt, we were told, that at *Glenelg*, on the ſea-ſide, we ſhould come to a houſe of lime and ſlate and glaſs. This image of magnificence raiſed our expectation. At laſt we came to our inn weary and peeviſh, and began to enquire for meat and beds.

Of the proviſions the negative catalogue was very copious. Here was no meat, no milk, no bread, no eggs, no wine. We did not expreſs much ſatisfaction. Here however we were to ſtay. Whiſkey we might have, and I believe at laſt they caught a fowl and killed it. We had ſome bread, and with that we prepared ourſelves to be contented, when we had a very eminent proof of *Highland* hoſpitality. Along ſome miles of the way, in the evening, a gentleman's ſervant had kept us company on foot with very little notice on our part. He left us near *Glenelg*, and we thought on him

no

no more till he came to us again, in about two hours, with a preſent from his maſter of rum and ſugar. The man had mentioned his company, and the gentleman, whoſe name, I think, is *Gordon*, well knowing the penury of the place, had this attention to two men, whoſe names perhaps he had not heard, by whom his kindneſs was not likely to be ever repaid, and who could be recommended to him only by their neceſſities.

We were now to examine our lodging. Out of one of the beds, on which we were to repoſe, ſtarted up, at our entrance, a man black as a *Cyclops* from the forge. Other circumſtances of no elegant recital concurred to diſguſt us. We had been frighted by a lady at *Edinburgh*, with diſcouraging repreſentations of *Highland* lodgings. Sleep, however, was neceſſary. Our *Highlanders* had at laſt found ſome hay, with which the inn could not ſupply them. I directed them to bring a bundle into the room, and ſlept upon it in my riding coat. Mr. *Boſwell* being more delicate, laid himſelf ſheets with hay over and under him, and lay in linen like a gentleman.

SKY. ARMIDEL.

In the morning, *September* the twentieth, we found ourſelves on the edge of the ſea. Having procured a boat, we diſmiſſed our *Highlanders*, whom I would recommend to the ſervice of any future travellers, and were ferried over to the iſle of *Sky*. We landed at *Armidel*, where we were met on the ſands by Sir *Alexander Macdonald*, who was at that time there with his lady, preparing to leave the iſland, and reſide at *Edinburgh*.

Armidel is a neat houſe, built where the *Macdonalds* had once a ſeat, wich was burnt in the commotions that followed the Revolution. The walled orchard, which belonged to the former houſe, ſtill remains. It is well ſhaded by tall aſh trees, of a ſpecies, as Mr. *Janes* the foſſiliſt informed me, uncommonly valuable. This plantation is very properly mentioned by Dr. *Campbell*, in his new account of the ſtate of *Britain*, and deſerves attention; becauſe it proves that the preſent nakedneſs of the *Hebrides* is not wholly the fault of nature.

As we ſat at Sir *Alexander*'s table, we were entertained, according to the ancient uſage of the north, with the melody of the bagpipe. Every thing in thoſe countries has its hiſtory. As the bagpiper was playing, an elderly gentleman informed us, that in ſome remote time, the *Macdonalds* of *Glengary* having been injured, or offended by the inhabitants of *Culloden*, and reſolving to have juſtice or vengeance, came to *Culloden* on a *Sunday*, where, finding their enemies at worſhip, they ſhut them up in the church, which they ſet on fire; and this, ſaid he, is the tune that the piper played while they were burning.

Narrations like this, however uncertain, deſerve the notice of a traveller, becauſe they are the only records of a nation that has no hiſtorians, and afford the moſt genuine repreſentation of the life and character of the ancient *Highlanders*.

Under the denomination of *Highlander* are comprehended in *Scotland*, all that now ſpeak the *Erſe* language, or retain the primitive manners, whether they live among the mountains or in the iſlands; and in that ſenſe I uſe the name, when there is not ſome apparent reaſon for making a diſtinction.

In *Sky* I firſt obſerved the uſe of brogues, a kind of artleſs ſhoes, ſtitched with thongs ſo looſely, that though they defend the foot from ſtones, they do not exclude water. Brogues were formerly made of raw hides, with the hair inwards, and ſuch are perhaps ſtill uſed in rude and remote parts; but they are ſaid not to laſt above two days. Where life is ſomewhat improved, they are now made of leather tanned with oak bark, as in other places, or with the bark of birch, or roots of tormentil, a ſubſtance recommended in defect of bark, about forty years ago to the *Iriſh* tanners, by one to whom the parliament of that kingdom voted a reward. The leather of *Sky* is not completely penetrated by vegetable matter, and therefore cannot be very durable.

My enquiries about brogues, gave me an early ſpecimen of *Highland* information. One day I was told, that to make brogues was a domeſtick art, which every man practiſed for himſelf, and that a pair of brogues was the work of an hour. I ſuppoſed that the huſband made brogues as the wife made an apron, till next day it was told me, that a brogue-maker was a trade, and that a pair would coſt half a crown. It will eaſily occur that theſe repreſentations may both

both be true, and that, in ſome places, men may buy them, and in others make them for themſelves; but I had both the accounts in the ſame houſe within two days.

Hany of my ſubſequent enquiries upon more intereſting topicks ended in the like uncertainty. He that travels in the *Highlands* may eaſily ſaturate his ſoul with intelligence, if he will acquieſce in the firſt account. The *Highlander* gives to every queſtion an anſwer ſo prompt and peremptory, that ſkepticiſm itſelf is dared into ſilence, and the mind ſinks before the bold reporter in unreſiſting credulity; but if a ſecond queſtion be ventured, it breaks the enchantment; for it is immediately diſcovered, that what was told ſo confidently was told at hazard, and that ſuch fearleſſneſs of aſſertion was either the ſport of negligence, or the refuge of ignorance.

If individuals are thus at variance with themſelves, it can be no wonder that the accounts of different men are contradictory. The traditions of an ignorant and ſavage people have been for ages negligently heard, and unſkilfully related. Diſtant events muſt have been mingled together, and the actions of one man given to another. Theſe, however, are deficiencies in ſtory, for which no man is now to be cenſured. It were enough, if what there is yet opportunity of examining were accurately inſpected, and juſtly repreſented; but ſuch is the laxity of *Highland* converſation, that the enquirer is kept in continual ſuſpenſe, and by a kind of intellectual retrogradation, knows leſs as he hears more.

In the iſlands the plaid is rarely worn. The law by which the *Highlanders* have been obliged to change the form of their dreſs, has, in all the places that we have viſited, been univerſally obeyed. I have ſeen only one gentleman completely clothed in the ancient habit, and by him it was worn only occaſionally and wantonly. The common people do not think themſelves under any legal neceſſity of having coats; for they ſay that the law againſt plaids was made by lord *Hardwicke*, and was in force only for his life: but the ſame poverty that made it then difficult for them to change their clothing, hinders them now from changing it again.

The fillibeg, or lower garment, is ſtill very common, and the bonnet almoſt univerſal; but their attire is ſuch as produces, in a ſufficient degree, the effect intended by the law, of aboliſhing the diſſimilitude of appearance between the *Highlanders* and the other inhabitants of *Britain*: and, if

if dreſs be ſuppoſed to have much influence, facilitates their coalition with their fellow-ſubjects.

What we have long uſed we naturally like; and therefore the *Highlanders* were unwilling to lay aſide their plaid, which yet to an unprejudiced ſpectator muſt appear an incommodious and cumberſome dreſs; for hanging looſe upon the body, it muſt flutter in a quick motion, or require one of the hands to keep it cloſe. The *Romans* always laid aſide the gown when they had any thing to do. It was a dreſs ſo unſuitable to war, that the ſame word which ſignified a gown ſignified peace. The chief uſe of a plaid ſeems to be this, that they could commodiouſly wrap themſelves in it, when they were obliged to ſleep without a better cover.

In our paſſage from *Scotland* to *Sky*, we were wet for the firſt time with a ſhower. This was the beginning of the *Highland* winter, after which we were told that a ſucceſſion of three dry days was not to be expected for many months. The winter of the *Hebrides* conſiſts of little more than rain and wind. As they are ſurrounded by an ocean never frozen, the blaſts that come to them over the water are too much ſoftened to have the power of congelation. The ſalt loughs, or inlets of the ſea, which ſhoot very far into the iſland, never have any ice upon them, and the pools of freſh water will never bear the walker. The ſnow that ſometimes falls, is ſoon diſſolved by the air, or the rain.

This is not the deſcription of a cruel climate, yet the dark months are here a time of great diſtreſs; becauſe the ſummer can do little more than feed itſelf, and winter comes with its cold and its ſcarcity upon families very ſlenderly provided.

CORIATACHAN IN SKY.

The third or fourth day after our arrival at *Armidel*, brought us an invitation to the iſle of *Raaſay*, which lies eaſt of *Sky*. It is incredible how ſoon the account of any event is propagated in theſe narrow countries by the love of talk, which much leiſure produces, and the relief given to the mind in the penury of inſular converſation by a new topick. The arrival of ſtrangers at a place ſo rarely viſited, excites rumour, and quickens curioſity. I know not whether

whether we touched at any corner, where fame had not already prepared us a reception.

To gain a commodious paſſage to *Raaſay*, it was neceſſary to paſs over a large part of *Sky*. We were furniſhed therefore with horſes and a guide. In the iſlands there are no roads, nor any marks by which a ſtranger may find his way. The horſeman has always at his ſide a native of the place, who, by purſuing game, or tending cattle, or being often employed in meſſages or conduct, has learned where the ridge of the hill has breadth ſufficient to allow a horſe and his rider a paſſage, and where the moſs or bog is hard enough to bear them. The bogs are avoided as toilſome at leaſt, if not unſafe, and therefore the journey is made generally from precipice to precipice; from which if the eye ventures to look down, it ſees below a gloomy cavity, whence the ruſh of water is ſometimes heard.

But there ſeems to be in all this more alarm than danger. The *Highlander* walks carefully before, and the horſe, accuſtomed to the ground, follows him with little deviation. Sometimes the hill is too ſteep for the horſeman to keep his ſeat, and ſometimes the moſs is too tremulous to bear the double weight of horſe and man. The rider then diſmounts, and all ſhift as they can.

Journies made in this manner are rather tedious than long. A very few miles require ſeveral hours. From *Armidel* we came at night to *Coriatachan*, a houſe very pleaſantly ſituated between two brooks, with one of the higheſt hills of the iſland behind it. It is the reſidence of Mr. *Mackinnon*, by whom we were treated with very liberal hoſpitality, among a more numerous and elegant company than it could have been ſuppoſed eaſy to collect.

The hill behind the houſe we did not climb. The weather was rough, and the height and ſteepneſs diſcouraged us. We were told that there is a cairne upon it. A cairne is a heap of ſtones thrown upon the grave of one eminent for dignity of birth, or ſplendour of atchievements. It is ſaid, that by digging, an urn is always found under theſe cairnes: they muſt therefore have been thus piled by a people whoſe cuſtom was to burn the dead. To pile ſtones is, I believe, a northern cuſtom, and to burn the body was the *Roman* practice; nor do I know when it was that theſe two acts of ſepulture were united.

The weather was next day too violent for the continuation of our journey; but we had no reaſon to complain of the interruption.

interruption. We ſaw in every place, what we chiefly deſired to know, the manners of the people. We had company, and if we had choſen retirement, we might have had books.

I never was in any houſe of the iſlands, where I did not find books in more languages than one, if I ſtaid long enough to want them, except one from which the family was removed. Literature is not neglected by the higher rank of the *Hebridians*.

It need not, I ſuppoſe, be mentioned, that in countries ſo little frequented as the iſlands, there are no houſes where travellers are entertained for money. He that wanders about theſe wilds, either procures recommendations to thoſe whoſe habitations lie near his way, or, when night and wearineſs come upon him, takes the chance of general hoſpitality. If he finds only a cottage, he can expect little more than ſhelter; for the cottagers have little more for themſelves: but if his good fortune brings him to the reſidence of a gentleman, he will be glad of a ſtorm to prolong his ſtay. There is, however, one inn by the ſea ſide at *Sconſor*, in *Sky*, where the poſt office is kept.

At the tables where a ſtranger is received, neither plenty nor delicacy is wanting. A tract of land ſo thinly inhabited, muſt have much wild-fowl; and I ſcarcely remember to have ſeen a dinner without them. The moorgame is every where to be had. That the ſea abounds with fiſh, needs not be told, for it ſupplies a great part of *Europe*. The iſle of *Sky* has ſtags and roebucks, but no hares. They ſell very numerous droves of oxen yearly to *England*, and therefore cannot be ſuppoſed to want beef at home. Sheep and goats are in great numbers, and they have the common domeſtick fowls.

But as here is nothing to be bought, every family muſt kill its own meat, and roaſt part of it ſomewhat ſooner than *Apicius* would preſcribe. Every kind of fleſh is undoubtedly excelled by the variety and emulation of *Engliſh* markets; but that which is not beſt may be yet very far from bad, and he that ſhall complain of his fare in the *Hebrides*, has improved his delicacy more than his manhood.

Their fowls are not like thoſe plumped for ſale by the poulterers of *London*, but they are as good as other places commonly afford, except that the geeſe, by feeding in the ſea, have univerſally a fiſhy rankneſs.

Theſe

Theſe geeſe ſeem to be of a middle race, between the wild and domeſtick kinds. They are ſo tame as to own a home, and ſo wild as ſometimes to fly quite away.

Their native bread is made of oats, or barley. Of oatmeal they ſpread very thin cakes, coarſe and hard, to which unaccuſtomed palates are not eaſily reconciled. The barley cakes are thicker and ſofter; I began to eat them without unwillingneſs; the blackneſs of their colour raiſes ſome diſlike, but the taſte is not diſagreeable. In moſt houſes there is wheat flour, with which we were ſure to be treated, if we ſtaid long enough to have it kneaded and baked. As neither yeaſt nor leaven are uſed among them, their bread of every kind is unfermented. They make only cakes, and never mould a loaf.

A man of the *Hebrides*, for of the women's diet I can give no account, as ſoon as he appears in the morning, ſwallows a glaſs of whiſky; yet they are not a drunken race, at leaſt I never was preſent at much intemperance; but no man is ſo abſtemious as to refuſe the morning dram, which they call a *ſkalk*.

The word *whiſky* ſignifies water, and is applied by way of eminence to *ſtrong water*, or diſtilled liquor. The ſpirit drunk in the North is drawn from barley. I never taſted it, except once for experiment at the inn in *Inverary*, when I thought it preferable to any *Engliſh* malt brandy. It was ſtrong, but not pungent, and was free from the empyreumatick taſte or ſmell. What was the proceſs I had no opportunity of enquiring, nor do I wiſh to improve the art of making poiſon pleaſant.

Not long after the dram, may be expected the breakfaſt, a meal in which the *Scots*, whether of the lowlands or mountains, muſt be confeſſed to excel us. The tea and coffee are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conſerves, and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wiſh, in queſt of ſenſual gratifications, wherever he had ſupped he would breakfaſt in *Scotland*.

In the iſlands, however, they do what I found it not very eaſy to endure. They pollute the tea-table by plates piled with large ſlices of Cheſhire cheeſe, which mingles its leſs grateful odours with the fragrance of the tea.

Where many queſtions are to be aſked, ſome will be omitted. I forgot to enquire how they were ſupplied with ſo much exotick luxury. Perhaps the *French* may bring them wine for wool, and the *Dutch* give them tea and coffee

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at the fiſhing ſeaſon, in exchange for freſh proviſion. Their trade is unconſtrained; they pay no cuſtoms; for there is no officer to demand them; whatever therefore is made dear only by impoſt, is obtained here at an eaſy rate.

A dinner in the Weſtern Iſlands differs very little from a dinner in *England*, except that in the place of tarts, there are always ſet different preparations of milk. This part of their diet will admit ſome improvement. Though they have milk, and eggs, and ſugar, few of them know how to compound them in a cuſtard. Their gardens afford them no great variety, but they have always ſome vegetables on the table. Potatoes at leaſt are never wanting, which, though they have not known them long, are now one of the principal parts of their food. They are not of the mealy, but the viſcous kind.

Their more elaborate cookery, or made diſhes, an *Engliſhman*, at the firſt taſte, is not likely to approve, but the culinary compoſitions, of every country are often ſuch as become grateful to other nations only by degrees; though I have read a *French* author, who, in the elation of his heart, ſays, that *French* cookery pleaſes all foreigners, but foreign cookery never ſatisfies a *Frenchman*.

Their ſuppers are, like their dinners, various, and plentiful. The table is always covered with elegant linen. Their plates for common uſe are often of that kind of manufacture which is called cream coloured, or queen's ware. They uſe ſilver on all occaſions where it is common in *England*, nor did I ever find the ſpoon of horn but in one houſe.

The knives are not often either very bright, or very ſharp. They are indeed inſtruments of which the *Highlanders* have not been long acquainted with the general uſe. They were not regularly laid on the table, before the prohibition of arms, and the change of dreſs. Thirty years ago the *Highlander* wore his knife as a companion to his dirk or dagger, and when the company ſat down to meat, the men who had knives, cut the fleſh into ſmall pieces for the women, who with their fingers conveyed it to their mouths.

There was perhaps never any change of national manners ſo quick, ſo great, and ſo general, as that which has operated in the *Highlands*, by the laſt conqueſt, and the ſubſequent laws. We came thither too late to ſee what we expected, a people of peculiar appearance, and a ſyſtem of antiquated life. The clans retain little now of their original character; their ferocity of temper is ſoftened, their military ardour

ardour is extinguiſhed, their dignity of independence is depreſſed, their contempt of government ſubdued, and their reverence for their chiefs abated. Of what they had before the late conqueſt of their country, there remain only their language and their poverty. Their language is attacked on every ſide. Schools are erected, in which *Engliſh* only is taught, and there were lately ſome who thought it reaſonable to refuſe them a verſion of the holy ſcriptures, that they might have no monument of their mother-tongue.

That their poverty is gradually abated, cannot be mentioned among the unpleaſing conſequences of ſubjection. They are now acquainted with money, and the poſſibility of gain will by degrees make them induſtrious. Such is the effect of the late regulations, that a longer journey than to the *Highlands* muſt be taken by him whoſe curioſity pants for ſavage virtues and barbarous grandeur.

RAASAY.

At the firſt intermiſſion of the ſtormy weather we were informed, that the boat, which was to convey us to *Raaſay*, attended us on the coaſt. We had from this time our intelligence facilitated, and our converſation enlarged, by the company of Mr. *Macqueen*, miniſter of a pariſh in *Sky*, whoſe knowledge and politeneſs give him a title equally to kindneſs and reſpect, and who, from this time, never forſook us till we were preparing to leave *Sky*, and the adjacent places.

The boat was under the direction of Mr. *Malcolm Macleod*, a gentleman of *Raaſay*. The water was calm, and the rowers were vigorous; ſo that our paſſage was quick and pleaſant. When we came near the iſland, we ſaw the laird's houſe, a neat modern fabrick, and found Mr. *Macleod*, the proprietor of the iſland, with many gentlemen, expecting us on the beach. We had, as at all other places, ſome difficulty in landing. The crags were irregularly broken, and a falſe ſtep would have been very miſchievous.

It ſeemed that the rocks might, with no great labour, have been hewn almoſt into a regular flight of ſteps; and as there are no other landing places, I conſidered this rugged aſcent as the conſequence of a form of life inured to hardſhips, and therefore not ſtudious of nice accommodations. But I know not whether, for many ages, it was not conſidered

confidered as a part of military policy, to keep the country not eafily acceffible. The rocks are natural fortifications, and an enemy climbing with difficulty was eafily deftroyed by thofe who ftood high above him.

Our reception exceeded our expectations. We found nothing but civility, elegance, and plenty. After the ufual refreftments, and the ufual converfation, the evening came upon us. The carpet was then rolled off the floor; the mufician was called, and the whole company was invited to dance, nor did ever fairies trip with greater alacrity. The general air of feftivity, which predominated in this place, fo far remote from all thofe regions which the mind has been ufed to contemplate as the manfions of pleafure, ftruck the imagination with a delightful furprife, analogous to that which is felt at an unexpected emerfion from darknefs into light.

When it was time to fup, the dance ceafed, and fix and thirty perfons fat down to two tables in the fame room. After fupper the ladies fung *Erfe* fongs, to which I liftened as an *Engliffh* audience to an *Italian* opera, delighted with the found of words which I did not underftand.

I inquired the fubjects of the fongs, and was told of one, that it was a love fong, and of another, that it was a farewell compofed by one of the iflanders that was going, in this epidemical fury of emigration, to feek his fortune in *America*. What fentiments would rife, on fuch an occafion, in the heart of one who had not been taught to lament by precedent, I fhould gladly have known; but the lady, by whom I fat, thought herfelf not equal to the work of tranflating.

Mr. *Macleod* is the proprietor of the iflands of *Raafay*, *Rona*, and *Fladda*, and poffeffes an extenfive diftrict in *Sky*. The eftate has not, during four hundred years, gained or loft a fingle acre.

One of the old *Highland* alliances has continued for two hundred years, and is ftill fubfifting between *Macleod* of *Raafay*, and *Macdonald* of *Sky*, in confequence of which, the furvivor always inherits the arms of the deceafed; a natural memorial of military friendfhip. At the death of the late Sir *James Macdonald*, his fword was delivered to the prefent laird of *Raafay*.

The family of *Raafay* confifts of the laird, the lady, three fons, and ten daughters. For the fons there is a tutor in the houfe, and the lady is faid to be very fkilful and diligent in

in the education of her girls. More gentleneſs of manners, or a more pleaſing appearance of domeſtick ſociety, is not found in the moſt poliſhed countries.

Raaſay is the only inhabited iſland in Mr. *Macleod's* poſſeſſion. *Rona* and *Fladda* afford only paſture for cattle, of which one hundred and ſixty winter in *Rona*, under the ſuperintendence of a ſolitary herdſman.

The length of *Raaſay* is, by computation, fifteen miles, and the breadth two. Theſe countries have never been meaſured, and the computation by miles is negligent and arbitrary. We obſerved in travelling, that the nominal and real diſtance of places had very little relation to each other. *Raaſay* probably contains near a hundred ſquare miles. It affords not much ground, notwithſtanding its extent, either for tillage or paſture; for it is rough, rocky, and barren. The cattle often periſh by falling from the precipices. It is like the other iſlands, I think, generally naked of ſhade, but it is naked by neglect; for the laird has an orchard, and very large foreſt trees grow about his houſe. Like other hilly countries it has many rivulets. One of the brooks turns a corn-mill, and at leaſt one produces trouts.

In the ſtreams or freſh lakes of the iſlands, I have never heard of any other fiſh than trouts and eels. The trouts which I have ſeen, are not large; the colour of their fleſh is tinged as in *England*. Of their eels I can give no account, having never taſted them; for I believe they are not conſidered as wholeſome food.

It is not very eaſy to fix the principles upon which mankind have agreed to eat ſome animals, and reject others; and as the principle is not evident, it is not uniform. That which is ſelected as delicate in one country, is by its neighbours abhorred as loathſome. The *Neapolitans* lately refuſed to eat potatoes in a famine. An *Engliſhman* is not eaſily perſuaded to dine on ſnails with an *Italian*, on frogs with a *Frenchman*, or on horſe-fleſh with a *Tartar*. The vulgar inhabitants of *Sky*, I know not whether of the other iſlands, have not only eels, but pork and bacon in abhorrence, and accordingly I never ſaw a hog in the *Hebrides*, except one at *Dunvegan*.

Raaſay has wild fowl in abundance, but neither deer, hares, nor rabbits. Why it has them not, might be aſked, but that of ſuch queſtions there is no end. Why does any nation want what it might have? Why are not ſpices tranſplanted to *America*? Why does tea continue to be brought from

from *China?* Life improves but by ſlow degrees, and much in every place is yet to do. Attempts have been made to raiſe roebucks in *Raaſay*, but without effect. The young ones it is extremely difficult to rear, and the old can very ſeldom be taken alive.

Hares and rabbits might be more eaſily obtained. That they have few or none of either in *Sky*, they impute to the ravage of the foxes, and have therefore ſet, for ſome years paſt, a price upon their heads, which, as the number was diminiſhed, has been gradually raiſed, from three ſhillings and ſixpence to a guinea, a ſum ſo great in this part of the world, that in a ſhort time *Sky* may be as free from foxes, as *England* from wolves. The fund for theſe rewards in a tax of ſixpence in the pound, impoſed by the farmers on themſelves, and ſaid to be paid with great willingneſs.

The beaſts of prey in the iſlands are foxes, otters, and weaſels. The foxes are bigger than thoſe of *England*; but the otters exceed ours in a far greater proportion. I ſaw one at *Armidel*, of a ſize much beyond that which I ſuppoſed them ever to attain; and Mr. *Maclean*, the heir of *Col*, a man of middle ſtature, informed me that he once ſhot an otter, of which the tail reached the ground, when he held up the head to a level with his own. I expected the otter to have a foot particularly formed for the art of ſwimming; but, upon examination, I did not find it differing much from that of a ſpaniel. As he preys in the ſea, he does little viſible miſchief, and is killed only for his fur. White otters are ſometimes ſeen.

In *Raaſay* they might have hares and rabbits, for they have no foxes. Some depredations, ſuch as were never made before, have cauſed a ſuſpicion that a fox has been lately landed in the iſland by ſpite or wantonneſs. This imaginary ſtranger has never yet been ſeen, and therefore, perhaps, the miſchief was done by ſome other animal. It is not likely that a creature ſo ungentle, whoſe head could have been ſold in *Sky* for a guinea, ſhould be kept alive only to gratify the malice of ſending him to prey upon a neighbour: and the paſſage from *Sky* is wider than a fox would venture to ſwim, unleſs he were chaſed by dogs into the ſea, and perhaps then his ſtrength would enable him to croſs. How beaſts of prey came into any iſlands is not eaſy to gueſs. In cold countries they take advantage of hard winters, and travel over the ice; but this is a very ſcanty ſolution; for they

they are found where they have no discoverable means of coming.

The corn of this island is but little. I saw the harvest of a small field. The women reaped the corn, and the men bound up the sheaves. The strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all their voices were united. They accompany in the *Highlands* every action, which can be done in equal time, with an appropriated strain, which has, they say, not much meaning; but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness. The ancient proceleusmatick song, by which the rowers of gallies were animated, may be supposed to have been of this kind. There is now an *oar-song* used by the *Hebridians*.

The ground of *Raasay* seems fitter for cattle than for corn, and of black cattle I suppose the number is very great. The laird himself keeps a herd of four hundred, one hundred of which are annually sold. Of an extensive domain, which he holds in his own hands, he considers the sale of cattle as repaying him the rent, and supports the plenty of a very liberal table with the remaining product.

Raasay is supposed to have been very long inhabited. On one side of it they show caves, into which the rude nations of the first ages retreated from the weather. These dreary vaults might have had other uses. There is still a cavity near the house called the *oar-cave*, in which the seamen, after one of those piratical expeditions, which in rougher times was very frequent, used, as tradition tells, to hide their oars. This hollow was near the sea, that nothing so necessary might be far to be fetched: and it was secret, that enemies, if they landed, could find nothing. Yet it is not very evident of what use it was to hide their oars from those, who, if they were masters of the coast, could take away their boats.

A proof much stronger of the distance at which the first possessors of this island lived from the present time, is afforded by the stone heads of arrows which are very frequently picked up. The people call them *elf-bolts*, and believe that the fairies shoot them at the cattle. They nearly resemble those which Mr. *Banks* has lately brought from the savage countries in the *Pacifick* Ocean, and must have been made by a nation to which the use of metals was unknown.

The number of this little community has never been counted by its ruler, nor have I obtained any positive account, consistent with the result of political computation.

Not

Not many years ago, the late laird led out one hundred men upon a military expedition. The sixth part of a people is supposed capable of bearing arms: *Raasay* had therefore six hundred inhabitants. But because it was not likely, that every man able to serve in the field would follow the summons, or that the chief would leave his lands totally defenceless, or take away all the hands qualified for labour, let it be supposed, that half as many might be permitted to stay at home. The whole number will then be nine hundred, or nine to a square mile; a degree of populousness greater than those tracts of desolation can often show. They are content with their country, and faithful to their chiefs, and yet uninfected with the fever of migration.

Near the house at *Raasay* is a chapel unroofed and ruinous, which has long been used only as a place of burial. About the churches, in the islands, are small squares enclosed with stone, which belong to particular families, as repositories for the dead. At *Raasay* there is one, I think, for the proprietor, and one for some collateral house.

It is told by *Martin*, that at the death of the lady of the island, it has been here the custom to erect a cross. This we found not to be true. The stones that stand about the chapel at a small distance, some of which perhaps have crosses cut upon them, are believed to have been not funeral monuments, but the ancient boundaries of the sanctuary or consecrated ground.

Martin was a man not illiterate; he was an inhabitant of *Sky*, and therefore was within reach of intelligence, and with no great difficulty might have visited the places which he undertakes to describe; yet with all his opportunities, he has often suffered himself to be deceived. He lived in the last century, when the chiefs of the clans had lost little of their original influence. The mountains were yet unpenetrated, no inlet was opened to foreign novelties, and the feudal institutions operated upon life with their full force. He might therefore have displayed a series of subordination and a form of government, which, in more luminous and improved regions, have been long forgotten, and have delighted his readers with many uncouth customs that are now disused, and wild opinions that prevail no longer. But he probably had not knowledge of the world sufficient to qualify him for judging what would deserve or gain the attention of mankind. The mode of life which was familiar to himself, he did not suppose unknown to others, nor imagined that

that he could give pleasure by telling that of which it was, in his little country, impossible to be ignorant.

What he has neglected cannot now be performed. In nations, where there is hardly the use of letters, what is once out of sight is lost for ever. They think but little, and of their few thoughts, none are wasted on the past, in which they are neither interested by fear nor hope. Their only registers are stated observances and practical representations. For this reason an age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants, and processions, and commemorations, gradually shrink away, as better methods come into use of recording events, and preserving rights.

It is not only in *Raasay* that the chapel is unroofed and useless; through the few islands which we visited, we neither saw nor heard of any house of prayer, except in *Sky*, that was not in ruins. The malignant influence of *Calvinism* has blasted ceremony and decency together; and if the remembrance of papal superstition is obliterated, the monuments of papal piety are likewise effaced.

It has been, for many years, popular to talk of the lazy devotion of the *Romish* clergy; over the sleepy laziness of men that erected churches, we may indulge our superiority with a new triumph, by comparing it with the fervid activity of those who suffer them to fall.

Of the destruction of churches, the decay of religion must in time be the consequence; for while the publick acts of the ministry are now performed in houses, a very small number can be present; and as the greater part of the islanders make no use of books, all must necessarily live in total ignorance who want the opportunity of vocal instruction.

From these remains of ancient sanctity, which are every where to be found, it has been conjectured, that, for the last two centuries, the inhabitants of the islands have decreased in number. This argument, which supposes that the churches have been suffered to fall, only because they were no longer necessary, would have some force, if the houses of worship still remaining were sufficient for the people. But since they have now no churches at all, these venerable fragments do not prove the people of former times to have been more numerous, but to have been more devout. If the inhabitants were doubled with their present principles, it appears not that any provision for publick worship would be made. Where the religion of a country

enforces consecrated buildings, the number of those buildings may be supposed to afford some indication, however uncertain, of the populousness of the place; but where by a change of manners a nation is contented to live without them, their decay implies no diminution of inhabitants.

Some of these dilapidations are said to be found in islands now uninhabited; but I doubt whether we can thence infer that they were ever peopled. The religion of the middle age is well known to have placed too much hope in lonely austerities. Voluntary solitude was the great art of propitiation, by which crimes were effaced, and conscience was appeased; it is therefore not unlikely, that oratories were often built in places where retirement was sure to have no disturbance.

Raasay has little that can detain a traveller except the laird and his family; but their power wants no auxiliaries. Such a seat of hospitality, amidst the winds and waters, fills the imagination with a delightful contrariety of images. Without is the rough ocean and the rocky land, the beating billows and the howling storm: within is plenty and elegance, beauty and gaiety, the song and the dance. In *Raasay*, if I could have found an *Ulysses*, I had fancied a *Phæacia*.

DUNVEGAN.

At *Raasay*, by good fortune, *Macleod*, so the chief of the clan is called, was paying a visit, and by him we were invited to his seat at *Dunvegan*. *Raasay* has a stout boat, built in *Norway*, in which with six oars, he conveyed us back to *Sky*. We landed at *Port Re*, so called, because *James* the Fifth of *Scotland*, who had curiosity to visit the islands, came into it. The port is made by an inlet of the sea, deep and narrow, where a ship lay waiting to dispeople *Sky*, by carrying the natives away to *America*.

In coasting *Sky*, we passed by the cavern in which it was the custom, as *Martin* relates, to catch birds in the night, by making a fire at the entrance. This practice is disused; for the birds, as is known often to happen, have changed their haunts.

Here we dined at a publick house, I believe the only inn of the island, and having mounted our horses, travelled in the manner already described, till we came to *Kingsborough*, a place

a place diſtinguiſhed by that name, becauſe the king lodged here when he landed at *Port Re*. We were entertained with the uſual hoſpitality by Mr. *Macdonald* and his lady *Flora Macdonald*, a name that will be mentioned in hiſtory, and if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle ſtature, ſoft features, gentle manners, and elegant preſence.

In the morning we ſent our horſes round a promontory to meet us, and ſpared ourſelves part of the day's fatigue, by croſſing an arm of the ſea. We had at laſt ſome difficulty in coming to *Dunvegan*; for our way led over an extenſive moor, where every ſtep was to be taken with caution, and we were often obliged to alight, becauſe the ground could not be truſted. In travelling this watery flat, I perceived that it had a viſible declivity, and might without much expence or difficulty be drained. But difficulty and expence are relative terms, which have different meanings in different places.

To *Dunvegan* we came, very willing to be at reſt, and found our fatigue amply recompenſed by our reception. Lady *Macleod*, who had lived many years in *England*, was newly come hither with her ſon and four daughters, who knew all the arts of ſouthern elegance, and all the modes of *Engliſh* œconomy. Here therefore we ſettled, and did not ſpoil the preſent hour with thoughts of departure.

Dunvegan is a rocky prominence, that juts out into a bay, on the weſt ſide of *Sky*. The houſe, which is the principal ſeat of *Macleod*, is partly old and partly modern; it is built upon the rock, and looks upon the water. It forms two ſides of a ſmall ſquare: on the third ſide is the ſkeleton of a caſtle of unknown antiquity, ſuppoſed to have been a *Norwegian* fortreſs, when the *Danes* were maſters of the iſlands. It is ſo nearly entire, that it might have eaſily been made habitable, were there not an ominous tradition in the family, that the owner ſhall not long outlive the reparation. The grandfather of the preſent laird, in defiance of prediction, began the work, but deſiſted in a little time, and applied his money to worſe uſes.

As the inhabitants of the *Hebrides* lived, for many ages, in continual expectation of hoſtilities, the chief of every clan reſided in a fortreſs. This houſe was acceſſible only from the water, till the laſt poſſeſſor opened an entrance by ſtairs upon the land.

They had formerly reaſon to be afraid, not only of declared wars and authorized invaders, or of roving pirates, which, in the northern ſeas, muſt have been very common; but of inroads and inſults from rival clans, who, in the plenitude of feudal independence, aſked no leave of their ſovereign to make war on one another. *Sky* has been ravaged by a feud between the two mighty powers of *Macdonald* and *Macleod*. *Macdonald* having married a *Macleod*, upon ſome diſcontent diſmiſſed her, perhaps becauſe ſhe had brought him no children. Before the reign of *James* the Fifth, a *Highland* laird made a trial of his wife for a certain time, and if ſhe did not pleaſe him, he was then at liberty to ſend her away. This however muſt always have offended, and *Macleod* reſenting the injury, whatever were its circumſtances, declared, that the wedding had been ſolemnized without a bonfire, but that the ſeparation ſhould be better illuminated; and raiſing a little army, ſet fire to the territories of *Macdonald*, who returned the viſit, and prevailed.

Another ſtory may ſhow the diſorderly ſtate of inſular neighbourhood. The inhabitants of the iſle of *Egg*, meeting a boat manned by *Macleods*, tied the crew hand and foot, and ſent them a-drift. *Macleod* landed upon *Egg*, and demanded the offenders; but the inhabitants refuſing to ſurrender them, retreated to a cavern, into which they thought their enemies unlikely to follow them. *Macleod* choaked them with ſmoak, and left them lying dead by families as they ſtood.

Here the violence of the weather confined us for ſome time, not at all to our diſcontent or inconvenience. We would indeed very willingly have viſited the iſlands, which might be ſeen from the houſe ſcattered in the ſea, and I was particularly deſirous to have viewed *Iſay*; but the ſtorms did not permit us to launch a boat, and we were condemned to liſten in idleneſs to the wind, except when we were better engaged by liſtening to the ladies.

We had here more wind than waves, and ſuffered the ſeverity of a tempeſt, without enjoying its magnificence. The ſea being broken by the multitude of iſlands, does not roar with ſo much noiſe, nor beat the ſtorm with ſuch foamy violence, as I have remarked on the coaſt of *Suſſex*. Though, while I was in the *Hebrides*, the wind was extremely turbulent, I never ſaw very high billows.

The

The country about *Dunvegan* is rough and barren. There are no trees, except in the orchard, which is a low ſheltered ſpot ſurrounded with a wall.

When this houſe was intended to ſuſtain a ſiege, a well was made in the court, by boring the rock downwards, till water was found, which, though ſo near to the ſea, I have not heard mentioned as brackiſh, though it has ſome hardneſs, or other qualities, which make it leſs fit for uſe; and the family is now better ſupplied from a ſtream, which runs by the rock, from two pleaſing water-falls.

Here we ſaw ſome traces of former manners, and heard ſome ſtanding traditions. In the houſe is kept an ox's horn, hollowed ſo as to hold perhaps two quarts, which the heir of *Macleod* was expected to ſwallow at one draught, as a teſt of his manhood, before he was permitted to bear arms, or could claim a ſeat among the men. It is held that the return of the laird to *Dunvegan*, after any conſiderable abſence, produces a plentiful capture of herrings; and that, if any woman croſſes the water to the oppoſite iſland, the herrings will deſert the coaſt. *Boetius* tells the ſame of ſome other place. This tradition is not uniform. Some hold that no woman may paſs, and others that none may paſs but a *Macleod*.

Among other gueſts, which the hoſpitality of *Dunvegan* brought to the table, a viſit was paid by the laird and lady of a ſmall iſland ſouth of *Sky*, of which the proper name is *Muack*, which ſignifies ſwine. It is commonly called *Muck*, which the proprietor not liking, has endeavoured, without effect, to change to *Monk*. It is uſual to call gentlemen in *Scotland* by the name of their poſſeſſions, as *Raaſay*, *Bernera*, *Loch Buy*, a practice neceſſary in countries inhabited by clans, where all that live in the ſame territory have one name, and muſt be therefore diſcriminated by ſome addition. This gentleman, whoſe name, I think, is *Maclean*, ſhould be regularly called *Muck*; but the appellation, which he thinks too coarſe for his iſland, he would like ſtill leſs for himſelf, and he is therefore addreſſed by the title of, *Iſle of Muck*.

This little iſland, however it be named, is of conſiderable value. It is two *Engliſh* miles long, and three quarters of a mile broad, and conſequently contains only nine hundred and ſixty *Engliſh* acres. It is chiefly arable. Half of this little dominion the laird retains in his own hand, and on the other half, live one hundred and ſixty perſons, who

pay

pay their rent by exported corn. What rent they pay, we were not told, and could not decently enquire. The proportion of the people to the land is ſuch, as the moſt fertile countries do not commonly maintain.

The laird having all his people under his immediate view, ſeems to be very attentive to their happineſs. The devaſtation of the ſmall-pox, when it viſits places where it comes ſeldom, is well known. He has diſarmed it of its terror at *Muack*, by inoculating eighty of his people. The expence was two ſhillings and ſixpence a head. Many trades they cannot have among them, but upon occaſion, he fetches a ſmith from the iſle of *Egg*, and has a taylor from the main land, ſix times a year. This iſland well deſerved to be ſeen, but the laird's abſence left us no opportunity.

Every inhabited iſland has its appendant and ſubordinate iſlets. *Muck*, however ſmall, has yet others ſmaller about it, one of which has only ground ſufficient to afford paſture for three wethers.

At *Dunvegan* I had taſted lotus, and was in danger of forgetting that I was ever to depart, till Mr. *Boſwell* ſagely reproached me with my ſluggiſhneſs and ſoftneſs. I had no very forcible defence to make; and we agreed to purſue our journey. *Macleod* accompanied us to *Uliniſh*, where we were entertained by the ſheriff of the iſland.

ULINISH.

Mr. *Macqueen* travelled with us, and directed our attention to all that was worthy of obſervation. With him we went to ſee an ancient building, called a dun or borough. It was a circular incloſure, about forty-two feet in diameter, walled round with looſe ſtones, perhaps to the height of nine feet. The walls are very thick, diminiſhing a little towards the top, and though in theſe countries ſtone is not brought far, muſt have been raiſed with much labour. Within the great circle were ſeveral ſmaller rounds of wall, which formed diſtinct apartments. Its date and its uſe are unknown. Some ſuppoſe it the original ſeat of the chiefs of the *Macleods*. Mr. *Macqueen* thought it a *Daniſh* fort.

The entrance is covered with flat ſtones, and is narrow, becauſe it was neceſſary that the ſtones which lie over it, ſhould reach from one wall to the other; yet, ſtrait as the paſſage is, they ſeem heavier than could have been placed where

where they now lie, by the naked ſtrength of as many men as might ſtand about them. They were probably raiſed by putting long pieces of wood under them, to which the action of a long line of lifters might be applied. Savages, in all countries, have patience proportionate to their unſkilfulneſs, and are content to attain their end by very tedious methods.

If it was ever roofed, it might once have been a dwelling, but as there is no proviſion for water, it could not have been a fortreſs. In *Sky*, as in every other place, there is an ambition of exalting whatever has ſurvived memory, to ſome important uſe, and referring it to very remote ages. I am inclined to ſuſpect, that in lawleſs times, when the inhabitants of every mountain ſtole the cattle of their neighbour, theſe encloſures were uſed to ſecure the herds and flocks in the night. When they were driven within the wall, they might be eaſily watched, and defended as long as could be needful; for the robbers durſt not wait till the injured clan ſhould find them in the morning.

The interiour incloſures, if the whole building were once a houſe, were the chambers of the chief inhabitants. If it was a place of ſecurity for cattle, they were probably the ſhelters of the keepers.

From the *Dun* we were conducted to another place of ſecurity, a cave carried a great way under ground, which had been diſcovered by digging after a fox. Theſe caves, of which many have been found, and many probably remain concealed, are formed, I believe, commonly by taking advantage of a hollow, where banks or rocks riſe on either ſide. If no ſuch place can be found, the ground muſt be cut away. The walls are made by piling ſtones againſt the earth, on either ſide. It is then roofed by large ſtones laid acroſs the cavern, which therefore cannot be wide. Over the roof, turfs were placed, and graſs was ſuffered to grow; and the mouth was concealed by buſhes, or ſome other cover.

Theſe caves were repreſented to us as the cabins of the firſt rude inhabitants, of which, however, I am by no means perſuaded. This was ſo low, that no man could ſtand upright in it. By their conſtruction they are all ſo narrow, that two can never paſs along them together, and being ſubterraneous, they muſt be always damp. They are not the work of an age much ruder than the preſent; for they are formed with as much art as the conſtruction of a common hut

hut requires. I imagine them to have been places only of occaſional uſe, in which the iſlander, upon a ſudden alarm, hid his utenſils, or his clothes, and perhaps ſometimes his wife and children.

This cave we entered, but could not proceed the whole length, and went away without knowing how far it was carried. For this omiſſion we ſhall be blamed, as we perhaps have blamed other travellers; but the day was rainy, and the ground was damp. We had with us neither ſpades nor pickaxes, and if love of eaſe ſurmounted our deſire of knowledge, the offence has not the invidiouſneſs of ſingularity.

Edifices, either ſtanding or ruined, are the chief records of an illiterate nation. In ſome part of this journey, at no great diſtance from our way, ſtood a ſhattered fortreſs, of which the learned miniſter, to whoſe communication we are much indebted, gave us an account.

Thoſe, ſaid he, are the walls of a place of refuge, built in the time of *James* the Sixth, by *Hugh Macdonald*, who was next heir to the dignity and fortune of his chief. *Hugh*, being ſo near his wiſh, was impatient of delay; and had art and influence ſufficient to engage ſeveral gentlemen in a plot againſt the laird's life. Something muſt be ſtipulated on both ſides; for they would not dip their hands in blood merely for *Hugh*'s advancement. The compact was formally written, ſigned by the conſpirators, and placed in the hands of one *Macleod*.

It happened that *Macleod* had ſold ſome cattle to a drover, who not having ready money, gave him a bond for payment. The debt was diſcharged, and the bond re-demanded; which *Macleod*, who could not read, intending to put into his hands, gave him the conſpiracy. The drover, when he had read the paper, delivered it privately to *Macdonald*, who being thus informed of his danger, called his friends together, and provided for his ſafety. He made a publick feaſt, and inviting *Hugh Macdonald* and his confederates, placed each of them at the table between two men of known fidelity. The compact of conſpiracy was then ſhewn, and every man confronted with his own name. *Macdonald* acted with great moderation. He upbraided *Hugh* both with diſloyalty and ingratitude; but told the reſt, that he conſidered them as men deluded and miſinformed. *Hugh* was ſworn to fidelity, and diſmiſſed with his companions; but he was not generous enough to be reclaimed by lenity; and finding no

no longer any countenance among the gentlemen, endeavoured to execute the same design by meaner hands. In this practice he was detected, taken to *Macdonald*'s castle, and imprisoned in the dungeon. When he was hungry, they let down a plentiful meal of salted meat; and when, after his repast, he called for drink, conveyed to him a covered cup, which, when he lifted the lid, he found empty. From that time they visited him no more, but left him to perish in solitude and darkness.

We were then told of a cavern by the sea-side, remarkable for the powerful reverberation of sounds. After dinner we took a boat, to explore this curious cavity. The boatmen, who seemed to be of a rank above that of common drudges, enquired who the strangers were, and being told we came one from *Scotland*, and the other from *England*, asked if the *Englishman* could recount a long genealogy. What answer was given them, the conversation being in *Erse*, I was not much inclined to examine.

They expected no good event of the voyage; for one of them declared that he heard the cry of an *English* ghost. This omen I was not told till after our return, and therefore cannot claim the dignity of despising it.

The sea was smooth. We never left the shore, and came without any disaster to the cavern, which we found rugged and misshapen, about one hundred and eighty feet long, thirty wide in the broadest part, and in the loftiest, as we guessed, about thirty high. It was now dry, but at high water the sea rises in it near six feet. Here I saw what I had never seen before, limpets and muscles in their natural state. But, as a new testimony to the veracity of common fame, here was no echo to be heard.

We then walked through a natural arch in the rock, which might have pleased us by its novelty, had the stones, which encumbered our feet, given us leisure to consider it. We were shown the gummy seed of the kelp, that fastens itself to a stone, from which it grows into a strong stalk.

In our return, we found a little boy upon the point of a rock, catching with his angle a supper for the family. We rowed up to him, and borrowed his rod, with which Mr. *Boswell* caught a cuddy.

The cuddy is a fish of which I know not the philosophical name. It is not much bigger than a gudgeon, but is of great use in these islands, as it affords the lower people both food and oil for their lamps. Cuddies are so abundant, at some

ſome times of the year, that they are caught like white-bait in the *Thames*, only by dipping a baſket and drawing it back.

If it were always practicable to fiſh, theſe iſlands could never be in much danger from famine; but unhappily, in the winter, when other proviſion fails, the ſeas are commonly too rough for nets, or boats.

TALISKER IN SKY.

From *Uliniſh* our next ſtage was to *Taliſker*, the houſe of colonel *Macleod*, an officer in the *Dutch* ſervice, who in this time of univerſal peace, has for ſeveral years been permitted to be abſent from his regiment. Having been bred to phyſick, he is conſequently a ſcholar, and his lady, by accompanying him in his different places of reſidence, is become ſkilful in ſeveral languages. *Taliſker* is the place beyond all that I have ſeen, from which the gay and the jovial ſeem utterly excluded; and where the hermit might expect to grow old in meditation, without poſſibility of diſturbance or interruption. It is ſituated very near the ſea, but upon a coaſt where no veſſel lands but when it is driven by a tempeſt on the rocks. Towards the land are ſofty hills ſtreaming with water-falls. The garden is ſheltered by firs, or pines, which grow there ſo proſperouſly, that ſome, which the preſent inhabitant planted, are very high and thick.

At this place we very happily met with Mr. *Donald Maclean*, a young gentleman, the eldeſt ſon of the laird of *Col*, heir to a very great extent of land, and ſo deſirous of improving his inheritance, that he ſpent a conſiderable time among the farmers of *Hertfordſhire* and *Hampſhire*, to learn their practice. He worked with his own hands at the principal operations of agriculture, that he might not deceive himſelf by a falſe opinion of ſkill, which, if he ſhould find it deficient at home, he had no means of completing. If the world has agreed to praiſe the travels and manual labours of the czar of *Muſcovy*, let *Col* have his ſhare of the like applauſe, in the proportion of his dominions to the empire of *Ruſſia*.

This young gentleman was ſporting in the mountains of *Sky*, and when he was weary with following his game, repaired for lodging to *Taliſker*. At night he miſſed one of his

his dogs, and when he went to ſeek him in the morning, found two eagles feeding on his carcaſe.

Col, for he muſt be named by his poſſeſſions, hearing that our intention was to viſit *Jona*, offered to conduct us to his chief, Sir *Allan Maclean*, who lived in the iſle of *Inch Kenneth*, and would readily find us a convenient paſſage. From this time was formed an acquaintance, which being begun by kindneſs, was accidentally continued by conſtraint; we derived much pleaſure from it, and I hope have given him no reaſon to repent it.

The weather was now almoſt one continued ſtorm, and we were to ſnatch ſome happy intermiſſion to be conveyed to *Mull*, the third iſland of the *Hebrides*, lying about a degree ſouth of *Sky*, whence we might eaſily find our way to *Inch Kenneth*, where Sir *Allan Maclean* reſided, and afterwards to *Jona*.

For this purpoſe, the moſt commodious ſtation that we could take was *Armidel*, which Sir *Alexander Macdonald* had now left to a gentleman who lived there as his factor or ſteward.

In our way to *Armidel* was *Coriatachan*, where we had already been, and to which therefore we were very willing to return. We ſtayed however ſo long at *Taliſker*, that a great part of our journey was performed in the gloom of the evening. In travelling even thus almoſt without light through naked ſolitude, when there is a guide whoſe conduct may be truſted, a mind not naturally too much diſpoſed to fear, may preſerve ſome degree of chearfulneſs; but what muſt be the ſolicitude of him who ſhould be wandering, among the crags and hollows, benighted, ignorant, and alone?

The fictions of the *Gothick* romances were not ſo remote from credibility as they are now thought. In the full prevalence of the feudal inſtitution, when violence deſolated the world, and every baron lived in a fortreſs, foreſts and caſtles were regularly ſucceeded by each other, and the adventurer might very ſuddenly paſs from the gloom of woods, or the ruggedneſs of moors, to ſeats of plenty, gaiety, and magnificence. Whatever is imagined in the wildeſt tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantment be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the ſea without a pilot, ſhould be carried amidſt his terror and uncertainty, to the hoſpitality and elegance of *Raaſay* or *Dunvegan*.

To

To *Coriatachan* at laſt we came, and found ourſelves welcomed as before. Here we ſtayed two days, and made ſuch enquiries as curioſity ſuggeſted. The houſe was filled with company, among whom Mr. *Macpherſon* and his ſiſter diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their politeneſs and accompliſhments. By him we were invited to *Oſtig*, a houſe not far from *Armidel*, where we might eaſily hear of a boat, when the weather would ſuffer us to leave the iſland.

OSTIG IN SKY.

At *Oſtig*, of which Mr. *Macpherſon* is miniſter, we were entertained for ſome days, then removed to *Armidel*, where we finiſhed our obſervations on the iſland of *Sky*.

As this iſland lies in the fifty-ſeventh degree, the air cannot be ſuppoſed to have much warmth. The long continuance of the ſun above the horizon, does indeed ſometimes produce great heat in northern latitudes; but this can only happen in ſheltered places, where the atmoſphere is to a certain degree ſtagnant, and the ſame maſs of air continues to receive for many hours the rays of the ſun, and the vapours of the earth. *Sky* lies open on the weſt and north to a vaſt extent of ocean, and is cooled in the ſummer by a perpetual ventilation, but by the ſame blaſts is kept warm in winter. Their weather is not pleaſing. Half the year is deluged with rain. From the autumnal to the vernal equinox, a dry day is hardly known, except when the ſhowers are ſuſpended by a tempeſt. Under ſuch ſkies can be expected no great exuberance of vegetation. Their winter overtakes their ſummer, and their harveſt lies upon the ground drenched with rain. The autumn ſtruggles hard to produce ſome of our early fruits. I gathered gooſeberries in *September*; but they were ſmall, and the huſk was thick.

The winter is ſeldom ſuch as puts a full ſtop to the growth of plants, or reduces the cattle to live wholly on the ſurpluſage of the ſummer. In the year ſeventy-one they had a ſevere ſeaſon, remembered by the name of the Black Spring, from which the iſland has not yet recovered. The ſnow lay long upon the ground, a calamity hardly known before. Part of their cattle died for want, part were unſeaſonably ſold to buy ſuſtenance for the owners; and, what I have not read or heard of before, the kine that ſurvived

were

were ſo emaciated and diſpirited, that they did not require the male at the uſual time. Many of the roebucks periſhed.

The ſoil, as in other countries, has its diverſities. In ſome parts there is only a thin layer of earth ſpread upon a rock, which bears nothing but ſhort brown heath, and perhaps is not generally capable of any better product. There are many bogs or moſſes of greater or leſs extent, where the ſoil cannot be ſuppoſed to want depth, though it is too wet for the plough. But we did not obſerve in theſe any aquatick plants. The vallies and the mountains are alike darkened with heath. Some graſs, however, grows here and there, and ſome happier ſpots of earth are capable of tillage.

Their agriculture is laborious, and perhaps rather feeble than unſkilful. Their chief manure is ſea-weed, which, when they lay it to rot upon the field, gives them a better crop than thoſe of the *Highlands*. They heap ſea-ſhells upon the dunghill, which in time moulder into a fertiliſing ſubſtance. When they find a vein of earth where they cannot uſe it, they dig it up, and add it to the mould of a more commodious place.

Their corn grounds often lie in ſuch intricacies among the crags, that there is no room for the action of a team and plough. The ſoil is then turned up by manual labour, with an inſtrument called a crooked ſpade, of a form and weight which to me appeared very incommodious, and would perhaps be ſoon improved in a country where workmen could be eaſily found and eaſily paid. It has a narrow blade of iron fixed to a long and heavy piece of wood, which muſt have, about a foot and a half above the iron, a knee or flexure with the angle downwards. When the farmer encounters a ſtone, which is the great impediment of his operations, he drives the blade under it, and bringing the knee or angle to the ground, has in the long handle a very forcible lever.

According to the different modes of tillage, farms are diſtinguiſhed into *long land* and *ſhort land*. Long land is that which affords room for a plough, and ſhort land is turned up by the ſpade.

The grain which they commit to the furrows thus tediouſly formed, is either oats or barley. They do not ſow barley without very copious manure, and then they expect from it ten for one, an increaſe equal to that of better countries; but the culture is ſo operoſe that they content themſelves commonly with oats; and

and who can relate without compaſſion, that after all their diligence they are to expect only a triple increaſe? It is in vain to hope for plenty, when a third part of the harveſt muſt be reſerved for ſeed.

When their grain is arrived at the ſtate which they muſt conſider as ripeneſs, they do not cut, but pull the barley; to the oats they apply the ſickle. Wheel carriages they have none, but make a frame of timber, which is drawn by one horſe with the two points behind preſſing on the ground. On this they ſometimes drag home their ſheaves, but often convey them home in a kind of open panier, or frame of ſticks upon the horſe's back.

Of that which is obtained with ſo much difficulty, nothing ſurely ought to be waſted; yet their method of clearing their oats from the huſk is by parching them in the ſtraw. Thus with the genuine improvidence of ſavages, they deſtroy that fodder for want of which their cattle may periſh. From this practice they have two petty conveniencies. They dry the grain ſo that it is eaſily reduced to meal, and they eſcape the theft of the threſher. The taſte contracted from the fire by the oats, as by every other ſcorched ſubſtance, uſe muſt long ago have made grateful. The oats that are not parched muſt be dried in a kiln.

The barns of *Sky* I never ſaw. That which *Macleod* of *Raaſay* had erected near his houſe was ſo contrived, becauſe the harveſt is ſeldom brought home dry, as by perpetual perflation to prevent the mow from heating.

Of their gardens I can judge only from their tables. I did not obſerve that the common greens were wanting, and ſuppoſe, that by chooſing an advantageous expoſition, they can raiſe all the more hardy eſculent plants. Of vegetable fragrance or beauty they are not yet ſtudious. Few vows are made to *Flora* in the *Hebrides*.

They gather a little hay, but the graſs is mown late; and is ſo often almoſt dry and again very wet, before it is houſed, that it becomes a collection of withered ſtalks without taſte or fragrance, it muſt be eaten by cattle that have nothing elſe, but by moſt *Engliſh* farmers would be thrown away.

In the iſlands I have not heard that any ſubterraneous treaſures have been diſcovered, though where there are mountains, there are commonly minerals. One of the rocks in *Col* has a black vein, imagined to conſiſt of the ore of lead; but it was never yet opened or eſſayed. In *Sky* a black maſs was accidentally picked up, and brought into the houſe

houſe of the owner of the land, who found himſelf ſtrongly inclined to think it a coal, but unhappily it did not burn in the chimney. Common ores would be here of no great value; for what requires to be ſeparated by fire, muſt, if it were found, be carried away in its mineral ſtate, here being no fewel for the ſmelting houſe or forge. Perhaps by diligent ſearch in this world of ſtone, ſome valuable ſpecies of marble might be diſcovered. But neither philoſophical curioſity, nor commercial induſtry, have yet fixed their abode here, where the importunity of immediate want, ſupplied but for the day, and craving on the morrow, has left little room for excurſive knowledge, or the pleaſing fancies of diſtant profit.

They have lately found a manufacture conſiderably lucrative. Their rocks abound with kelp, a ſea-plant, of which the aſhes are melted into glaſs. They burn kelp in great quantities, and then ſend it away in ſhips, which come regularly to purchaſe them. This new ſource of riches has raiſed the rents of many maritime farms; but the tenants pay, like all other tenants, the additional rent with great unwillingneſs; becauſe they conſider the profits of the kelp as the mere product of perſonal labour, to which the landlord contributes nothing. However, as any man may be ſaid to give what he gives the power of gaining, he has certainly as much right to profit from the price of kelp as of any thing elſe found or raiſed upon his ground.

This new trade has excited a long and eager litigation between *Macdonald* and *Macleod*, for a ledge of rocks, which, till the value of kelp was known, neither of them deſired the reputation of poſſeſſing.

The cattle of *Sky* are not ſo ſmall as is commonly believed. Since they have ſent their beeves in great numbers to ſouthern marts, they have probably taken more care of their breed. At ſtated times the annual growth of cattle is driven to a fair, by a general drover, and with the money, which he returns to the farmer, the rents are paid.

The price regularly expected, is from two to three pounds a head: there was once one ſold for five pounds. They go from the iſlands very lean, and are not offered to the butcher till they have been long fatted in *Engliſh* paſtures.

Of their black cattle ſome are without horns, called by the *Scots humble* cows, as we call a bee an *humble* bee, that wants a ſting. Whether this difference be ſpecifick, or accidental, though we enquired with great diligence, we could

could not be informed. We are not very ſure that the bull is ever without horns, though we have been told, that ſuch bulls there are. What is produced by putting a horned and unhorned male and female together, no man has ever tried that thought the reſult worthy of obſervation.

Their horſes are, like their cows, of a moderate ſize. I had no difficulty to mount myſelf commodiouſly by the favour of the gentlemen. I heard of very little cows in *Barra*, and very little horſes in *Rum*, where perhaps no care is taken to prevent that diminution of ſize, which muſt always happen, where the greater and the leſs copulate promiſcuouſly, and the young animal is reſtrained from growth by penury of ſuſtenance.

The goat is the general inhabitant of the earth, complying with every difference of climate and of ſoil. The goats of the *Hebrides* are like others: nor did I hear any thing of their ſheep to be particularly remarked.

In the penury of theſe malignant regions, nothing is left that can be converted to food. The goats and the ſheep are milked like the cows. A ſingle meal of a goat is a quart, and of a ſheep a pint. Such at leaſt was the account, which I could extract from thoſe of whom I am not ſure that they ever had inquired.

The milk of goats is much thinner than that of cows, and that of ſheep is much thicker. Sheeps milk is never eaten before it is boiled; as it is thick, it muſt be very liberal of curd, and the people of *St. Kilda* form it into ſmall cheeſes.

The ſtags of the mountains are leſs than thoſe of our parks or foreſts, perhaps not bigger than our fallow deer. Their fleſh has no rankneſs, nor is inferior in flavour to our common veniſon. The roebuck I neither ſaw nor taſted. Theſe are not countries for a regular chaſe. The deer are not driven with horns and hounds. A ſportſman with his gun in his hand, watches the animal, and when he has wounded him, traces him by the blood.

They have a race of brinded greyhounds larger and ſtronger than thoſe with which we courſe hares, and thoſe are the only dogs uſed by them for the chaſe.

Man is by the uſe of fire-arms made ſo much an overmatch for other animals, that in all countries, where they are in uſe, the wild part of the creation ſenſibly diminiſhes. There will probably not be long either ſtags or roebucks in the iſlands. All the beaſts of chaſe would have been loſt

long

long ago in countries well inhabited, had they not been preſerved by laws for the pleaſure of the rich.

There are in *Sky* neither rats nor mice, but the weaſel is ſo frequent, that he is heard in houſes rattling behind cheſts or beds, as rats in *England*. They probably owe to his predominance that they have no other vermin; for ſince the great rat took poſſeſſion of this part of the world, ſcarce a ſhip can touch at any port, but ſome of his race are left behind. They have within theſe few years began to infeſt the iſle of *Col*, where being left by ſome trading veſſel, they have increaſed for want of weaſels to oppoſe them.

The inhabitants of *Sky*, and of the other iſlands, which I have ſeen, are commonly of the middle ſtature, with fewer among them very tall or very ſhort, than are ſeen in *England*; or perhaps, as their numbers are ſmall, the chances of any deviation from the common meaſure are neceſſarily few. The talleſt men that I ſaw are among thoſe of higher rank. In regions of barrenneſs and ſcarcity, the human race is hindered in its growth by the ſame cauſes as other animals.

The ladies have as much beauty here as in other places, but bloom and ſoftneſs are not to be expected among the lower claſſes, whoſe faces are expoſed to the rudeneſs of the climate, and whoſe features are ſometimes contracted by want, and ſometimes hardened by the blaſts. Supreme beauty is ſeldom found in cottages or work-ſhops, even where no real hardſhips are ſuffered. To expand the human face to its full perfection, it ſeems neceſſary that the mind ſhould co-operate by placidneſs of content, or conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority.

Their ſtrength is proportionate to their ſize, but they are accuſtomed to run upon rough ground, and therefore can with great agility ſkip over the bog, or clamber the mountain. For a campaign in the waſtes of *America*, ſoldiers better qualified could not have been found. Having little work to do, they are not willing, nor perhaps able, to endure a long continuance of manual labour, and are therefore conſidered as habitually idle.

Having never been ſupplied with thoſe accommodations, which life extenſively diverſified with trades affords, they ſupply their wants by very inſufficient ſhifts, and endure many inconveniencies, which a little attention would eaſily relieve. I have ſeen a horſe carrying home the harveſt on a crate. Under his tail was a ſtick for a crupper, held at the

two ends by twiſts of ſtraw. Hemp will grow in their iſlands, and therefore ropes may be had. If they wanted hemp, they might make better cordage of ruſhes, or perhaps of nettles, than of ſtraw.

Their method of life neither ſecures them perpetual health, nor expoſes them to any particular diſeaſes. There are phyſicians in the iſlands, who, I believe, all practiſe chirurgery, and all compound their own medicines.

It is generally ſuppoſed, that life is longer in places where there are few opportunities of luxury; but I found no inſtance here of extraordinary longevity. A cottager grows old over his oaten cakes, like a citizen at a turtle feaſt. He is indeed ſeldom incommoded by corpulence. Poverty preſerves him from ſinking under the burden of himſelf, but he eſcapes no other injury of time. Inſtances of long life are often related, which thoſe who hear them are more willing to credit than examine. To be told that any man has attained a hundred years, gives hope and comfort to him who ſtands trembling on the brink of his own climacterick.

Length of life is diſtributed impartially to very different modes of life in very different climates; and the mountains have no greater examples of age and health than the low lands, where I was introduced to two ladies of high quality; one of whom, in her ninety-fourth year, preſided at her table with the full exerciſe of all her powers; and the other has attained her eighty-fourth, without any diminution of her vivacity, and with little reaſon to accuſe time of depredations on her beauty.

In the iſlands, as in moſt other places, the inhabitants are of different rank, and one does not encroach here upon another. Where there is no commerce nor manufacture, he that is born poor can ſcarcely become rich; and if none are able to buy eſtates, he that is born to land cannot annihilate his family by ſelling it. This was once the ſtate of theſe countries. Perhaps there is no example, till within a century and half, of any family whoſe eſtates was alienated otherwiſe than by violence or forfeiture. Since money has been brought amongſt them, they have found, like others, the art of ſpending more than they receive; and I ſaw with grief the chief of a very ancient clan, whoſe iſland was condemned by law to be ſold for the ſatisfaction of his creditors.

The

The name of highest dignity is Laird, of which there are in the extensive isle of *Sky* only three, *Macdonald*, *Macleod*, and *Mackinnon*. The laird is the original owner of the land, whose natural power must be very great, where no man lives but by agriculture; and where the produce of the land is not conveyed through the labyrinths of traffick, but passes directly from the hand that gathers it to the mouth that eats it. The laird has all those in his power that lives upon his farms. Kings can, for the most part, only exalt or degrade. The laird at pleasure can feed or starve, can give bread, or withhold it. This inherent power was yet strengthened by the kindness of consanguinity, and the reverence of patriarchal authority. The laird was the father of the clan, and his tenants commonly bore his name. And to these principles of original command was added, for many ages, an exclusive right of legal jurisdiction.

This multifarious and extensive obligation operated with force scarcely credible. Every duty, moral or political, was absorbed in affection and adherence to the chief. Not many years have passed since the clans knew no law but the laird's will. He told them to whom they should be friends or enemies, what king they should obey, and what religion they should profess.

When the *Scots* first rose in arms against the succession of the house of *Hanover*, *Lovat*, the chief of the *Frasers*, was in exile for a rape. The *Frasers* were very numerous, and very zealous against the government. A pardon was sent to *Lovat*. He came to the *English* camp, and the clan immediately deserted to him.

Next in dignity to the laird is the Tacksman; a large taker or lease-holder of land, of which he keeps part as a domain in his own hand, and lets part to under-tenants. The tacksman is necessarily a man capable of securing to the laird the whole rent, and is commonly a collateral relation. These *tacks*, or subordinate possessions, were long considered as hereditary, and the occupant was distinguished by the name of the place at which he resided. He held a middle station, by which the highest and the lowest orders were connected. He paid rent and reverence to the laird, and received them from the tenants. This tenure still subsists, with its original operation, but not with the primitive stability. Since the islanders, no longer content to live, have learned the desire of growing rich, an ancient dependent is in danger of giving way to a higher bidder, at the expence of

domeſtick dignity and hereditary power. The ſtranger, whoſe money buys him preference, conſiders himſelf as paying for all that he has, and is indifferent about the laird's honour or ſafety. The commodiouſneſs of money is indeed great; but there are ſome advantages which money cannot buy, and which therefore no wiſe man will by the love of money be tempted to forego.

I have found in the higher parts of *Scotland*, men not defective in judgment or general experience, who conſider the tackſman as a uſeleſs burden of the ground, as a drone who lives upon the product of an eſtate, without the right of property, or the merit of labour, and who impoveriſhes at once the landlord and the tenant. The land, ſay they, is let to the tackſman at ſix-pence an acre, and by him to the tenant at ten-pence. Let the owner be the immediate landlord to all the tenants; if he ſets the ground at eight-pence, he will increaſe his revenue by a fourth part, and the tenant's burden will be diminiſhed by a fifth.

Thoſe who purſue this train of reaſoning, ſeem not ſufficiently to inquire whither it will lead them, nor to know that it will equally ſhow the propriety of ſuppreſſing all wholeſale trade, of ſhutting up the ſhops of every man who ſells what he does not make, and of extruding all whoſe agency and profit intervene between the manufacturer and the conſumer. They may, by ſtretching their underſtandings a little wider, comprehend, that all thoſe who, by undertaking large quantities of manufacture, and affording employment to many labourers, make themſelves conſidered as benefactors to the publick, have only been robbing their workmen with one hand, and their cuſtomers with the other. If Crowley had ſold only what he could make, and all his ſmiths had wrought their own iron with their own hammers, he would have lived on leſs, and they would have ſold their work for more. The ſalaries of ſuperintendents and clerks would have been partly ſaved, and partly ſhared, and nails been ſometimes cheaper by a farthing in a hundred. But then if the ſmith could not have found an immediate purchaſer, he muſt have deſerted his anvil; if there had by accident at any time been more ſellers than buyers, the workmen muſt have reduced their profit to nothing, by underſelling one another; and as no great ſtock could have been in any hand, no ſudden demand of large quantities could have been anſwered, and the builder muſt have ſtood ſtill till the nailer could ſupply him.

According

According to theſe ſchemes, univerſal plenty is to begin and end in univerſal miſery. Hope and emulation will be utterly extinguiſhed; and as all muſt obey the call of immediate neceſſity, nothing that requires extenſive views, or provides for diſtant conſequences, will ever be performed.

To the ſouthern inhabitants of *Scotland*, the ſtate of the mountains and the iſlands is equally unknown with that of *Borneo* or *Sumatra*: of both they have only heard a little, and gueſs the reſt. They are ſtrangers to the language and the manners, to the advantages and wants of the people, whoſe life they would model, and whoſe evils they would remedy.

Nothing is leſs difficult than to procure one convenience by the forfeiture of another. A ſoldier may expedite his march by throwing away his arms. To baniſh the tackſman is eaſy, to make a country plentiful by diminiſhing the people, is an expeditious mode of huſbandry; but that abundance, which there is nobody to enjoy, contributes little to human happineſs.

As the mind muſt govern the hands, ſo in every ſociety the man of intelligence muſt direct the man of labour. If the tackſmen be taken away, the *Hebrides* muſt in their preſent ſtate be given up to groſſneſs and ignorance; the tenant, for want of inſtruction, will be unſkilful, and for want of admonition, will be negligent. The laird, in theſe wide eſtates, which often conſiſt of iſlands remote from one another, cannot extend his perſonal influence to all his tenants; and the ſteward having no dignity annexed to his character, can have little authority among men taught to pay reverence only to birth, and who regard the tackſman as their hereditary ſuperior; nor can the ſteward have equal zeal for the proſperity of an eſtate profitable only to the laird, with the tackſman, who has the laird's income involved in his own.

The only gentlemen in the iſlands are the lairds, the tackſmen, and the miniſters, who frequently improve their livings by becoming farmers. If the tackſmen be baniſhed, who will be left to impart knowledge, or impreſs civility? The laird muſt always be at a diſtance from the greater part of his lands; and if he reſides at all upon them, muſt drag his days in ſolitude, having no longer either a friend or a companion; he will therefore depart to ſome more comfortable

fortable residence, and leave the tenants to the wisdom and mercy of a factor.

Of tenants there are different orders, as they have greater or less stock. Land is sometimes leased to a small fellowship, who live in a cluster of huts, called a Tenant's Town, and are bound jointly and separately for the payment of their rent. These, I believe, employ in the care of their cattle and the labour of tillage, a kind of tenants yet lower; who having a hut, with grass for a certain number of cows and sheep, pay their rent by a stipulated quantity of labour.

The condition of domestick servants, or the price of occasional labour, I do not know with certainty. I was told that the maids have sheep, and are allowed to spin for their own cloathing; perhaps they have no pecuniary wages, or none but in very wealthy families. The state of life, which has hitherto been purely pastoral, begins now to be a little variegated with commerce; but novelties enter by degrees, and till one mode has fully prevailed over the other, no settled notion can be formed.

Such is the system of insular subordination, which having little variety, cannot afford much delight in the view, nor long detain the mind in contemplation. The inhabitants were for a long time perhaps not unhappy; but their content was a muddy mixture of pride and ignorance, an indifference for pleasures which they did not know, a blind veneration for their chiefs, and a strong conviction of their own importance.

Their pride has been crushed by the heavy hand of a vindictive conqueror, whose severities have been followed by laws, which though they cannot be called cruel, have produced much discontent, because they operate upon the surface of life, and make every eye bear witness to subjection. To be compelled to a new dress has always been found painful.

Their chiefs being now deprived of their jurisdiction, have already lost much of their influence; and as they gradually degenerate from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords, they will divest themselves of the little that remains.

That dignity which they derived from an opinion of their military importance, the law, which disarmed them, has abated. An old gentleman, delighting himself with the recollection of better days, related, that forty years ago, a chieftain walked out attended by ten or twelve followers, with

with their arms rattling. That animating rabble has now ceased. The chief has lost his formidable retinue; and the *Highlander* walks his heath unarmed and defenceless, with the peaceable submission of a *French* peasant, or *English* cottager.

Their ignorance grows every day less, but their knowledge is yet of little other use than to shew them their wants. They are now in the period of education, and feel the uneasiness of discipline, without yet perceiving the benefit of instruction.

The last law, by which the *Highlanders* are deprived of their arms, has operated with efficacy beyond expectation. Of former statutes made with the same design, the execution had been feeble, and the effect inconsiderable. Concealment was undoubtedly practised, and perhaps often with connivance. There was tenderness or partiality on one side, and obstinacy on the other. But the law, which followed the victory of *Culloden*, found the whole nation dejected and intimidated; informations were given without danger and without fear, and the arms were collected with such rigour, that every house was despoiled of its defence.

To disarm part of the *Highlands*, could give no reasonable occasion of complaint. Every government must be allowed the power of taking away the weapon that is lifted against it. But the loyal clans murmured, with some appearance of justice, that, after having defended the king, they were forbidden for the future to defend themselves; and that the sword should be forfeited, which had been legally employed. Their case is undoubtedly hard, but in political regulations, good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.

Whether by disarming a people thus broken into several tribes, and thus remote from the seat of power, more good than evil has been produced, may deserve enquiry. The supreme power in every community has the right of debarring every individual, and every subordinate society, from self-defence, only because the supreme power is able to defend them; and therefore where the governor cannot act, he must trust the subject to act for himself. These islands might be wasted with fire and sword before their sovereign would know their distress. A gang of robbers, such as has been lately found confederating themselves in the *Highlands*, might lay a wide region under contribution. The crew of a petty privateer might land on the largest and most wealthy of

of the iſlands, and riot without controul in cruelty and waſte. It was obſerved by one of the chiefs of *Sky*, that fifty armed men might, without reſiſtance, ravage the country. Laws that place the ſubjects in ſuch a ſtate, contravene the firſt principles of the compact of authority: they exact obedience, and yield no protection.

It affords a generous and manly pleaſure to conceive a little nation gathering its fruits and tending its herds with fearleſs confidence, though it lies open on every ſide to invaſion, where, in contempt of walls and trenches, every man ſleeps ſecurely with his ſword beſide him; where all on the firſt approach of hoſtility came together at the call to battle, as at a ſummons to a feſtal ſhow; and committing their cattle to the care of thoſe whom age or nature has diſabled, engage the enemy with that competition for hazard and for glory, which operate in men that fight under the eye of thoſe, whoſe diſlike or kindneſs they have always conſidered as the greateſt evil or the greateſt good.

This was, in the beginning of the preſent century, the ſtate of the *Highlands*. Every man was a ſoldier, who partook of national confidence, and intereſted himſelf in national honour. To loſe this ſpirit, is to loſe what no ſmall advantage will compenſate.

It may likewiſe deſerve to be enquired, whether a great nation ought to be totally commercial? whether amidſt the uncertainty of human affairs, too much attention to one mode of happineſs may not endanger others? whether the pride of riches muſt not ſometimes have recourſe to the protection of courage? and whether, if it be neceſſary to preſerve in ſome part of the empire the military ſpirit, it can ſubſiſt more commodiouſly in any place, than in remote and unprofitable provinces, where it can commonly do little harm, and whence it may be called forth at any ſudden exigence?

It muſt however be confeſſed, that a man, who places honour only in ſucceſsful violence, is a very troubleſome and pernicious animal in time of peace; and that the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people, but by the diminution of all other virtues. He that is accuſtomed to reſolve all right into conqueſt, will have very little tenderneſs or equity. All the friendſhip in ſuch a life can be only a confederacy of invaſion, or alliance of defence. The ſtrong muſt flouriſh by force, and the weak ſubſiſt by ſtratagem.

Till

Till the *Highlanders* loſt their ferocity with their arms, they ſuffered from each other all that malignity could dictate, or precipitance could act. Every provocation was revenged with blood, and no man that ventured into a numerous company, by whatever occaſion brought together, was ſure of returning without a wound. If they are now expoſed to foreign hoſtilities, they may talk of the danger, but can ſeldom feel it. If they are no longer martial, they are no longer quarrelſome. Miſery is cauſed for the moſt part, not by a heavy cruſh of diſaſter, but by the corroſion of leſs viſible evils, which canker enjoyment, and undermine ſecurity. The viſit of an invader is neceſſarily rare, but domeſtick animoſities allow no ceſſation.

The abolition of the local juriſdictions, which had for ſo many ages been exerciſed by the chiefs, has likewiſe its evil and its good. The feudal conſtitution naturally diffuſed itſelf into long ramifications of ſubordinate authority. To this general temper of the government was added the peculiar form of the country, broken by mountains into many ſub-diviſions ſcarcely acceſſible but to the natives, and guarded by paſſes, or perplexed with intricacies, through which national juſtice could not find its way.

The power of deciding controverſies, and of puniſhing offences, as ſome ſuch power there muſt always be, was entruſted to the lairds of the country, to thoſe whom the people conſidered as their natural judges. It cannot be ſuppoſed that a rugged proprietor of the rocks, unprincipled and unenlightened, was a nice reſolver of entangled claims, or very exact in proportioning puniſhment to offences. But the more he indulged his own will, the more he held his vaſſals in dependance. Prudence and innocence, without the favour of the chief, conferred no ſecurity; and crimes involved no danger, when the judge was reſolute to acquit.

When the chiefs were men of knowledge and virtue, the convenience of a domeſtick judicature was great. No long journies were neceſſary, nor artificial delays could be practiſed; the character, the alliances, and intereſt of the litigants were known to the court, and all falſe pretences were eaſily detected. The ſentence, when it was paſt, could not be evaded; the power of the laird ſuperſeded formalities, and juſtice could not be defeated by intereſt or ſtratagem.

I doubt not but that ſince the regular judges have made their circuits through the whole country, right has been every

every where more wiſely and more equally diſtributed; the complaint is, that litigation is grown troubleſome, and that the magiſtrates are too few, and therefore often too remote for general convenience.

Many of the ſmaller iſlands have no legal officer within them. I once aſked, if a crime ſhould be committed, by what authority the offender could be ſeized? and was told, that the laird would exert his right; a right which he muſt now uſurp, but which ſurely neceſſity muſt vindicate, and which is therefore yet exerciſed in lower degrees, by ſome of the proprietors, when legal proceſſes cannot be obtained.

In all greater queſtions, however, there is now happily an end to all fear or hope from malice or from favour. The roads are ſecure in thoſe places through which, forty years ago, no traveller could paſs without a convoy. All trials of right by the ſword are forgotten, and the mean are in as little danger from the powerful as in other places. No ſcheme of policy has, in any country, yet brought the rich and poor on equal terms into courts of judicature. Perhaps experience, improving on experience, may in time effect it.

Thoſe who have long enjoyed dignity and power, ought not to loſe it without ſome equivalent. There was paid to the chiefs by the publick, in exchange for their privileges, perhaps a ſum greater than moſt of them had ever poſſeſſed, which excited a thirſt for riches, of which it ſhewed them the uſe. When the power of birth and ſtation ceaſes, no hope remains but from the prevalence of money. Power and wealth ſupply the place of each other. Power confers the ability of gratifying our deſire without the conſent of others. Wealth enables us to obtain the conſent of others to our gratification. Power ſimply conſidered, whatever it confers on one, muſt take from another. Wealth enables its owner to give to others, by taking only from himſelf. Power pleaſes the violent and proud: wealth delights the placid and the timorous. Youth therefore flies at power, and age grovels after riches.

The chiefs, diveſted of their prerogatives, neceſſarily turned their thoughts to the improvement of their revenues, and expect more rent, as they have leſs homage. The tenant, who is far from perceiving that his condition is made better in the ſame proportion as that of his landlord is made worſe, does not immediately ſee why his induſtry

is

is to be taxed more heavily than before. He refuſes to pay the demand, and is ejected; the ground is then let to a ſtranger who perhaps brings a larger ſtock, but who, taking the land at its full price, treats with the laird upon equal terms, and conſiders him not as a chief, but as a trafficker in land. Thus the eſtate perhaps is improved, but the clan is broken.

It ſeems to be the general opinion, that the rents have been raiſed with too much eagerneſs. Some regard muſt be paid to prejudice. Thoſe who have hitherto paid but little, will not ſuddenly be perſuaded to pay much, though they can afford it. As ground is gradually improved, and the value of money decreaſes, the rent may be raiſed without any diminution of the farmer's profits; yet it is neceſſary in theſe countries, where the ejection of a tenant is a greater evil than in more populous places, to conſider not merely what the land will produce, but with what ability the inhabitant can cultivate it. A certain ſtock can allow but a certain payment; for if the land be doubled, and the ſtock remains the ſame, the tenant becomes no richer. The proprietors of the *Highlands* might perhaps often increaſe their income, by ſubdividing the farms, and allotting to every occupier only ſo many acres as he can profitably employ, but that they want people.

There ſeems now, whatever be the cauſe, to be through a great part of the *Highlands* a general diſcontent. That adherence, which was lately profeſſed by every man to the chief of his name, has now little prevalence; and he that cannot live as he deſires at home, liſtens to the tale of fortunate iſlands, and happy regions, where every man may have land of his own, and eat the product of his labour without a ſuperior.

Thoſe who have obtained grants of *American* lands, have, as is well known, invited ſettlers from all quarters of the globe; and among other places, where oppreſſion might produce a wiſh for new habitations, their emiſſaries would not fail to try their perſuaſions in the iſles of *Scotland*, where at the time when the clans were newly diſunited from their chiefs, and exaſperated by unprecedented exactions, it is no wonder that they prevailed.

Whether the miſchiefs of emigration were immediately perceived, may be juſtly queſtioned. They who went firſt, were probably ſuch as could beſt be ſpared; but the accounts ſent by the earlieſt adventurers, whether true or falſe, inclined

clined many to follow them; and whole neighbourhoods formed parties for removal; so that departure from their native country is no longer exile. He that goes thus accompanied, carries with him all that makes life pleasant. He sits down in a better climate, surrounded by his kindred and his friends: they carry with them their language, their opinions, their popular songs, and hereditary merriment: they change nothing but the place of their abode; and of that change they perceive the benefit.

This is the real effect of emigration, if those that go away together settle on the same spot, and preserve their ancient union. But some relate that these adventurous visitants of unknown regions, after a voyage passed in dreams of plenty and felicity, are dispersed at last upon a sylvan wilderness, where their first years must be spent in toil, to clear the ground which is afterwards to be tilled, and that the whole effect of their undertaking is only more fatigue and equal scarcity.

Both accounts may be suspected. Those who are gone will endeavour by every art to draw others after them; for as their numbers are greater, they will provide better for themselves. When *Nova Scotia* was first peopled, I remember a letter, published under the character of a New Planter, who related how much the climate put him in mind of *Italy*. Such intelligence the *Hebridians* probably receive from their transmarine correspondents. But with equal temptations of interest, and perhaps with no greater niceness of veracity, the owners of the islands spread stories of *American* hardships to keep their people content at home.

Some method to stop this epidemick desire of wandering, which spreads its contagion from valley to valley, deserves to be sought with great diligence. In more fruitful countries, the removal of one, only makes room for the succession of another: but in the *Hebrides*, the loss of an inhabitant leaves a lasting vacuity; for nobody born in any other parts of the world will choose this country for his residence; and an island once depopulated will remain a desert, as long as the present facility of travel gives every one, who is discontented and unsettled, the choice of his abode.

Let it be enquired, whether the first intention of those who are fluttering on the wing, and collecting a flock that they may take their flight, be to attain good, or to avoid evil. If they are dissatisfied with that part of the globe, which their birth has allotted them, and resolve not to live without

without the pleafures of happier climates; if they long for bright funs, and calm fkies, and flowery fields, and fragrant gardens, I know not by what eloquence they can be perfuaded, or by what offers they can be hired to ftay.

But if they are driven from their native country by pofitive evils, and difgufted by ill-treatment, real or imaginary, it were fit to remove their grievances, and quiet their refentment; fince, if they have been hitherto undutiful fubjects, they will not much mend their principles by *American* converfation.

To allure them into the army, it was thought proper to indulge them in the continuance of their national drefs. If this conceffion could have any effect, it might eafily be made. That diffimilitude of appearance, which was fuppofed to keep them diftinct from the reft of the nation, might difincline them from coalefcing with the *Penfylvanians* or people of *Connecticut*. If the reftitution of their arms will reconcile them to their country, let them have again thofe weapons, which will not be more mifchievous at home than in the Colonies. That they may not fly from the increafe of rent, I know not whether the general good does not require that the landlords be, for a time, reftrained in their demands, and kept quiet by penfions proportionate to their lofs.

To hinder infurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no fubjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politicks. To foften the obdurate, to convince the miftaken, to mollify the refentful, are worthy of a ftatefman; but it affords a legiflator little felf-applaufe to confider, that where there was formerly an infurrection, there is now a wilderneefs.

It has been a queftion often agitated without folution, why thofe northern regions are now fo thinly peopled, which formerly overwhelmed with their armies the *Roman* empire. The queftion fuppofes what I believe is not true, that they had once more inhabitants than they could maintain, and overflowed only becaufe they were full.

This is to eftimate the manners of all countries and ages by our own. Migration, while the ftate of life was unfettled, and there was little communication of intelligence between diftant places, was among the wilder nations of *Europe* capricious and cafual. An adventurous projector heard of a fertile coaft unoccupied, and led out a colony; a chief of renown for bravery, called the young men together,

ther, and led them out to try what fortune would present. When *Cæsar* was in *Gaul*, he found the *Helvetians* preparing to go they knew not whither, and put a stop to their motions. They settled again in their own country, where they were so far from wanting room, that they had accumulated three years provision for their march.

The religion of the north was military; if they could not find enemies, it was their duty to make them: they travelled in quest of danger, and willingly took the chance of empire or death. If their troops were numerous, the countries from which they were collected are of vast extent, and without much exuberance of people great armies may be raised where every man is a soldier. But their true numbers were never known. Those who were conquered by them are their historians, and shame may have excited them to say, that they were overwhelmed with multitudes. To count is a modern practice, the ancient method was to guess: and when numbers are guessed, they are always magnified.

Thus *England* has for several years been filled with the atchievements of seventy thousand *Highlanders* employed in *America*. I have heard from an *English* officer, not much inclined to favour them, that their behaviour deserved a very high degree of military praise; but their number has been much exaggerated. One of the ministers told me, that seventy thousand men could not have been found in all the *Highlands*, and that more than twelve thousand never took the field. Those that went to the *American* war, went to destruction. Of the old *Highland* regiment, consisting of twelve hundred, only seventy-six survived to see their country again.

The *Gothick* swarms have at least been multiplied with equal liberality. That they bore no great proportion to the inhabitants, in whose countries they settled, is plain from the paucity of northern words now found in the provincial languages. Their country was not deserted for want of room, because it was covered with forests of vast extent; and the first effect of plenitude of inhabitants is the destruction of wood. As the *Europeans* spread over *America*, the lands are gradually laid naked.

I would not be understood to say, that necessity had never any part in their expeditions. A nation, whose agriculture is scanty or unskilful, may be driven out by famine. A nation of hunters may have exhausted their game. I only affirm that the northern regions were not, when their irruptions subdued

ſubdued the *Romans*, overpeopled with regard to their real extent of territory, and power of fertility. In a country fully inhabited, however afterward laid waſte, evident marks will remain of its former populouſneſs. But of *Scandinavia* and *Germany*, nothing is known but that as we trace their ſtate upwards into antiquity, their woods were greater, and their cultivated ground was leſs.

That cauſes very different from want of room may produce a general diſpoſition to ſeek another country, is apparent from the preſent conduct of the *Highlanders*, who are in ſome places ready to threaten a total ſeceſſion. The numbers which have already gone, though like other numbers they may be magnified, are very great, and ſuch as if they had gone together and agreed upon any certain ſettlement, might have founded an independent government in the depths of the weſtern continent. Nor are they only the loweſt and moſt indigent; many men of conſiderable wealth have taken with them their train of labourers and dependants; and if they continue the feudal ſcheme of polity, may eſtabliſh new clans in the other hemiſphere.

That the immediate motives of their deſertion muſt be imputed to their landlords, may be reaſonably concluded, becauſe ſome lairds of more prudence and leſs rapacity have kept their vaſſals undiminiſhed. From *Raaſay* only one man had been ſeduced, and at *Col* there was no wiſh to go away.

The traveller who comes hither from more opulent countries, to ſpeculate upon the remains of paſtoral life, will not much wonder that a common *Highlander* has no ſtrong adherence to his native ſoil; for of animal enjoyments, or of phyſical good, he leaves nothing that he may not find again wherefoever he may be thrown.

The habitations of men in the *Hebrides* may be diſtinguiſhed into huts and houſes. By a *houſe*, I mean a building with one ſtory over another; by a *hut*, a dwelling with only one floor. The laird, who formerly lived in a caſtle, now lives in a houſe; ſometimes ſufficiently neat, but ſeldom very ſpacious or ſplendid. The tackſmen and the miniſters have commonly houſes. Wherever there is a houſe, the ſtranger finds a welcome, and to the other evils of exterminating tackſmen may be added the unavoidable ceſſation of hoſpitality, or the devolution of too heavy a burden on the miniſters.

Of

Of the houfes little can be faid. They are fmall, and by the neceffity of accumulating ftores, where there are fo few opportunities of purchafe, the rooms are very heterogeneoufly filled. With want of cleanlinefs it were ingratitude to reproach them. The fervants having been bred upon the naked earth, think every floor clean, and the quick fucceffion of guefts, perhaps not always over-elegant, does not allow much time for adjufting their apartments.

Huts are of many gradations; from murky dens, to commodious dwellings.

The wall of a common hut is always built without mortar, by a fkilful adaptation of loofe ftones. Sometimes perhaps a double wall of ftones is raifed, and the intermediate fpace filled with earth. The air is thus completely excluded. Some walls are, I think, formed of turfs, held together by a wattle, or texture of twigs. Of the meaneft huts, the firft room is lighted by the entrance, and the fecond by the fmoke-hole. The fire is ufually made in the middle. But there are huts, or dwellings, of only one ftory, inhabited by gentlemen, which have walls cemented with mortar, glafs windows, and boarded floors. Of thefe all have chimneys, and fome chimneys have grates.

The houfe and the furniture are not always nicely fuited. We were driven once, by miffing a paffage, to the hut of a gentleman, where, after a very liberal fupper, when I was conducted to my chamber, I found an elegant bed of *Indian* cotton, fpread with fine fheets. The accommodation was flattering; I undreffed myfelf, and felt my feet in the mire. The bed ftood upon the bare earth, which a long courfe of rain had foftened to a puddle.

In paftoral countries the condition of the loweft rank of people is fufficiently wretched. Among manufacturers, men that have no property may have art and induftry, which make them neceffary, and therefore valuable. But where flocks and corn are the only wealth, there are always more hands than work, and of that work there is little in which fkill and dexterity can be much diftinguifhed. He therefore who is born poor never can be rich. The fon merely occupies the place of the father, and life knows nothing of progreffion or advancement.

The petty tenants, and labouring peafants, live in miferable cabins, which afford them little more than fhelter from the ftorms. The boor of *Norway* is faid to make all his own utenfils. In the *Hebrides*, whatever might be their ingenuity,

nuity, the want of wood leaves them no materials. They are probably content with ſuch accommodations as ſtones of different forms and ſizes can afford them.

Their food is not better than their lodging. They ſeldom taſte the fleſh of land animals; for here are no markets. What each man eats is from his own ſtock. The great effect of money is to break property into ſmall parts. In towns, he that has a ſhilling may have a piece of meat; but where there is no commerce, no man can eat mutton but by killing a ſheep.

Fiſh in fair weather they need not want; but, I believe, man never lives long on fiſh, but by conſtraint; he will rather feed upon roots and berries.

The only fewel of the iſlands is peat. Their wood is all conſumed, and coal they have not yet found. Peat is dug out of the marſhes, from the depth of one foot to that of ſix. That is accounted the beſt which is neareſt the ſurface. It appears to be a maſs of black earth held together by vegetable fibres. I know not whether the earth be bituminous, or whether the fibres be not the only combuſtible part; which, by heating the interpoſed earth red hot, make a burning maſs. The heat is not very ſtrong nor laſting. The aſhes are yellowiſh, and in a large quantity. When they dig peat, they cut it into ſquare pieces, and pile it up to dry beſide the houſe. In ſome places it has an offenſive ſmell. It is like wood charked for the ſmith. The common method of making peat fires is by heaping it on the hearth; but it burns well in grates, and in the beſt houſes is ſo uſed.

The common opinion is, that peat grows again where it has been cut; which, as it ſeems to be chiefly a vegetable ſubſtance, is not unlikely to be true, whether known or not to thoſe who relate it.

There are water mills in *Sky* and *Raaſay*; but where they are too far diſtant, the houſe-wives grind their oats with a quern, or hand-mill, which conſiſts of two ſtones, about a foot and a half in diameter; the lower is a little convex, to which the concavity of the upper muſt be fitted. In the middle of the upper ſtone is a round hole, and on one ſide is a long handle. The grinder ſheds the corn gradually into the hole with one hand, and works the handle round with the other. The corn ſlides down the convexity of the lower ſtone, and by the motion of the upper is ground in its paſſage. Theſe ſtones are found in *Lochabar*.

The iſlands afford few pleaſures, except to the hardy ſportſman, who can tread the moor and climb the mountain. The diſtance of one family from another, in a country where travelling has ſo much difficulty, makes frequent intercourſe impracticable. Viſits laſt ſeveral days, and are commonly paid by water; yet I never ſaw a boat furniſhed with benches, or made commodious by any addition to the firſt fabrick. Conveniencies are not miſſed where they never were enjoyed.

The ſolace which the bagpipe can give, they have long enjoyed; but among other changes, which the laſt revolution introduced, the uſe of the bagpipe begins to be forgotten. Some of the chief families ſtill entertain a piper, whoſe office was anciently hereditary. *Macrimmon* was piper to *Macleod*, and *Rankin* to *Maclean* of *Col.*

The tunes of the bagpipe are traditional. There has been in *Sky*, beyond all time of memory, a college of pipers, under the direction of *Macrimmon*, which is not quite extinct. There was another in *Mull*, ſuperintended by *Rankin*, which expired about ſixteen years ago. To theſe colleges, while the pipe retained its honour, the ſtudents of muſick repaired for education. I have had my dinner exhilarated by the bagpipe, at *Armidale*, at *Dunvegan*, and in *Col.*

The general converſation of the iſlanders has nothing particular. I did not meet with the inquiſitiveneſs of which I have read, and ſuſpect the judgment to have been raſhly made. A ſtranger of curioſity comes into a place where a ſtranger is ſeldom ſeen: he importunes the people with queſtions, of which they cannot gueſs the motive, and gazes with ſurpriſe on things which they, having had them always before their eyes, do not ſuſpect of any thing wonderful. He appears to them like ſome being of another world, and then thinks it peculiar that they take their turn to inquire whence he comes, and whither he is going.

The iſlands were long unfurniſhed with inſtruction for youth, and none but the ſons of gentlemen could have any literature. There are now parochial ſchools, to which the lord of every manor pays a certain ſtipend. Here the children are taught to read; but by the rule of their inſtitution, they teach only *Engliſh*, ſo that the natives read a language which they may never uſe or underſtand. If a pariſh, which often happens, contains ſeveral iſlands, the ſchool being but in one, cannot aſſiſt the reſt. This is the ſtate of *Col*, which,

which, however, is more enlightened than ſome other places; for the deficiency is ſupplied by a young gentleman, who, for his own improvement, travels every year on foot over the *Highlands* to the ſeſſion at *Aberdeen*; and at his return, during the vacation, teaches to read and write in his native iſland.

In *Sky* there are two grammar-ſchools, where boarders are taken to be regularly educated. The price of board is from three pounds, to four pounds ten ſhillings a year, and that of inſtruction is half a crown a quarter. But the ſcholars are birds of paſſage, who live at ſchool only in the ſummer; for in winter proviſions cannot be made for any conſiderable number in one place. This periodical diſperſion impreſſes ſtrongly the ſcarcity of theſe countries.

Having heard of no boarding-ſchool for ladies nearer than *Inverneſs*, I ſuppoſe their education is generally domeſtick. The elder daughters of the higher families are ſent into the world, and may contribute by their acquiſitions to the improvement of the reſt.

Women muſt here ſtudy to be either pleaſing or uſeful. Their deficiencies are ſeldom ſupplied by very liberal fortunes. A hundred pounds is a portion beyond the hope of any but the laird's daughter. They do not indeed often give money with their daughters; the queſtion is, How many cows a young lady will bring her huſband? A rich maiden has from ten to forty; but two cows are a decent fortune for one who pretends to no diſtinction.

The religion of the iſlands is that of the kirk of *Scotland*. The gentlemen with whom I converſed are all inclined to the *Engliſh* liturgy; but they are obliged to maintain the eſtabliſhed miniſter, and the country is too poor to afford payment to another, who muſt live wholly on the contribution of his audience.

They therefore all attend the worſhip of the kirk, as often as a viſit from their miniſter, or the practicability of travelling, gives them opportunity; nor have they any reaſon to complain of inſufficient paſtors; for I ſaw not one in the iſlands, whom I had reaſon to think either deficient in learning, or irregular in life; but found ſeveral with whom I could not converſe without wiſhing, as my reſpect increaſed, that they had not been preſbyterians.

The ancient rigour of puritaniſm is now very much relaxed, though all are not yet equally enlightened. I ſometimes met with prejudices ſufficiently malignant, but they

were prejudices of ignorance. The miniſters in the iſlands had attained ſuch knowledge as may juſtly be admired in men, who have no motive to ſtudy, but generous curioſity, or, what is ſtill better, deſire of uſefulneſs; with ſuch politeneſs as ſo narrow a circle of converſe could not have ſupplied, but to minds naturally diſpoſed to elegance.

Reaſon and truth will prevail at laſt. The moſt learned of the *Scottiſh* doctors would now gladly admit a form of prayer, if the people would endure it. The zeal or rage of congregations has its different degrees. In ſome pariſhes the Lord's Prayer is ſuffered: in others it is ſtill rejected as a form; and he that ſhould make it part of his ſupplication would be ſuſpected of heretical pravity.

The principle upon which extemporary prayer was originally introduced, is no longer admitted. The miniſter formerly, in the effuſion of his prayer, expected immediate, and perhaps perceptible inſpiration, and therefore thought it his duty not to think before what he ſhould ſay. It is now univerſally confeſſed, that men pray as they ſpeak on other occaſions, according to the general meaſure of their abilities and attainments. Whatever each may think of a form preſcribed by another, he cannot but believe that he can himſelf compoſe by ſtudy and meditation a better prayer than will riſe in his mind at a ſudden call; and if he has any hope of ſupernatural help, why may he not as well receive it when he writes as when he ſpeaks?

In the variety of mental powers, ſome muſt perform extemporary prayer with much imperfection; and in the eagerneſs and raſhneſs of contradictory opinions, if publick liturgy be left to the private judgment of every miniſter, the congregation may often be offended or miſled.

There is in *Scotland*, as among ourſelves, a reſtleſs ſuſpicion of popiſh machinations, and a clamour of numerous converts to the Romiſh religion. The report is, I believe, in both parts of the iſland equally falſe. The Romiſh religion is profeſſed only in *Egg* and *Canna*, two ſmall iſlands, into which the reformation never made its way. If any miſſionaries are buſy in the *Highlands*, their zeal entitles them to reſpect, even from thoſe who cannot think favourably of their doctrine.

The political tenets of the iſlanders I was not curious to inveſtigate, and they were not eager to obtrude. Their converſation is decent and inoffenſive. They diſdain to drink for their principles, and there is no diſaffection at their

their tables. I never heard a health offered by a *Highlander* that might not have circulated with propriety within the precincts of the king's palace.

Legal government has yet ſomething of novelty to which they cannot perfectly conform. The ancient ſpirit that appealed only to the ſword, is yet among them. The tenant of *Scalpa*, an iſland belonging to *Macdonald*, took no care to bring his rent; when the landlord talked of exacting payment, he declared his reſolution to keep his ground and drive all intruders from the iſland, and continued to feed his cattle as on his own land, till it became neceſſary for the ſheriff to diſlodge him by violence.

The various kinds of ſuperſtition which prevailed here, as in all other regions of ignorance, are by the diligence of the miniſters almoſt extirpated.

Of *Browny*, mentioned by *Martin*, nothing has been heard for many years. *Browny* was a ſturdy fairy; who, if he was fed, and kindly treated, would, as they ſaid, do a great deal of work. They now pay him no wages, and are content to labour for themſelves.

In *Troda*, within theſe three-and-thirty years, milk was put every *Saturday* for *Greogach*, or *the Old Man with the Long Beard*. Whether *Greogach* was courted as kind, or dreaded as terrible, whether they meant, by giving him the milk, to obtain good or avert evil, I was not informed. The miniſter is now living by whom the practice was aboliſhed.

They have ſtill among them a great number of charms for the cure of different diſeaſes; they are all invocations, perhaps tranſmitted to them from the times of popery, which increaſing knowledge will bring into diſuſe.

They have opinions, which cannot be ranked with ſuperſtition, becauſe they regard only natural effects. They expect better crops of grain, by ſowing their ſeed in the moon's increaſe. The moon has great influence in vulgar philoſophy. In my memory it was a precept annually given in one of the *Engliſh* almanacks, *to kill hogs when the moon was increaſing, and the bacon would prove the better in boiling.*

We ſhould have had little claim to the praiſe of curioſity, if we had not endeavoured with particular attention to examine the queſtion of the *Second Sight*. Of an opinion received for centuries by a whole nation, and ſuppoſed to be confirmed through its whole deſcent by a ſeries of ſucceſ-

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ſive facts, it is deſirable that the truth ſhould be eſtabliſhed, or the fallacy detected.

The *Second Sight* is an impreſſion made either by the mind upon the eye, or by the eye upon the mind, by which things diſtant or future are perceived, and ſeen as if they were preſent. A man on a journey far from home falls from his horſe; another, who is perhaps at work about the houſe, ſees him bleeding on the ground, commonly with a landſcape of the place where the accident befalls him. Another ſeer, driving home his cattle, or wandering in idleneſs, or muſing in the ſunſhine, is ſuddenly ſurpriſed by the appearance of a bridal ceremony, or funeral proceſſion, and counts the mourners or attendants, of whom, if he knows them, he relates the names, if he knows them not, he can deſcribe the dreſſes. Things diſtant are ſeen at the inſtant when they happen. Of things future I know not that there is any rule for determining the time between the ſight and the event.

This receptive faculty, for power it cannot be called, is neither voluntary nor conſtant. The appearances have no dependence upon choice: they cannot be ſummoned, detained, or recalled. The impreſſion is ſudden, and the effect often painful.

By the term *Second Sight*, ſeems to be meant a mode of ſeeing, ſuperadded to that which nature generally beſtows. In the *Earſe* it is called *Taiſch*; which ſignifies likewiſe a ſpectre, or a viſion. I know not, nor is it likely that the *Highlanders* ever examined, whether by *Taiſch*, uſed for *Second Sight*, they mean the power of ſeeing, or the thing ſeen.

I do not find it to be true, as it is reported, that to the *Second Sight* nothing is preſented but phantoms of evil. Good ſeems to have the ſame proportion in thoſe viſionary ſcenes, as it obtains in real life: almoſt all remarkable events have evil for their baſis; and are either miſeries incurred, or miſeries eſcaped. Our ſenſe is ſo much ſtronger of what we ſuffer, than of what we enjoy, that the ideas of pain predominate in almoſt every mind. What is recollection but a revival of vexations, or hiſtory but a record of wars, treaſons, and calamities? Death, which is conſidered as the greateſt evil, happens to all. The greateſt good, be it what it will, is the lot but of a part.

That they ſhould often ſee death is to be expected; becauſe death is an event frequent and important. But they

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ſee likewiſe more pleaſing incidents. A gentleman told me, that when he had once gone far from his own iſland, one of his labouring ſervants predicted his return, and deſcribed the livery of his attendant, which he had never worn at home; and which had been, without any previous deſign, occaſionally given him.

Our deſire of information was keen, and our inquiry frequent. Mr. *Boſwell*'s franknefs and gaiety made every body communicative; and we heard many tales of theſe airy ſhows, with more or leſs evidence and diſtinctneſs.

It is the common talk of the Lowland *Scots*, that the notion of the *Second Sight* is wearing away with other ſuperſtitions; and that its reality is no longer ſuppoſed, but by the groſſeſt people. How far its prevalence ever extended, or what ground it has loſt, I know not. The iſlanders of all degrees, whether of rank or underſtanding, univerſally admit it, except the miniſters, who univerſally deny it, and are ſuſpected to deny it, in conſequence of a ſyſtem, againſt conviction. One of them honeſtly told me, that he came to *Sky* with a reſolution not to believe it.

Strong reaſons for incredulity will readily occur. This faculty of ſeeing things out of ſight is local, and commonly uſeleſs. It is a breach of the common order of things, without any viſible reaſon or perceptible benefit. It is aſcribed only to a people very little enlightened; and among them, for the moſt part, to the mean and ignorant.

To the conſidence of theſe objections it may be replied, that by preſuming to determine what is fit and what is beneficial, they preſuppoſe more knowledge of the univerſal ſyſtem than man has attained; and therefore depend upon principles too complicated and extenſive for our comprehenſion; and that there can be no ſecurity in the conſequence, when the premiſes are not underſtood; that the *Second Sight* is only wonderful becauſe it is rare, for, conſidered in itſelf, it involves no more difficulty than dreams, or perhaps than the regular exerciſe of the cogitative faculty; that a general opinion of communicative impulſes, or viſionary repreſentations, has prevailed in all ages and all nations; that particular inſtances have been given, with ſuch evidence as neither *Bacon* nor *Bayle* has been able to reſiſt; that ſudden impreſſions, which the event has verified, have been felt by more than own or publiſh them; that the *Second Sight* of the *Hebrides* implies only the local frequency of a power which is no where totally unknown; and that where

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we are unable to decide by antecedent reaſon, we muſt be content to yield to the force of teſtimony.

By pretenſion to *Second Sight*, no profit was ever ſought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Thoſe who profeſs to feel it do not boaſt of it as a privilege, nor are conſidered by others as advantageouſly diſtinguiſhed. They have no temptation to feign; and their hearers have no motive to encourage the impoſture.

To talk with any of theſe ſeers is not eaſy. There is one living in *Sky*, with whom we would have gladly converſed; but he was very groſs and ignorant, and knew no *Engliſh*. The proportion in theſe countries of the poor to the rich is ſuch, that if we ſuppoſe the quality to be accidental, it can very rarely happen to a man of education; and yet on ſuch men it has ſometimes fallen. There is now a ſecond ſighted gentleman in the *Highlands*, who complains of the terrors to which he is expoſed.

The foreſight of the ſeers is not always preſcience: they are impreſſed with images, of which the event only ſhews them the meaning. They tell what they have ſeen to others, who are at that time not more knowing than themſelves, but may become at laſt very adequate witneſſes, by comparing the narrative with its verification.

To collect ſufficient teſtimonies for the ſatisfaction of the publick, or of ourſelves, would have required more time than we could beſtow. There is, againſt it, the ſeeming analogy of things confuſedly ſeen, and little underſtood; and for it, the indiſtinct cry of national perſuaſion, which may be perhaps reſolved at laſt into prejudice and tradition. I never could advance my curioſity to conviction; but came away at laſt only willing to believe.

As there ſubſiſts no longer in the iſlands much of that peculiar and diſcriminative form of life, of which the idea had delighted our imagination, we were willing to liſten to ſuch accounts of paſt times as would be given us. But we ſoon found what memorials were to be expected from an illiterate people, whoſe whole time is a ſeries of diſtreſs; where every morning is labouring with expedients for the evening; and where all mental pains or pleaſure aroſe from the dread of winter, the expectation of ſpring, the caprices of their chiefs, and the motions of the neighbouring clans; where there was neither ſhame from ignorance, nor pride in knowledge;

knowledge; neither curiofity to inquire, nor vanity to communicate.

The chiefs indeed were exempt from urgent penury and daily difficulties; and in their houfes were preferved what accounts remained of paft ages. But the chiefs were fometimes ignorant and carelefs, and fometimes kept bufy by turbulence and contention; and one generation of ignorance effaces the whole feries of unwritten hiftory. Books are faithful repofitories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again, will again impart their inftruction: memory, once interrupted, is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden it has paft away, is again bright in its proper ftation. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if once it falls, cannot be rekindled.

It feems to be univerfally fuppofed, that much of the local hiftory was preferved by the bards, of whom one is faid to have been retained by every great family. After thefe bards were fome of my firft inquiries; and I received fuch anfwers as, for a while, made me pleafe myfelf with my increafe of knowledge; for I had not then learned how to eftimate the narration of a *Highlander*.

They faid that a great family had a *bard* and a *fenachi*, who were the poet and hiftorian of the houfe; and an old gentleman told me that he remembered one of each. Here was a dawn of intelligence. Of men that had lived within memory, fome certain knowledge might be attained. Though the office had ceafed, its effects might continue; the poems might be found, though there was no poet.

Another converfation indeed informed me, that the fame man was both bard and fenachi. This variation difcouraged me; but as the practice might be different in different times, or at the fame time in different families, there was yet no reafon for fuppofing that I muft neceffarily fit down in total ignorance.

Soon after I was told by a gentleman who is generally acknowledged the greateft mafter of *Hebridian* antiquities, that there had indeed once been both bards and fenachies; and that *fenachi* fignified *the man of talk*, or of converfation; but that neither bard nor fenachi had exifted for fome centuries. I have no reafon to fuppofe it exactly known at what time the cuftom ceafed, nor did it probably ceafe in all houfes at once. But whenever the practice of recitation was difufed, the works, whether poetical or hiftorical, perifhed

perifhed with the authors; for in thofe times nothing had been written in the *Earfe* language.

Whether the *man of talk* was a hiftorian, whofe office was to tell truth, or a ftory-teller, like thofe which were in the laft century, and perhaps are now among the *Irifh*, whofe trade was only to amufe, it now would be vain to inquire.

Moft of the domeftick offices were, I believe, hereditary; and probably the laureat of a clan was always the fon of the laft laureat. The hiftory of the race could no otherwife be communicated or retained; but what genius could be expected in a poet by inheritance?

The nation was wholly illiterate. Neither bards nor fenachis could write or read; but if they were ignorant, there was no danger of detection; they were believed by thofe whofe vanity they flattered.

The recital of genealogies, which has been confidered as very efficacious to the prefervation of a true feries of anceftry, was anciently made when the heir of the family came to manly age. This practice has never fubfifted within time of memory, nor was much credit due to fuch rehearfers, who might obtrude fictitious pedigrees, either to pleafe their mafters, or to hide the deficiency of their own memories.

Where the chiefs of the *Highlands* have found the hiftories of their defcent is difficult to tell; for no *Earfe* genealogy was ever written. In general this only is evident, that the principal houfe of a clan muft be very ancient, and that thofe muft have lived long in a place, of whom it is not known when they came thither.

Thus hopelefs are all attempts to find any traces of *Highland* learning. Nor are their primitive cuftoms and ancient manner of life otherwife than very faintly and uncertainly remembered by the prefent race.

The peculiarities which ftrike the native of a commercial country, proceeded in a great meafure from the want of money. To the fervants and dependants that were not domefticks, and, if an eftimate be made from the capacity of any of their old houfes which I have feen, their domefticks could have been but few, were appropriated certain portions of land for their fupport. *Macdonald* has a piece of ground yet, called the Bards or Senachies field. When a beef was killed for the houfe, particular parts were claimed as fees by the feveral officers, or workmen. What was the right of each I have not learned. The head belonged to the

fmith,

ſmith, and the udder of a cow to the piper; the weaver had likewiſe his particular part; and ſo many pieces followed theſe preſcriptive claims, that the laird's was at laſt but little.

The payment of rent in kind has been ſo long diſuſed in *England*, that it is totally forgotten. It was practiſed very lately in the *Hebrides*, and probably ſtill continues, not only at *St. Kilda*, where money is not yet known, but in others of the ſmaller and remoter iſlands. It were perhaps to be deſired, that no change in this particular ſhould have been made. When the laird could only eat the produce of his lands, he was under the neceſſity of reſiding upon them; and when the tenant could not convert his ſtock into more portable riches, he could never be tempted away from his farm, from the only place where he could be wealthy. Money confounds ſubordination, by overpowering the diſtinctions of rank and birth, and weakens authority, by ſupplying power of reſiſtance, or expedience for eſcape. The feudal ſyſtem is formed for a nation employed in agriculture, and has never long kept its hold where gold and ſilver have become common.

Their arms were anciently the *Glaymore*, or great two-handed ſword, and afterwards the two-edged ſword and target, or buckler, which was ſuſtained on the left arm. In the midſt of the target, which was made of wood, covered with leather, and ſtudded with nails, a ſlender lance, about two feet long, was ſometimes fixed; it was heavy and cumberous, and accordingly has for ſome time paſt been gradually laid aſide. Very few targets were at *Culloden*. The dirk, or broad dagger, I am afraid, was of more uſe in private quarrels than in battles. The *Lochaber* ax is only a ſlight alteration of the old *Engliſh* bill.

After all that has been ſaid of the force and terrour of the *Highland* ſword, I could not find that the art of defence was any part of common education. The gentlemen were perhaps ſometimes ſkilful gladiators, but the common men had no other powers than thoſe of violence and courage. Yet it is well known, that the onſet of the *Highlanders* was very formidable. As an army cannot conſiſt of philoſophers, a panick is eaſily excited by any unwonted mode of annoyance. New dangers are naturally magnified; and men accuſtomed only to exchange bullets at a diſtance, and rather to hear their enemies than ſee them, are diſcouraged

and

and amazed when they find themſelves encountered hand to hand, and catch the gleam of ſteel flaſhing in their faces.

The *Highland* weapons gave opportunity for many exertions of perſonal courage, and ſometimes for ſingle combats in the field; like thoſe which occur ſo frequently in fabulous wars. At *Falkirk*, a gentleman now living, was, I ſuppoſe after the retreat of the king's troops, engaged at a diſtance from the reſt with an *Iriſh* dragoon. They were both ſkilful ſwordſmen, and the conteſt was not eaſily decided: the dragoon at laſt had the advantage, and the *Highlander* called for quarter; but quarter was refuſed him, and the fight continued till he was reduced to defend himſelf upon his knee. At that inſtant one of the *Macleods* came to his reſcue; who, as it is ſaid, offered quarter to the dragoon, but he thought himſelf obliged to reject what he had before refuſed, and, as battle gives little time to deliberate, was immediately killed.

Funerals were formerly ſolemnized by calling multitudes together, and entertaining them at great expence. This emulation of uſeleſs coſt has been for ſome time diſcouraged, and at laſt in the iſle of *Sky* is almoſt ſuppreſſed.

Of the *Earſe* language, as I underſtand nothing, I cannot ſay more than I have been told. It is the rude ſpeech of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to expreſs, and were content, as they conceived groſsly, to be groſsly underſtood. After what has been lately talked of *Highland* bards, and *Highland* genius, many will ſtartle when they are told, that the *Earſe* never was a written language; that there is not in the world an *Earſe* manuſcript a hundred years old; and that the ſounds of the *Highlanders* were never expreſſed by letters, till ſome little books of piety were tranſlated, and a metrical verſion of the *Pſalms* was made by the ſynod of *Argyle*. Whoever therefore now writes in this language, ſpells according to his own perception of the ſound, and his own idea of the power of the letters. The *Welſh* and the *Iriſh* are cultivated tongues. The *Welſh*, two hundred years ago inſulted their *Engliſh* neighbours for the inſtability of their orthography; while the *Earſe* merely floated in the breath of the people, and could therefore receive little improvement.

When a language begins to teem with books, it is tending to refinement; as thoſe who undertake to teach others muſt have undergone ſome labour in improving themſelves, they ſet a proportionate value on their own thoughts,

thoughts, and wiſh to enforce them by efficacious expreſſions; ſpeech becomes embodied and permanent; different modes and phraſes are compared, and the beſt obtains an eſtabliſhment. By degrees, one age improves upon another. Exactneſs is firſt obtained, and afterwards elegance. But diction, merely vocal, is always in its childhood. As no man leaves his eloquence behind him, the new generations have all to learn. There may poſſibly be books without a poliſhed language, but there can be no poliſhed language without books.

That the bards could not read more than the reſt of their countrymen, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe; becauſe, if they had read, they could probably have written; and how high their compoſitions may reaſonably be rated, an enquirer may beſt judge by conſidering what ſtores of imagery, what principles of ratiocination, what comprehenſion of knowledge, and what delicacy of elocution he has known any man attain who cannot read. The ſtate of the bards was yet more hopeleſs. He that cannot read, may now converſe with thoſe that can; but the bard was a barbarian among barbarians, who, knowing nothing himſelf, lived with others that knew no more.

There has lately been in the iſlands one of theſe illiterate poets, who hearing the Bible read at church, is ſaid to have turned the ſacred hiſtory into verſe. I heard part of a dialogue, compoſed by him, tranſlated by a young lady in *Mull*, and thought it had more meaning than I expected from a man totally uneducated; but he had ſome opportunities of knowledge; he lived among a learned people. After all that has been done for the inſtruction of the *Highlanders*, the antipathy between their language and literature ſtill continues; and no man that has learned only *Earſe* is, at this time, able to read.

The *Earſe* has many dialects, and the words uſed in ſome iſlands are not always known in others. In literate nations, though the pronunciation, and ſometimes the words of common ſpeech, may differ, as now in *England*, compared with the ſouth of *Scotland*, yet there is a written diction, which pervades all dialects, and is underſtood in every province. But where the whole language is colloquial, he that has only one part, never gets the reſt, as he cannot get it but by change of reſidence.

In an unwritten ſpeech, nothing that is not very ſhort is tranſmitted from one generation to another. Few have opportunities

portunities of hearing a long compoſition often enough to learn it, or have inclination to repeat it ſo often as is neceſſary to retain it; and what is once forgotten is loſt for ever. I believe there cannot be recovered, in the whole *Earſe* language, five hundred lines of which there is any evidence to prove them a hundred years old. Yet I hear that the father of *Oſſian* boaſts of two cheſts more of ancient poetry, which he ſuppreſſes, becauſe they are too good for the *Engliſh*.

He that goes into the *Highlands* with a mind naturally acquieſcent, and a credulity eager for wonders, may come back with an opinion very different from mine; for the inhabitants, knowing the ignorance of all ſtrangers in their language and antiquities, perhaps are not very ſcrupulous adherents to truth; yet I do not ſay that they deliberately ſpeak ſtudied falſehood, or have a ſettled purpoſe to deceive. They have enquired and conſidered little, and do not always feel their own ignorance. They are not much accuſtomed to be interrogated by others; and ſeem never to have thought upon interrogating themſelves; ſo that if they do not know what they tell to be true, they likewiſe do not diſtinctly perceive it to be falſe.

Mr. *Boſwell* was very diligent in his enquiries; and the reſult of his inveſtigations was, that the anſwer to the ſecond queſtion was commonly ſuch as nullified the anſwer to the firſt.

We were a while told, that they had an old tranſlation of the ſcriptures; and told it till it would appear obſtinacy to enquire again. Yet by continued accumulation of queſtions we found, that the tranſlation meant, if any meaning there were, was nothing elſe than the *Iriſh* Bible.

We heard of manuſcripts that were, or that had been, in the hands of ſomebody's father, or grand-father; but at laſt we had no reaſon to believe they were other than *Iriſh*. *Martin* mentions *Iriſh*, but never any *Earſe* manuſcripts, to be found in the iſlands in his time.

I ſuppoſe my opinion of the poems of *Oſſian* is already diſcovered. I believe they never exiſted in any other form than that which we have ſeen. The editor, or author, never could ſhew the original; nor can it be ſhewn by any other; to revenge reaſonable incredulity, by refuſing evidence, is a degree of inſolence, with which the world is not yet acquainted; and ſtubborn audacity is the laſt refuge of guilt. It would be eaſy to ſhew it if he had it; but whence

whence could it be had? It is too long to be remembered, and the language formerly had nothing written. He has doubtleſs inſerted names that circulate in popular ſtories, and may have tranſlated ſome wandering ballads, if any can be found; and the names, and ſome of the images being recollected, make an inaccurate auditor imagine, by the help of *Caledonian* bigotry, that he has formerly heard the whole.

I aſked a very learned miniſter in *Sky*, who had uſed all arts to make me believe the genuineneſs of the book, whether at laſt he believed it himſelf? but he would not anſwer. He wiſhed me to be deceived, for the honour of his country; but would not directly and formally deceive me. Yet has this man's teſtimony been publickly produced, as of one that held *Fingal* to be the work of *Oſſian*.

It is ſaid, that ſome men of integrity profeſs to have heard parts of it, but they all heard them when they were boys; and it was never ſaid that any of them could recite ſix lines. They remember names, and perhaps ſome proverbial ſentiments; and, having no diſtinct ideas, coin a reſemblance without an original. The perſuaſion of the *Scots*, however, is far from univerſal; and in a queſtion ſo capable of proof, why ſhould doubt be ſuffered to continue? The editor has been heard to ſay, that part of the poem was received by him, in the *Saxon* character. He has then found, by ſome peculiar fortune, an unwritten language, written in a character which the natives probably never beheld.

I have yet ſuppoſed no impoſture but in the publiſher; yet I am far from certainty, that ſome tranſlations have not been lately made, that may now be obtruded as parts of the original work. Credulity on one part is a ſtrong temptation to deceit on the other, eſpecially to deceit of which no perſonal injury is the conſequence, and which flatters the author with his own ingenuity. The *Scots* have ſomething to plead for their eaſy reception of an improbable fiction: they are ſeduced by their fondneſs for their ſuppoſed anceſtors. A *Scotchman* muſt be a very ſturdy moraliſt, who does not love *Scotland* better than truth; he will always love it better than enquiry: and if falſehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it. Neither ought the *Engliſh* to be much influenced by *Scotch* authority; for of the paſt and preſent ſtate of the whole *Earſe* nation, the *Lowlanders* are at leaſt as ignorant as ourſelves. To be ignorant

norant is painful; but it is dangerous to quiet our uneasinesſ by the deluſive opiate of haſty perſuaſion.

But this is the age in which thoſe who could not read, have been ſuppoſed to write; in which the giants of antiquated romance have been exhibited as realities. If we know little of the ancient *Highlanders*, let us not fill the vacuity with *Oſſian*. If we have not ſearched the *Magellanick* regions, let us however forbear to people them with *Patagons*.

Having waited ſome days at *Armidel*, we were flattered at laſt with a wind that promiſed to convey us to *Mull*. We went on board a boat that was taking in kelp, and left the iſle of *Sky* behind us. We were doomed to experience, like others, the danger of truſting to the wind, which blew againſt us, in a ſhort time, with ſuch violence, that we, being no ſeaſoned ſailors, were willing to call it a tempeſt. I was ſea-ſick, and lay down. Mr. *Boſwell* kept the deck. The maſter knew not well whither to go; and our difficulties might perhaps have filled a very pathetick page, had not Mr. *Maclean* of *Col*, who, with every other qualification which inſular life requires, is a very active and ſkilful mariner, piloted us ſafe into his own harbour.

COL.

In the morning we found ourſelves under the iſle of *Col*, where we landed; and paſſed the firſt day and night with captain *Maclean*, a gentleman who has lived ſome time in the *Eaſt Indies*, but having dethroned no Nabob, is not too rich to ſettle in his own country.

Next day the wind was fair, and we might have had an eaſy paſſage to *Mull*; but having, contrarily to our own intention, landed upon a new iſland, we would not leave it wholly unexamined. We therefore ſuffered the veſſel to depart without us, and truſted the ſkies for another wind.

Mr. *Maclean* of *Col*, having a very numerous family, has, for ſome time paſt, reſided at *Aberdeen*, that he may ſuperintend their education, and leaves the young gentleman, our friend, to govern his dominions, with the full power of a *Highland* chief. By the abſence of the laird's family, our entertainment was made more difficult, becauſe the houſe was in a great degree diſfurniſhed; but young *Col's* kindneſs

and

and activity ſupplied all defects, and procured us more than ſufficient accommodation.

Here I firſt mounted a little *Highland* ſteed; and if there had been many ſpectators, ſhould have been ſomewhat aſhamed of my figure in the march. The horſes of the iſlands, as of other barren countries, are very low; they are indeed muſculous and ſtrong, beyond what their ſize gives reaſon for expecting; but a bulky man upon one of their backs makes a very diſproportionate appearance.

From the habitation of captain *Maclean* we went to *Griſſipol*, but called by the way on Mr. *Hector Maclean*, the miniſter of *Col*, whom we found in a hut, that is, a houſe of only one floor, but with windows and chimney, and not inelegantly furniſhed. Mr. *Maclean* has the reputation of great learning: he is ſeventy-ſeven years old, but not infirm, with a look of venerable dignity, excelling what I remember in any other man.

His converſation was not unſuitable to his appearance. I loſt ſome of his good-will, by treating a heretical writer with more regard than, in his opinion, a heretick could deſerve. I honoured his orthodoxy, and did not much cenſure his aſperity. A man who has ſettled his opinions, does not love to have the tranquillity of his conviction diſturbed; and at ſeventy-ſeven it is time to be in earneſt.

Mention was made of the *Earſe* tranſlation of the New Teſtament, which has been lately publiſhed, and of which the learned Mr. *Macqueen* of *Sky* ſpoke with commendation; but Mr. *Maclean* ſaid, he did not uſe it, becauſe he could make the text more intelligible to his auditors by an extemporary verſion. From this I inferred, that the language of the tranſlation was not the language of the iſle of *Col*.

He has no publick edifice for the exerciſe of his miniſtry; and can officiate to no greater number than a room can contain; and the room of a hut is not very large. This is all the opportunity of worſhip that is now granted to the inhabitants of the iſland, ſome of whom muſt travel thither perhaps ten miles. Two chapels were erected by their anceſtors, of which I ſaw the ſkeletons, which now ſtand faithful witneſſes of the triumph of Reformation.

The want of churches is not the only impediment to piety: there is likewiſe a want of miniſters. A pariſh often contains more iſlands than one; and each iſland can have the miniſter only in its own turn. At *Raaſay* they had, I think, a right to ſervice only every third *Sunday*. All the

 proviſion

provision made by the present ecclesiastical constitution, for the inhabitants of about a hundred square miles, is a prayer and sermon in a little room, once in three weeks: and even this parsimonious distribution is at the mercy of the weather: and in those islands where the minister does not reside, it is impossible to tell how many weeks or months may pass without any publick exercise of religion.

GRISSIPOL IN COL.

After a short conversation with Mr. *Maclean*, we went on to *Grissipol*, a house and farm tenanted by Mr. *Macsweyn*, where I saw more of the ancient life of a *Highlander* than I had yet found. Mrs. *Macsweyn* could speak no *English*, and had never seen any other places than the islands of *Sky*, *Mull*, and *Col*: but she was hospitable and good-humoured, and spread her table with sufficient liberality. We found tea here, as in every other place, but our spoons were of horn.

The house of *Grissipol* stands by a brook very clear and quick; which is, I suppose, one of the most copious streams in the island. This place was the scene of an action, much celebrated in the traditional history of *Col*, but which probably no two relaters will tell alike.

Some time, in the obscure ages, *Macneil* of *Barra* married the lady *Maclean*, who had the isle of *Col* for her jointure. Whether *Macneil* detained *Col*, when the widow was dead, or whether she lived so long as to make her heirs impatient, is perhaps not now known. The younger son, called *John Gerves*, or *John the Giant*, a man of great strength, who was then in *Ireland*, either for safety or for education, dreamed of recovering his inheritance; and getting some adventurers together, which in those unsettled times was not hard to do, invaded *Col*. He was driven away, but was not discouraged, and collecting new followers, in three years came again with fifty men. In his way he stopped at *Artorinish* in *Morvern*, where his uncle was prisoner to *Macleod*, and was then with his enemies in a tent. *Maclean* took with him only one servant, whom he ordered to stay at the outside; and where he should see the tent pressed outwards, to strike with his dirk; it being the intention of *Maclean*, as any man provoked him, to lay hands upon him, and push him back. He entered the tent alone, with his

Lochaber

Lochaber axe in his hand, and ſtruck ſuch terror into the whole aſſembly, that they diſmiſſed his uncle.

When he landed at *Col*, he ſaw the ſentinel, who kept watch towards the ſea, running off to *Griſſipol*, to give *Macneil*, who was there with a hundred and twenty men, an account of the invaſion. He told *Macgill*, one of his followers, that if he intercepted that dangerous intelligence, by catching the courier, he would give him certain lands in *Mull*. Upon this promiſe *Macgill* purſued the meſſenger, and either killed or ſtopped him; and his poſterity, till very lately, held the lands in *Mull*.

The alarm being thus prevented, he came unexpectedly upon *Macneil*. Chiefs were in thoſe days never wholly unprovided for an enemy. A fight enſued, in which one of their followers is ſaid to have given an extraordinary proof of activity, by bounding backwards over the brook of *Griſſipol*. *Macneil* being killed, and many of his clan deſtroyed, *Maclean* took poſſeſſion of the iſland, which the *Macneils* attempted to conquer by another invaſion, but were defeated and repulſed.

Maclean, in his turn, invaded the eſtate of the *Macneils*, took the caſtle of *Brecacig*, and conquered the iſle of *Barra*, which he held for ſeven years, and then reſtored it to the heirs.

CASTLE OF COL.

From *Griſſipol* Mr. *Maclean* conducted us to his father's ſeat; a neat new houſe, erected near the old caſtle, I think, by the laſt proprietor. Here we were allowed to take our ſtation, and lived very commodiouſly, while we waited for moderate weather and a fair wind, which we did not ſo ſoon obtain, but we had time to get ſome information of the preſent ſtate of *Col*, partly by enquiry, and partly by occaſional excurſions.

Col is computed to be thirteen miles in length, and three in breadth. Both the ends are the property of the duke of *Argyle*, but the middle belongs to *Maclean*, who is called *Col*, as the only laird.

Col is not properly rocky; it is rather one continued rock, of a ſurface much diverſified with protuberances, and covered with a thin layer of earth, which is often broken, and

diſcovers the ſtone. Such a ſoil is not for plants that ſtrike deep roots; and perhaps in the whole iſland nothing has ever yet grown to the height of a table. The uncultivated parts are cloathed with heath, among which induſtry has interſperſed ſpots of graſs and corn; but no attempt has been made to raiſe a tree. Young *Col*, who has a very laudable deſire of improving his patrimony, purpoſes ſome time to plant an orchard; which, if it be ſheltered by a wall, may perhaps ſucceed. He has introduced the culture of turnips, of which he has a field, where the whole work was performed by his own hand. His intention is to provide food for his cattle in the winter. This innovation was conſidered by Mr. *Macſweyn* as the idle project of a young head, heated with *Engliſh* fancies; but he has now found that turnips will really grow, and that hungry ſheep and cows will really eat them.

By ſuch acquiſitions as theſe, the *Hebrides* may in time riſe above their annual diſtreſs. Wherever heath will grow, there is reaſon to think ſomething better may draw nouriſhment; and by trying the production of other places, plants will be found ſuitable to every ſoil.

Col has many lochs, ſome of which have trouts and eels, and others have never yet been ſtocked; another proof of the negligence of the iſlanders, who might take fiſh in the inland waters when they cannot go to ſea.

Their quadrupeds are horſes, cows, ſheep, and goats. They have neither deer, hares, nor rabbits. They have no vermin except rats, which have been lately brought thither by ſea, as to other places; and are free from ſerpents, frogs, and toads.

The harveſt in *Col*, and in *Lewis*, is ripe ſooner than in *Sky*, and the winter in *Col* is never cold, but very tempeſtuous. I know not that I ever heard the wind ſo loud in any other place; and Mr. *Boſwell* obſerved, that its noiſe was all its own, for there were no trees to increaſe it.

Noiſe is not the worſt effect of the tempeſts; for they have thrown the ſand from the ſhore over a conſiderable part of the land; and is ſaid ſtill to encroach and deſtroy more and more paſture; but I am not of opinion, that by any ſurveys or land-marks, its limits have been ever fixed, or its progreſſion aſcertained. If one man has confidence enough to ſay, that it advances, nobody can bring any proof to ſupport him in denying it. The reaſon why it is not ſpread to a greater extent, ſeems to be, that the wind

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and rain come almoſt together, and that it is made cloſe and heavy by the wet before the ſtorms can put it in motion. So thick is the bed, and ſo ſmall the particles, that if a traveller ſhould be caught by a ſudden guſt in dry weather, he would find it very difficult to eſcape with life.

For natural curioſities I was ſhown only two great maſſes of ſtone, which lie looſe upon the ground; one on the top of a hill, and the other at a ſmall diſtance from the bottom. They certainly were never put into their preſent places by human ſtrength or ſkill; and though an earthquake might have broken off the lower ſtone, and rolled it into the valley, no account can be given of the other, which lies on the hill, unleſs, which I forgot to examine, there be ſtill near it ſome higher rock, from which it might be torn. All nations have a tradition, that their earlieſt anceſtors were giants, and theſe ſtones are ſaid to have been thrown up and down by a giant and his miſtreſs. There are ſo many more important things, of which human knowledge can give no account, that it may be forgiven us, if we ſpeculate no longer on two ſtones in *Col*.

This iſland is very populous. About nine-and-twenty years ago, the fencible men of *Col* were reckoned one hundred and forty, which is the ſixth of eight hundred and forty; and probably ſome contrived to be left out of the liſt. The miniſter told us, that a few years ago the inhabitants were eight hundred, between the ages of ſeven and of ſeventy. Round numbers are ſeldom exact. But in this caſe the authority is good, and the error likely to be little. If to the eight hundred be added what the laws of computation require, they will be increaſed to at leaſt a thouſand; and if the dimenſions of the country have been accurately related, every mile maintains more than twenty-five.

This proportion of habitation is greater than the appearance of the country ſeems to admit; for wherever the eye wanders, it ſeems much waſte and little cultivation. I am more inclined to extend the land, of which no meaſure has ever been taken, than to diminiſh the people, who have been really numbered. Let it be ſuppoſed, that a computed mile contains a mile and a half, as was commonly found true in the menſuration of the *Engliſh* roads, and we ſhall then allot nearly twelve to a mile, which agrees much better with ocular obſervation.

Here,

Here, as in *Sky*, and other iſlands, are the laird, the tackſmen, and the under-tenants.

Mr. *Maclean*, the laird, has very extenſive poſſeſſions, being proprietor, not only of far the greater part of *Col*, but of the exenſive iſland of *Rum*, and a very conſiderable territory in *Mull*.

Rum is one of the larger iſlands, almoſt ſquare, and therefore of great capacity in proportion to its ſides. By the uſual method of eſtimating computed extent, it may contain more than a hundred and twenty ſquare miles.

It originally belonged to *Clanronald*, and was purchaſed by *Col*; who, in ſome diſpute about the bargain, made *Clanronald* priſoner, and kept him nine months in confinement. Its owner repreſents it as mountainous, rugged, and barren. In the hills there are red deer. The horſes are very ſmall, but of a breed eminent for beauty. *Col*, not long ago, bought one of them from a tenant; who told him that as he was of a ſhape uncommonly elegant, he could not ſell him but at a high price; and that whoever had him ſhould pay a guinea and a half.

There are ſaid to be in *Barra* a race of horſes yet ſmaller, of which the higheſt is not above thirty-ſix inches.

The rent of *Rum* is not great. Mr. *Maclean* declared that he ſhould be very rich, if he could ſet his land at two-pence halfpenny an acre. The inhabitants are fifty-eight families, who continued papiſts for ſome time after the laird became a proteſtant. Their adherence to their old religion was ſtrengthened by the countenance of the laird's ſiſter, a zealous *Romaniſt*, till one *Sunday*, as they were going to maſs under the conduct of their patroneſs, *Maclean* met them on the way, gave one of them a blow on the head with a *yellow ſtick*, I ſuppoſe a cane, for which the *Earſe* had no name, and drove them to the kirk, from which they have never ſince departed. Since the uſe of this method of converſion, the inhabitants of *Egg* and *Canna*, who continue papiſts, call the proteſtantiſm of *Rum*, the religion of the *Yellow Stick*.

The only popiſh iſlands are *Egg* and *Canna*. *Egg* is the principal iſland of a pariſh, in which, though he has no congregation, the proteſtant miniſter reſides. I have heard of nothing curious in it, but the cave in which a former generation of the iſlanders were ſmothered by *Macleod*.

If

If we had travelled with more leiſure, it had not been fit to have neglected the popiſh iſlands. Popery is favourable to ceremony; and among ignorant nations, ceremony is the only preſervative of tradition. Since proteſtantiſm was extended to the ſavage parts of *Scotland*, it has perhaps been one of the chief labours of the miniſters to aboliſh ſtated obſervances, becauſe they continued the remembrance of the former religion. We therefore, who came to hear old traditions, and ſee antiquated manners, ſhould probably have found them amongſt the papiſts.

Canna, the other popiſh iſland, belongs to *Clanronald*. It is ſaid not to compriſe more than twelve miles of land, and yet maintains as many inhabitants as *Rum*.

We were at *Col* under the protection of the young laird, without any of the diſtreſſes which Mr. *Pennant*, in a fit of ſimple credulity, ſeems to think almoſt worthy of an elegy by *Oſſian*. Wherever we roved, we were pleaſed to ſee the reverence with which his ſubjects regarded him. He did not endeavour to dazzle them by any magnificence of dreſs: his only diſtinction was a feather in his bonnet; but as ſoon as he appeared, they forſook their work and cluſtered about him: he took them by the hand, and they ſeemed mutually delighted. He has the proper diſpoſition of a chieftain, and ſeems deſirous to continue the cuſtoms of his houſe. The bagpiper played regularly, when dinner was ſerved, whoſe perſon and dreſs made a good appearance; and he brought no diſgrace upon the family of *Rankin*, which has long ſupplied the lairds of *Col* with hereditary muſick.

The tackſmen of *Col* ſeem to live with leſs dignity and convenience than thoſe of *Sky*; where they had good houſes, and tables not only plentiful, but delicate. In *Col* only two houſes pay the window-tax; for only two have ſix windows, which, I ſuppoſe, are the laird's and Mr. *Macſweyn*'s.

The rents have, till within ſeven years, been paid in kind, but the tenants finding that cattle and corn varied in their price, deſired for the future to give their landlord money; which, not having yet arrived at the philoſophy of commerce, they conſider as being every year of the ſame value.

We were told of a particular mode of under-tenure. The tackſman admits ſome of his inferior neighbours to the cultivation of his grounds, on condition that performing all the work, and giving a third part of the ſeed, they ſhall keep

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a certain number of cows, ſheep, and goats, and reap a third part of the harveſt. Thus by leſs than the tillage of two acres they pay the rent of one.

There are tenants below the rank of tackſmen, that have got ſmaller tenants under them; for in every place, where money is not the general equivalent, there muſt be ſome whoſe labour is immediately paid by daily food.

A country that has no money, is by no means convenient for beggars, both becauſe ſuch countries are commonly poor, and becauſe charity requires ſome trouble and ſome thought. A penny is eaſily given upon the firſt impulſe of compaſſion, or impatience of importunity; but few will deliberately ſearch their cupboards or their grannaries to find out ſomething to give. A penny is likewiſe eaſily ſpent; but victuals, if they are unprepared, require houſe-room, and fire, and utenſils, which the beggar knows not where to find.

Yet beggars there ſometimes are, who wander from iſland to iſland. We had in our paſſage to *Mull*, the company of a woman and her child, who had exhauſted the charity of *Col*. The arrival of a beggar on an iſland is accounted a ſiniſtrous event. Every body conſiders that he ſhall have the leſs for what he gives away. Their alms, I believe, is generally oatmeal.

Near to *Col* is another iſland called *Tir-eye*, eminent for its fertility. Though it has but half the extent of *Rum*, it is ſo well peopled, that there have appeared, not long ago, nine hundred and fourteen at a funeral. The plenty of this iſland enticed beggars to it, who ſeemed ſo burdenſome to the inhabitants, that a formal compact was drawn up, by which they obliged themſelves to grant no more relief to caſual wanderers, becauſe they had among them an indigent woman of high birth, whom they conſidered as entitled to all that they could ſpare. I have read the ſtipulation, which was indited with juridical formality, but was never made valid by regular ſubſcription.

If the inhabitants of *Col* have nothing to give, it is not that they are oppreſſed by their landlord: their leaſes ſeem to be very profitable. One farmer, who pays only ſeven pounds a year, has maintained ſeven daughters and three ſons, of whom the eldeſt is educated at *Aberdeen* for the miniſtry; and now, at every vacation, opens a ſchool in *Col*.

Life

Life is here in ſome reſpects improved beyond the condition of ſome other iſlands. In *Sky* what is wanted can only be bought, as the arrival of ſome wandering pedler may afford an opportunity; but in *Col* there is a ſtanding ſhop, and in *Mull* there are two. A ſhop in the iſlands, as in other places of little frequentation, is a repoſitory of every thing requiſite for common uſe. Mr. *Boſwell*'s journal was filled, and he bought ſome paper in *Col*. To a man that ranges the ſtreets of *London*, where he is tempted to contrive wants for the pleaſure of ſupplying them, a ſhop affords no image worthy of attention; but in an iſland, it turns the balance of exiſtence between good and evil. To live in perpetual want of little things, is a ſtate not indeed of torture, but of conſtant vexation. I have in *Sky* had ſome difficulty to find ink for a letter; and if a woman breaks her needle, the work is at a ſtop.

As it is, the iſlanders are obliged to content themſelves with ſuccedaneous means for many common purpoſes. I have ſeen the chief man of a very wide diſtrict riding with a halter for a bridle, and governing his hobby with a wooden curb.

The people of *Col*, however, do not want dexterity to ſupply ſome of their neceſſities. Several arts which make trades, and demand apprenticeſhips in great cities, are here the practices of daily œconomy. In every houſe candles are made, both moulded and dipped. Their wicks are ſmall ſhreds of linen cloth. They all know how to extract from the cuddy oil for their lamps. They all tan ſkins, and make brogues.

As we travelled through *Sky*, we ſaw many cottages, but they very frequently ſtood ſingle on the naked ground. In *Col*, where the hills opened a place convenient for habitation, we found a petty village, of which every hut had a little garden adjoining; thus they made an appearance of ſocial commerce and mutual offices, and of ſome attention to convenience and future ſupply. There is not in the *Weſtern Iſlands* any collection of buildings that can make pretenſions to be called a town, except in the iſle of *Lewis*, which I have not ſeen.

If *Lewis* is diſtinguiſhed by a town, *Col* has alſo ſomething peculiar. The young laird has attempted what no iſlander perhaps ever thought on. He has begun a road capable of a wheel-carriage. He has carried it about a

mile,

mile, and will continue it by annual elongation from his houſe to the harbour.

Of taxes here is no reaſon for complaining; they are paid by a very eaſy compoſition. The *malt-tax* for *Col* is twenty ſhillings. Whiſkey is very plentiful: there are ſeveral ſtills in the iſland, and more is made than the inhabitants conſume.

The great buſineſs of inſular policy is now to keep the people in their own country. As the world has been let in upon them, they have heard of happier climates, and leſs arbitrary government; and if they are diſguſted, have emiſſaries among them ready to offer them land and houſes, as a reward for deſerting their chief and clan. Many have departed both from the main of *Scotland*, and from the iſlands; and all that go may be conſidered as ſubjects loſt to the *Britiſh* crown; for a nation ſcattered in the boundleſs regions of *America* reſembles rays diverging from a focus. All the rays remain, but the heat is gone. Their power conſiſted in their concentration: when they are diſperſed, they have no effect.

It may be thought that they are happier by the change; but they are not happy as a nation, for they are a nation no longer. As they contribute not to the proſperity of any community, they muſt want that ſecurity, that dignity, that happineſs, whatever it be, which a proſperous community throws back upon individuals.

The inhabitants of *Col* have not yet learned to be weary of their heath and rocks, but attend their agriculture and their dairies, without liſtening to *American* ſeducements.

There are ſome however who think that this emigration has raiſed terror diſproportionate to its real evil; and that it is only a new mode of doing what was always done. The *Highlands*, they ſay, never maintained their natural inhabitants; but the people, when they found themſelves too numerous, inſtead of extending cultivation, provided for themſelves by a more compendious method, and ſought better fortune in other countries. They did not indeed go away in collective bodies, but withdrew inviſibly, a few at a time; but the whole number of fugitives was not leſs, and the difference between other times and this, is only the ſame as between evaporation and effuſion.

This is plauſible, but I am afraid it is not true. Thoſe who went before, if they were not ſenſibly miſſed, as the argument

ment ſuppoſes, muſt have gone either in leſs number, or in a manner leſs detrimental, than at preſent; becauſe formerly there was no complaint. Thoſe who then left the country were generally the idle dependants on overburdened families, or men who had no property; and therefore carried away only themſelves. In the preſent eagerneſs of emigration, families, and almoſt communities, go away together. Thoſe who were conſidered as proſperous and wealthy ſell their ſtock and carry away the money. Once none went away but the uſeleſs and poor; in ſome parts there is now reaſon to fear, that none will ſtay but thoſe who are too poor to remove themſelves, and too uſeleſs to be removed at the coſt of others.

Of antiquity there is not more knowledge in *Col* than in other places; but every where ſomething may be gleaned.

How ladies were portioned, when there was no money, it would be difficult for an *Engliſhman* to gueſs. In 1649, *Maclean* of *Dronart* in *Mull* married his ſiſter *Fingala* to *Maclean* of *Col*, with a hundred and eighty kine; and ſtipulated, that if ſhe became a widow, her jointure ſhould be three hundred and ſixty. I ſuppoſe ſome proportionate tract of land was appropriated to their paſturage.

The diſpoſition to pompous and expenſive funerals, which has at one time or other prevailed in moſt parts of the civilized world, is not yet ſuppreſſed in the iſlands, though ſome of the ancient ſolemnities are worn away, and ſingers are no longer hired to attend the proceſſion. Nineteen years ago, at the burial of the laird of *Col*, were killed thirty cows, and about fifty ſheep. The number of the cows is poſitively told, and we muſt ſuppoſe other victuals in like proportion.

Mr. *Maclean* informed us of an old game, of which he did not tell the original, but which may perhaps be uſed in other places, where the reaſon of it is not yet forgot. At New-year's eve, in the hall or caſtle of the laird, where, at feſtal ſeaſons, there may be ſuppoſed a very numerous company, one man dreſſes himſelf in a cow's hide, upon which other men beat with ſticks. He runs with all this noiſe round the houſe, which all the company quits in a counterfeited fright: the door is then ſhut. At New-year's eve there is no great pleaſure to be had out of doors in the *Hebrides*. They are ſure ſoon to recover from their terrour enough to ſolicit for re-admiſſion; which, for the honour of poetry,

poetry, is not to be obtained but by repeating a verſe, with which thoſe that are knowing and provident take care to be furniſhed.

Very near the houſe of *Maclean* ſtands the caſtle of *Col*, which was the manſion of the laird, till the houſe was built. It is built upon a rock, as Mr. *Boſwell* remarked, that it might not be mined. It is very ſtrong, and having been not long uninhabited, is yet in repair. On the wall was, not long ago, a ſtone with an inſcription, importing, that *if any man of the clan of* Maclonich *ſhall appear before this caſtle, though he come at midnight, with a man's head in his hand, he ſhall there find ſafety, and protection againſt all but the king.*

This is an old *Highland* treaty made upon a very memorable occaſion. *Maclean*, the ſon of *John Gerves*, who recovered *Col*, and conquered *Barra*, had obtained, it is ſaid, from *James* the Second, a grant of the lands of *Lochiel*, forfeited, I ſuppoſe, by ſome offence againſt the ſtate.

Forfeited eſtates were not in thoſe days quietly reſigned; *Maclean*, therefore, went with an armed force to ſeize his new poſſeſſions, and I know not for what reaſon, took his wife with him. The *Camerons* roſe in defence of their chief, and a battle was fought at the head of *Loch Neſs*, near the place where *Fort Auguſtus* now ſtands, in which *Lochiel* obtained the victory, and *Maclean*, with his followers, was defeated and deſtroyed.

The lady fell into the hands of the conquerors, and being found pregnant was placed in the cuſtody of *Maclonich*, one of a tribe, or family branched from *Cameron*, with orders, if ſhe brought a boy, to deſtroy him, if a girl, to ſpare her.

Maclonich's wife, who was with child likewiſe, had a girl about the ſame time at which lady *Maclean* brought a boy, and *Maclonich*, with more generoſity to his captive, than fidelity to his truſt, contrived that the children ſhould be changed.

Maclean being thus preſerved from death, in time recovered his original patrimony; and in gratitude to his friend, made his caſtle a place of refuge to any of the clan that ſhould think himſelf in danger; and as a proof of reciprocal confidence, *Maclean* took upon himſelf and his poſterity the care of educating the heir of *Maclonich*.

This ſtory, like all other traditions of the *Highlands*, is variouſly related; but though ſome circumſtances are uncertain,

certain, the principal fact is true. *Maclean* undoubtedly owed his preſervation to *Maclonich*; for the treaty between the two families has been ſtrictly obſerved: it did not ſink into diſuſe and oblivion, but continued in its full force while the chieftains retained their power. I have read a demand of protection, made not more than thirty-ſeven years ago, for one of the *Maclonichs*, named *Ewen Cameron*, who had been acceſſary to the death of *Macmartin*, and had been baniſhed by *Lochiel*, his lord, for a certain term; at the expiration of which he returned married from *France*; but the *Macmartins*, not ſatisfied with the puniſhment, when he attempted to ſettle, ſtill threatened him with vengeance. He therefore aſked, and obtained, ſhelter in the iſle of *Col*.

The power of protection ſubſiſts no longer; but what the law permits is yet continued, and *Maclean* of *Col* now educates the heir of *Maclonich*.

There ſtill remains in the iſlands, though it is paſſing faſt away, the cuſtom of foſterage. A laird, a man of wealth and eminence, ſends his child, either male or female, to a tackſman, or tenant, to be foſtered. It is not always his own tenant, but ſome diſtant friend, that obtains this honour; for an honour ſuch a truſt is very reaſonably thought. The terms of foſterage ſeem to vary in different iſlands. In *Mull* the father ſends with his child a certain number of cows, to which the ſame number is added by the foſterer. The father appropriates a proportionable extent of ground, without rent, for their paſturage. If every cow brings a calf, half belongs to the foſterer, and half to the child; but if there be only one calf between two cows, it is the child's, and when the child returns to the parents, it is accompanied by all the cows given, both by the father and by the foſterer, with half of the increaſe of the ſtock by propagation. Theſe beaſts are conſidered as a portion, and called *Macalive* cattle, of which the father has the produce, but is ſuppoſed not to have the full property, but to owe the ſame number to the child, as a portion to the daughter, or a ſtock for the ſon.

Children continue with the foſterer perhaps ſix years, and cannot, where this is the practice, be conſidered as burdenſome. The foſterer, if he gives four cows, receives likewiſe four, and has, while the child continues with him, graſs for eight without rent, with half the calves, and all

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the milk, for which he pays only four cows when he dismisses his *dalt*, for that is the name for a fostered child.

Fosterage is, I believe, sometimes performed upon more liberal terms. Our friend, the young laird of *Col*, was fostered by *Macsweyn* of *Grissipol*. *Macsweyn* then lived a tenant to Sir *James Macdonald* in the isle of *Sky*; and therefore *Col*, whether he sent him cattle or not, could grant him no land. The *dalt*, however, at his return, brought back a considerable number of *Macalive* cattle, and of the friendship so formed there have been good effects. When *Macdonald* raised his rents, *Macsweyn* was, like other tenants, discontented, and, resigning his farm, removed from *Sky* to *Col*, and was established at *Grissipol*.

These observations we made by favour of the contrary wind that drove us to *Col*, an island not often visited; for there is not much to amuse curiosity, or to attract avarice.

The ground has been hitherto, I believe, used chiefly for pasturage. In a district, such as the eye can command, there is a general herdsman, who knows all the cattle of the neighbourhood, and whose station is upon a hill, from which he surveys the lower grounds; and if one man's cattle invade another's grass, drives them back to their own borders. But other means of profit begin to be found; kelp is gathered and burnt, and sloops are loaded with the concreted ashes. Cultivation is likely to be improved by the skill and encouragement of the present heir, and the inhabitants of those obscure vallies will partake of the general progress of life.

The rents of the parts which belong to the duke of *Argyle*, have been raised from fifty-five to one hundred and five pounds, whether from the land or the sea I cannot tell. The bounties of the sea have lately been so great, that a farm in *Southuist* has risen in ten years from a rent of thirty pounds to one hundred and eighty.

He who lives in *Col*, and finds himself condemned to solitary meals, and incommunicable reflection, will find the usefulness of that middle order of tacksmen, which some who applaud their own wisdom are wishing to destroy. Without intelligence man is not social, he is only gregarious; and little intelligence will there be, where all are constrained to daily labour, and every mind must wait upon the hand.

After

After having liſtened for ſome days to the tempeſt, and wandered about the iſland till our curioſity was ſatisfied, we began to think about our departure. To leave *Col* in *October* was not very eaſy. We however found a ſloop which lay on the coaſt to carry kelp; and for a price which we thought levied upon our neceſſities, the maſter agreed to carry us to *Mull*, whence we might readily paſs back to *Scotland*.

MULL.

As we were to catch the firſt favourable breath, we ſpent the night not very elegantly nor pleaſantly in the veſſel, and were landed next day at *Tabor Morar*, a port in *Mull*, which appears to an unexperienced eye formed for the ſecurity of ſhips; for its mouth is cloſed by a ſmall iſland, which admits them through narrow channels into a baſon ſufficiently capacious. They are indeed ſafe from the ſea, but there is a hollow between the mountains, through which the wind iſſues from the land with very miſchievous violence.

There was no danger while we were there, and we found ſeveral other veſſels at anchor; ſo that the port had a very commercial appearance.

The young laird of *Col*, who had determined not to let us loſe his company, while there was any difficulty remaining, came over with us. His influence ſoon appeared; for he procured us horſes, and conducted us to the houſe of doctor *Maclean*, where we found very kind entertainment and very pleaſing converſation. Miſs *Maclean*, who was born, and had been bred at *Glaſgow*, having removed with her father to *Mull*, added to other qualifications, a great knowledge of the *Earſe* language, which ſhe had not learned in her childhood, but gained by ſtudy, and was the only interpreter of *Earſe* poetry that I could ever find.

The iſle of *Mull* is perhaps in extent the third of the *Hebrides*. It is not broken by waters, nor ſhot into promontories, but is a ſolid and compact maſs, of breadth nearly equal to its length. Of the dimenſions of the larger iſlands, there is no knowledge approaching to exactneſs. I am willing to eſtimate it as containing about three hundred ſquare miles.

Mull

Mull had ſuffered like *Sky* by the black winter of ſeventy-one, in which, contrary to all experience, a continued froſt detained the ſnow eight weeks upon the ground. Againſt a calamity never known, no proviſion had been made, and the people could only pine in helpleſs miſery. One tenant was mentioned, whoſe cattle periſhed to the value of three hundred pounds; a loſs which probably more than the life of man is neceſſary to repair. In countries like theſe, the deſcriptions of famine become intelligible. Where by vigorous and artful cultivation of a ſoil naturally fertile, there is commonly a ſuperfluous growth both of grain and graſs; where the fields are crowded with cattle; and where every hand is able to attract wealth from a diſtance, by making ſomething that promotes eaſe, or gratifies vanity, a dear year produces only a comparative want, which is rather ſeen than felt, and which terminates commonly in no worſe effect, than that of condemning the lower orders of the community to ſacrifice a little luxury to convenience, or at moſt a little convenience to neceſſity.

But where the climate is unkind, and the ground penurious, ſo that the moſt fruitful years produce only enough to maintain themſelves; where life unimproved, and unadorned, fades into ſomething little more than naked exiſtence, and every one is buſy for himſelf, without any arts by which the pleaſure of others may be increaſed; if to the daily burden of diſtreſs any additional weight be added, nothing remains but to deſpair and die. In *Mull* the diſappointment of a harveſt, or a murrain among the cattle, cuts off the regular proviſion; and they who have no manufactures can purchaſe no part of the ſuperfluities of other countries. The conſequence of a bad ſeaſon is here not ſcarcity, but emptineſs; and they whoſe plenty was barely a ſupply of natural and preſent need, when that ſlender ſtalk fails, muſt periſh with hunger.

All travel has its advantages. If the paſſenger viſits better countries, he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worſe, he may learn to enjoy it.

Mr. *Boſwell*'s curioſity ſtrongly impelled him to ſurvey *Iona*, or *Icolmkill*, which was to the early ages the great ſchool of theology, and is ſuppoſed to have been the place of ſepulture for the ancient kings. I, though leſs eager, did not oppoſe him.

That we might perform this expedition, it was neceſſary to traverſe a great part of *Mull*. We paſſed a day at

Dr.

Dr. *Maclean*'s, and could have been well contented to ſtay longer. But *Col* provided us horſes, and we purſued our journey. This was a day of inconvenience, for the country is very rough, and my horſe was but little. We travelled many hours through a track, black and barren, in which, however, there were the reliques of humanity; for we found a ruined chapel in our way.

It is natural, in traverſing this gloom of deſolation, to enquire, whether ſomething may not be done to give nature a more cheerful face, and whether thoſe hills and moors that afford heath cannot with a little care and labour bear ſomething better? The firſt thought that occurs is to cover them with trees, for that in many of theſe naked regions trees will grow, is evident, becauſe ſtumps and roots are yet remaining; and the ſpeculatiſt haſtily proceeds to cenſure that negligence and lazineſs that has omitted for ſo long a time ſo eaſy an improvement.

To drop ſeeds into the ground, and attend their growth, requires little labour and no ſkill. He who remembers that all the woods, by which the wants of man have been ſupplied from the Deluge till now, were ſelf-ſown, will not eaſily be perſuaded to think all the art and preparation neceſſary, which the georgick writers preſcribe to planters. Trees certainly have covered the earth with very little culture. They wave their tops among the rocks of *Norway*, and might thrive as well in the *Highlands* and *Hebrides*.

But there is a frightful interval between the ſeed and timber. He that calculates the growth of trees, has the unwelcome remembrance of the ſhortneſs of life driven hard upon him. He knows that he is doing what will never benefit himſelf; and when he rejoices to ſee the ſtem riſe, is diſpoſed to repine that another ſhall cut it down.

Plantation is naturally the employment of a mind unburdened with care, and vacant to futurity, ſaturated with preſent good, and at leiſure to derive gratification from the proſpect of poſterity. He that pines with hunger, is in little care how others ſhall be fed. The poor man is ſeldom ſtudious to make his grandſon rich. It may be ſoon diſcovered, why in a place, which hardly ſupplies the cravings of neceſſity, there has been little attention to the delights of fancy, and why diſtant convenience is unregarded, where the thoughts are turned with inceſſant ſolicitude upon every poſſibility of immediate advantage.

Neither is it quite ſo eaſy to raiſe large woods, as may be conceived. Trees intended to produce timber muſt be ſown where they are to grow; and ground ſown with trees muſt be kept uſeleſs for a long time, incloſed at an expence from which many will be diſcouraged by the remoteneſs of the profit, and watched with that attention, which, in places where it is moſt needed, will neither be given or bought. That it cannot be plowed is evident: and if cattle be ſuffered to graze upon it, they will devour the plants as faſt as they riſe. Even in coarſer countries, where herds and flocks are not fed, not only the deer and the wild goats will browſe upon them, but the hare and rabbit will nibble them. It is therefore reaſonable to believe, what I do not remember any naturaliſt to have remarked, that there was a time when the world was very thinly inhabited by beaſts, as well as men, and that the woods had leiſure to riſe high before animals had bred numbers ſufficient to intercept them.

Sir *James Macdonald*, in part of the waſtes of his territory, ſet or ſowed trees, to the number, as I have been told, of ſeveral millions, expecting, doubtleſs, that they would grow up into future navies and cities; but for want of incloſure, and of that care which is always neceſſary, and will hardly ever be taken, all his coſt and labour have been loſt, and the ground is likely to continue an uſeleſs heath.

Having not any experience of a journey in *Mull*, we had no doubt of reaching the ſea by day-light, and therefore had not left Dr. *Maclean*'s very early. We travelled diligently enough, but found the country, for road there was none, very difficult to paſs. We were always ſtruggling with ſome obſtruction or other, and our vexation was not balanced by any gratification of the eye or mind. We were now long enough acquainted with hills and heath to have loſt the emotion that they once raiſed, whether pleaſing or painful, and had our mind employed only on our own fatigue. We were however ſure, under *Col*'s protection, of eſcaping all real evils. There was no houſe in *Mull* to which he could not introduce us. He had intended to lodge us, for that night, with a gentleman that lived upon the coaſt, but diſcovered on the way, that he then lay in bed without hope of life.

We reſolved not to embarraſs a family, in a time of ſo much ſorrow, if any other expedient could be found; and as the iſland of *Ulva* was over againſt us, it was determined that we ſhould paſs the ſtrait and have recourſe to the laird, who,

who, like the other gentlemen of the iſlands, was known to *Col.* We expected to find a ferry-boat, but when at laſt we came to the water, the boat was gone.

We were now again at a ſtop. It was the ſixteenth of *October*, a time when it is not convenient to ſleep in the *Hebrides* without a cover, and there was no houſe within our reach, but that which we had already declined.

ULVA.

While we ſtood deliberating, we were happily eſpied from an *Iriſh* ſhip, that lay at anchor in the ſtrait. The maſter ſaw that we wanted a paſſage, and with great civility ſent us his boat, which quickly conveyed us to *Ulva*, where we were very liberally entertained by Mr. *Macquarry*.

To *Ulva* we came in the dark, and left it before noon the next day. A very exact deſcription therefore will not be expected. We were told, that it is an iſland of no great extent, rough and barren, inhabited by the *Macquarrys*; a clan not powerful nor numerous, but of antiquity, which moſt other families are content to reverence. The name is ſuppoſed to be a depravation of ſome other; for the *Earſe* language does not afford it any etymology. *Macquarry* is proprietor both of *Ulva* and ſome adjacent iſlands, among which is *Staffa*, ſo lately raiſed to renown by Mr. *Banks*.

When the iſlanders were reproached with their ignorance, or inſenſibility of the wonders of *Staffa*, they had not much to reply. They had indeed conſidered it little, becauſe they had always ſeen it; and none but philoſophers, nor they always, are ſtruck with wonder, otherwiſe than by novelty. How would it ſurpriſe an unenlightened ploughman, to hear a company of ſober men, enquiring by what power the hand toſſes a ſtone, or why the ſtone, when it is toſſed, falls to the ground!

Of the anceſtors of *Macquarry*, who thus lie hid in his unfrequented iſland, I have found memorials in all places where they could be expected.

Enquiring after the reliques of former manners I found that in *Ulva*, and, I think, no where elſe, is continued the payment of the *mercheta mulierum*; a fine in old times due to the laird at the marriage of a virgin. The original of this claim, as of our tenure of *borough Engliſh*, is variouſly delivered. It is pleaſant to find ancient cuſtoms in old fa-

milies. This payment, like others, was, for want of money, made anciently in the produce of the land. *Macquarry* was uſed to demand a ſheep, for which he now takes a crown, by that inattention to the uncertain proportion between the value and the denomination of money, which has brought much diſorder into *Europe*. A ſheep has always the ſame power of ſupplying human wants, but a crown will bring at one time more, at another leſs.

Ulva was not neglected by the piety of ancient times; it has ſtill to ſhow what was once a church.

INCH KENNETH.

In the morning we went again into the boat, and were landed on *Inch Kenneth*, an iſland about a mile long, and perhaps half a mile broad, remarkable for pleaſantneſs and fertility. It is verdant and graſſy, and fit both for paſture and tillage; but it has no trees. Its only inhabitants were Sir *Allan Maclean* and two young ladies, his daughters, with their ſervants.

Romance does not often exhibit a ſcene that ſtrikes the imagination more than this little deſert in theſe depths of weſtern obſcurity, occupied not by a groſs herdſman, or amphibious fiſherman, but by a gentleman and two ladies, of high birth, poliſhed manners, and elegant converſation, who, in a habitation raiſed not very far above the ground, but furniſhed with unexpected neatneſs and convenience, practiſed all the kindneſs of hoſpitality, and refinement of courteſy.

Sir *Allan* is the chieftain of the great clan of *Maclean*, which is ſaid to claim the ſecond place among the *Highland* families, yielding only to *Macdonald*. Though by the miſconduct of his anceſtors, moſt of the extenſive territory, which would have deſcended to him, has been alienated, he ſtill retains much of the dignity and authority of his birth. When ſoldiers were lately wanting for the *American* war, application was made to Sir *Allan*, and he nominated a hundred men for the ſervice, who obeyed the ſummons, and bore arms under his command.

He had then, for ſome time, reſided with the young ladies in *Inch Kenneth*, where he lives not only with plenty, but with elegance, having conveyed to his cottage a collection

tion of books, and what elſe is neceſſary to make his hours pleaſant.

When we landed, we were met by Sir *Allan* and the ladies, accompanied by Miſs *Macquarry*, who had paſſed ſome time with them, and now returned to *Ulva* with her father.

We all walked together to the manſion, where we found one cottage for Sir *Allan*, and I think two more for the domeſticks and the offices. We entered, and wanted little that palaces afford. Our room was neatly floored, and well lighted; and our dinner, which was dreſſed in one of the other huts, was plentiful and delicate.

In the afternoon Sir *Allan* reminded us, that the day was *Sunday*, which he never ſuffered to paſs without ſome religious diſtinction, and invited us to partake in his acts of domeſtick worſhip; which I hope neither Mr. *Boſwell* nor myſelf will be ſuſpected of a diſpoſition to refuſe. The elder of the ladies read the *Engliſh* ſervice.

Inch Kenneth was once a ſeminary of eccleſiaſticks, ſubordinate, I ſuppoſe, to *Icolmkill*. Sir *Allan* had a mind to trace the foundation of the college, but neither I nor Mr. *Boſwell*, who *bends* a keener *eye on vacancy*, were able to perceive them.

Our attention, however, was ſufficiently engaged by a venerable chapel, which ſtands yet entire, except that the roof is gone. It is about ſixty feet in length, and thirty in breadth. On one ſide of the altar is a bas-relief of the bleſſed Virgin, and by it lies a little bell; which, though cracked, and without a clapper, has remained there for ages, guarded only by the venerableneſs of the place. The ground round the chapel is covered with grave-ſtones of chiefs and ladies; and ſtill continues to be a place of ſepulture.

Inch Kenneth is a proper prelude to *Icolmkill*. It was not without ſome mournful emotion that we contemplated the ruins of religious ſtructures, and the monuments of the dead.

On the next day we took a more diſtinct view of the place, and went with the boat to ſee oyſters in the bed, out of which the boat-men forced up as many as were wanted. Even *Inch Kenneth* has a ſubordinate iſland, named *Sandiland*, I ſuppoſe in contempt, where we landed, and found a rock, with a ſurface of perhaps four acres, of which one is naked ſtone, another ſpread with ſand and ſhells, ſome of which

I picked

I picked up for their gloſſy beauty, and two covered with a little earth and graſs, on which Sir *Allan* has a few ſheep. I doubt not but when there was a college at *Inch Kenneth*, there was a hermitage upon *Sandiland*.

Having wandered over thoſe extenſive plains, we committed ourſelves again to the winds and waters; and after a voyage of about ten minutes, in which we met with nothing very obſervable, were again ſafe upon dry ground.

We told Sir *Allan* our deſire of viſiting *Icolmkill*, and entreated him to give us his protection, and his company. He thought proper to heſitate a little; but the ladies hinted, that as they knew he would not finally refuſe, he would do better if he preſerved the grace of ready compliance. He took their advice, and promiſed to carry us on the morrow in his boat.

We paſſed the remaining part of the day in ſuch amuſements as were in our power. Sir *Allan* related the *American* campaign, and at evening one of the ladies played on her harpſichord, while *Col* and Mr. *Boſwell* danced a *Scottiſh* reel with the other.

We could have been eaſily perſuaded to a longer ſtay upon *Inch Kenneth*, but life will not be all paſſed in delight. The ſeſſion at *Edinburgh* was approaching, from which Mr. *Boſwell* could not be abſent.

In the morning our boat was ready: it was high and ſtrong. Sir *Allan* victualled it for the day, and provided able rowers. We now parted from the young laird of *Col*, who had treated us with ſo much kindneſs, and concluded his favours by conſigning us to Sir *Allan*. Here we had the laſt embrace of this amiable man, who, while theſe pages were preparing to atteſt his virtues, periſhed in the paſſage between *Ulva* and *Inch Kenneth*.

Sir *Allan*, to whom the whole region was well known, told us of a very remarkable cave, to which he would ſhow us the way. We had been diſappointed already by one cave, and were not much elevated by the expectation of another.

It was yet better to ſee it, and we ſtopped at ſome rocks on the coaſt of *Mull*. The mouth is fortified by vaſt fragments of ſtone, over which we made our way, neither very nimbly, nor very ſecurely. The place, however, well repaid our trouble. The bottom, as far as the flood ruſhes in, was encumbered with large pebbles, but as we advanced was ſpread over with ſmooth ſand. The breadth is about forty-

forty-five feet: the roof rifes in an arch, almoft regular to a height which we could not meafure; but I think it about thirty feet.

This part of our curiofity was nearly fruftrated; for though we went to fee a cave, and knew that caves are dark, we forgot to carry tapers, and did not difcover our omiffion till we were wakened by our wants. Sir *Allan* then fent one of the boatmen into the country, who foon returned with one little candle. We were thus enabled to go forward, but could not venture far. Having paffed inward from the fea to a great depth, we found on the right hand a narrow paffage, perhaps not more than fix feet wide, obftructed by great ftones, over which we climbed, and came into a fecond cave in breadth twenty-five feet. The air in this apartment was very warm, but not oppreffive, nor loaded with vapours. Our light fhowed no tokens of a feculent or corrupted atmofphere. Here was a fquare ftone, called, as we are told, *Fingal's table.*

If we had been provided with torches, we fhould have proceeded in our fearch, though we had already gone as far as any former adventurer, except fome who are reported never to have returned; and meafuring our way back, we found it more than a hundred and fixty yards, the eleventh part of a mile.

Our meafures were not critically exact, having been made with a walking pole, fuch as it is convenient to carry in thefe rocky countries, of which I gueffed the length by ftanding againft it. In this there could be no great error, nor do I much doubt but the *Highlander*, whom we employed, reported the number right. More nicety however is better, and no man fhould travel unprovided with inftruments for taking heights and diftances.

There is yet another caufe of error not always eafily furmounted, though more dangerous to the veracity of itinerary narratives, than imperfect menfuration. An obferver deeply impreffed by any remarkable fpectacle, does not fuppofe, that the traces will foon vanifh from his mind, and having commonly no great convenience for writing, defers the defcription to a time of more leifure and better accommodation.

He who has not made the experiment, or who is not accuftomed to require rigorous accuracy from himfelf, will fcarcely believe how much a few hours take from certainty of knowledge, and diftinctnefs of imagery; how the fucceffion

ceſſion of objects will be broken, how ſeparate parts will be confuſed, and how many particular features and diſcriminations will be compreſſed and conglobated into one groſs and general idea.

To this dilatory notation muſt be imputed the falſe relations of travellers, where there is no imaginable motive to deceive. They truſted to memory what cannot be truſted ſafely but to the eye, and told by gueſs what a few hours before they had known with certainty. Thus it was that *Wheeler* and *Spen* deſcribed with irreconcilable contrariety things which they ſurveyed together, and which both undoubtedly deſigned to ſhow as they ſaw them.

When we had ſatisfied our curioſity in the cave, ſo far as our penury of light permitted us, we clambered again to our boats, and proceeded along the coaſt of *Mull* to a headland, called *Atun*, remarkable for the columnar form of the rocks, which riſe in a ſeries of pilaſters, with a degree of regularity, which Sir *Allan* thinks not leſs worthy of curioſity than the ſhore of *Staffa*.

Not long after we came to another range of black rocks, which had the appearance of broken pilaſters, ſet one behind another to a great depth. This place was choſen by Sir *Allan* for our dinner. We were eaſily accommodated with ſeats, for the ſtones were of all heights, and refreſhed ourſelves and our boat-men, who could have no other reſt till we were at *Icolmkill*.

The evening was now approaching, and we were yet at a conſiderable diſtance from the end of our expedition. We could therefore ſtop no more to make remarks in the way, but we ſet forward with ſome degree of eagerneſs. The day ſoon failed us, and the moon preſented a very ſolemn and pleaſing ſcene. The ſky was clear, ſo that the eye commanded a wide circle: the ſea was neither ſtill nor turbulent; the wind neither ſilent nor loud. We were never far from one coaſt or another, on which, if the weather had become violent, we could have found ſhelter, and therefore contemplated at eaſe the region through which we glided in the tranquillity of the night, and ſaw now a rock and now an iſland grow gradually conſpicuous and gradually obſcure. I committed the fault which I have juſt been cenſuring, in neglecting, as we paſſed, to note the ſeries of this placid navigation.

We were very near an iſland, called *Nun's Iſland*, perhaps from an ancient convent. Here is ſaid to have been dug

dug the ſtone which was uſed in the buildings of *Icolmkill*. Whether it is now inhabited we could not ſtay to enquire.

At laſt we came to *Icolmkill*, but found no convenience for landing. Our boat could not be forced very near the dry ground, and our *Highlanders* carried us over the water.

We were now treading that illuſtrious iſland, which was once the luminary of the *Caledonian* regions, whence ſavage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the bleſſings of religion. To abſtract the mind from all local emotion would be impoſſible, if it were endeavoured, and would be fooliſh, if it were poſſible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our ſenſes; whatever makes the paſt, the diſtant, or the future predominate over the preſent, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be ſuch frigid philoſophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wiſdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whoſe patriotiſm would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whoſe piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*.

We came too late to viſit monuments: ſome care was neceſſary for ourſelves. Whatever was in the iſland, Sir *Allan* could demand, for the inhabitants were *Macleans*; but having little they could not give us much. He went to the headman of the iſland, whom fame, but fame delights in amplifying, repreſents as worth no leſs than fifty pounds. He was perhaps proud enough of his gueſts, but ill prepared for our entertainment; however, he ſoon produced more proviſion than men not luxurious require. Our lodging was next to be provided. We found a barn well ſtocked with hay, and made our beds as ſoft as we could.

In the morning we roſe and ſurveyed the place. The churches of the two convents are both ſtanding, though unroofed. They were built of unhewn ſtone, but ſolid, and not inelegant. I brought away rude meaſures of the buildings, ſuch as I cannot much truſt myſelf, inaccurately taken, and obſcurely noted. Mr. *Pennant*'s delineations, which are doubtleſs exact, have made my unſkilful deſcription leſs neceſſary.

The epiſcopal church conſiſts of two parts, ſeparated by the belfry, and built at different times. The original church had, like others, the altar at one end, and tower at

the

the other; but as it grew too ſmall, another building of equal dimenſion was added, and the tower then was neceſſarily in the middle.

That theſe edifices are of different ages ſeems evident. The arch of the firſt church is *Roman*, being part of a circle; that of the additional building is pointed, and therefore *Gothick* or *Saracenical*; the tower is firm, and wants only to be floored and covered.

Of the chambers or cells belonging to the monks, there are ſome walls remaining, but nothing approaching to a complete apartment.

The bottom of the church is ſo encumbered with mud and rubbiſh, that we could make no diſcoveries of curious inſcriptions, and what there are have been already publiſhed. The place is ſaid to be known where the black ſtones lie concealed, on which the old *Highland* chiefs, when they made contracts and alliances, uſed to take the oath, which was conſidered as more ſacred than any other obligation, and which could not be violated without the blackeſt infamy. In thoſe days of violence and rapine, it was of great importance to impreſs upon ſavage minds the ſanctity of an oath, by ſome particular and extraordinary circumſtances. They would not have recourſe to the black ſtones, upon ſmall or common occaſions, and when they had eſtabliſhed their faith by this tremendous ſanction, inconſtancy and treachery were no longer feared.

The chapel of the nunnery is now uſed by the inhabitants as a kind of general cow-houſe, and the bottom is conſequently too miry for examination. Some of the ſtones which covered the later abbeſſes have inſcriptions, which might yet be read, if the chapel were cleanſed. The roof of this, as of all the other buildings, is totally deſtroyed, not only becauſe timber quickly decays when it is neglected, but becauſe in an iſland utterly deſtitute of wood, it was wanted for uſe, and was conſequently the firſt plunder of needy rapacity.

The chancel of the nuns' chapel is covered with an arch of ſtone, to which time has done no injury; and a ſmall apartment communicating with the choir, on the north ſide, like the chapter-houſe in cathedrals, roofed with ſtone in the ſame manner, is likewiſe entire.

In one of the churches was a marble altar, which the ſuperſtition of the inhabitants has deſtroyed. Their opinion was that a fragment of this ſtone was a defence againſt ſhipwrecks,

ſhipwrecks, fire, and miſcarriages. In one corner of the church the baſon for holy water is yet unbroken.

The cemetery of the nunnery was, till very lately, regarded with ſuch reverence, that only women were buried in it. Theſe reliques of veneration always produce ſome mournful pleaſure. I could have forgiven a great injury more eaſily than the violation of this imaginary ſanctity.

South of the chapel ſtand the walls of a large room, which was probably the hall, or refectory of the nunnery. This apartment is capable of repair. Of the reſt of the convent there are only fragments.

Beſides the two principal churches, there are, I think, five chapels yet ſtanding, and three more remembered. There are alſo croſſes, of which two bear the names of St. *John* and St. *Matthew*.

A large ſpace of ground about theſe conſecrated edifices is covered with grave-ſtones, few of which have any inſcription. He that ſurveys it, attended by an inſular antiquary, may be told where the kings of many nations are buried, and if he loves to ſooth his imagination with the thoughts that naturally riſe in places where the great and the powerful lie mingled with the duſt, let him liſten in ſubmiſſive ſilence; for if he aſks any queſtions, his delight is at an end.

Iona has long enjoyed, without any very credible atteſtation, the honour of being reputed the cemetery of the *Scottiſh* kings. It is not unlikely, that when the opinion of local ſanctity was prevalent, the chieftains of the iſles, and perhaps ſome of the *Norwegian* or *Iriſh* princes, were repoſited in this venerable encloſure. But by whom the ſubterraneous vaults are peopled is now utterly unknown. The graves are very numerous, and ſome of them undoubtedly contain the remains of men, who did not expect to be ſo ſoon forgotten.

Not far from this awful ground may be traced the garden of the monaſtery; the fiſhponds are yet diſcernible, and the aqueduct which ſupplied them is ſtill in uſe.

There remains a broken building, which is called the Biſhop's Houſe, I know not by what authority. It was once the reſidence of ſome man above the common rank, for it has two ſtories and a chimney. We were ſhewn a chimney at the other end, which was only a nich, without perforation, but ſo much does antiquarian credulity, or patriotick

triotick vanity prevail, that it was not much more ſafe to truſt the eye of our inſtructor than the memory.

There is in the iſland one houſe more, and only one, that has a chimney; we entered it, and found it neither wanting repair nor inhabitants; but to the farmers, who now poſſeſs it, the chimney is of no great value; for their fire was made on the floor, in the middle of the room, and notwithſtanding the dignity of their manſion, they rejoiced, like their neighbours, in the comforts of ſmoke.

It is obſerved, that eccleſiaſtical colleges are always in the moſt pleaſant and fruitful places. While the world allowed the monks their choice, it is ſurely no diſhonour that they choſe well. This iſland is remarkably fruitful. The village near the churches is ſaid to contain ſeventy families, which, at five in a family, is more than a hundred inhabitants to a mile. There are perhaps other villages; yet both corn and cattle are annually exported.

But the fruitfulneſs of *Iona* is now its whole proſperity. The inhabitants are remarkably groſs and remarkably neglected: I know not if they are viſited by any miniſter. The iſland, which was once the metropolis of learning and piety, has now no ſchool for education, nor temple for worſhip, only two inhabitants that can ſpeak *Engliſh*, and not one that can write or read.

The people are of the clan of *Maclean*; and though Sir *Allan* had not been in the place for many years, he was received with all the reverence due to their chieftain. One of them being ſharply reprehended by him, for not ſending him ſome rum, declared after his departure, in Mr. *Boſwell*'s preſence, that he had no deſign of diſappointing him, *for*, ſaid he, *I would cut my bones for him: and if he had ſent his dog for it, he ſhould have had it.*

When we were to depart, our boat was left by the ebb at a great diſtance from the water, but no ſooner did we wiſh it afloat, than the iſlanders gathered round it, and, by the union of many hands, puſhed it down the beach; every man who could contribute his help ſeemed to think himſelf happy in the opportunity of being, for a moment, uſeful to his chief.

We now left thoſe illuſtrious ruins, by which Mr. *Boſwell* was much affected, nor would I willingly be thought to have looked upon them without ſome emotion. Perhaps, in the revolutions of the world, *Iona* may be ſometime again the inſtructreſs of the weſtern regions.

It

It was no long voyage to *Mull*, where, under Sir *Allan*'s protection, we landed in the evening, and were entertained for the night by Mr. *Maclean*, a minister that lives upon the coast, whose elegance of conversation, and strength of judgment, would make him conspicuous in places of greater celebrity. Next day we dined with Dr. *Maclean*, another physician, and then travelled on to the house of a very powerful laird, *Maclean* of *Lochbuy*; for in this country every man's name is *Maclean*.

Where races are thus numerous, and thus combined, none but the chief of a clan is addressed by his name. The laird of *Dunvegan* is called *Macleod*, but other gentlemen of the same family are denominated by the places where they reside, as *Raasay* or *Talisker*. The distinction of the meaner people is made by their christian names. In consequence of this practice, the late laird of *Macfarlane*, an eminent genealogist, considered himself as disrespectfully treated, if the common addition was applied to him. Mr. *Macfarlane*, said he, may with equal propriety be said to many; but I, and I only, am *Macfarlane*.

Our afternoon journey was through a country of such gloomy desolation, that Mr. *Boswell* thought no part of the *Highlands* equally terrifick, yet we came without any difficulty, at evening, to *Lochbuy*, where we found a true *Highland* laird, rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity; who, hearing my name, enquired whether I was of the *Johnstons* of *Glencoe*, or of *Ardnamurchan*?

Lochbuy has, like the other insular chieftains, quitted the castle that sheltered his ancestors, and lives near it, in a mansion not very spacious or splendid. I have seen no houses in the island much to be envied for convenience or magnificence, yet they bear testimony to the progress of arts and civility, as they show that rapine and surprise are no longer dreaded, and are much more commodious than the ancient fortresses.

The castles of the *Hebrides*, many of which are standing, and many ruined, were always built upon points of land, on the margin of the sea. For the choice of this situation there must have been some general reason, which the change of manners has left in obscurity. They were of no use in the days of piracy, as defences of the coast; for it was equally accessible in other places. Had they been sea-marks or light-houses, they would have been of more use to the invader than the natives, who could want no such directions

tions on their own waters: for a watch-tower, a cottage on a hill would have been better, as it would have commanded a wider view.

If they be considered merely as places of retreat, the situation seems not well chosen; for the laird of an island is safest from foreign enemies in the center: on the coast he might be more suddenly surprised than in the inland parts; and the invaders, if their enterprise miscarried, might more easily retreat. Some convenience, however, whatever it was, their position on the shore afforded; for uniformity of practice seldom continues long without good reason.

A castle in the islands is only a single tower of three or four stories, of which the walls are sometimes eight or nine feet thick, with narrow windows, and close winding stairs of stone. The top rises in a cone, or pyramid of stone, encompassed by battlements. The intermediate floors are sometimes frames of timber, as in common houses, and sometimes arches of stone, or alternately stone and timber; so that there was very little danger from fire. In the center of every floor, from top to bottom, is the chief room, of no great extent, round which there are narrow cavities, or recesses formed by small vacuities, or by a double wall. I know not whether there be ever more than one fire-place. They had not capacity to contain many people, or much provision; but their enemies could seldom stay to blockade them; for if they failed in the first attack, their next care was to escape.

The walls were always too strong to be shaken by such desultory hostilities; the windows were too narrow to be entered, and the battlements too high to be scaled. The only danger was at the gates, over which the wall was built with a square cavity, not unlike a chimney, continued to the top. Through this hollow the defendants let fall stones upon those who attempted to break the gate, and poured down the water, perhaps scalding water, if the attack was made with fire. The castle of *Lochbuy* was secured by double doors, of which the outer was an iron grate.

In every castle is a well and a dungeon. The use of the well is evident. The dungeon is a deep subterraneous cavity, walled on the sides, and arched on the top, into which the descent is through a narrow door, by a ladder or a rope, so that it seems impossible to escape, when the rope or ladder is drawn up. The dungeon was, I suppose, in war, a prison for such captives as were treated with severity; and

and in peace, for ſuch delinquents as had committed crimes within the laird's juriſdiction; for the manſions of many lairds were, till the late privation of their privileges, the halls of juſtice to their own tenants.

As theſe fortifications were the productions of mere neceſſity, they are built only for ſafety, with little regard to convenience, and with none to elegance or pleaſure. It was ſufficient for a laird of the *Hebrides*, if he had a ſtrong houſe, in which he could hide his wife and children from the next clan. That they are not large nor ſplendid is no wonder. It is not eaſy to find how they are raiſed, ſuch as they are, by men who had no money, in countries where the labourers and artificers could ſcarcely be fed. The buildings in different parts of the iſlands ſhew their degrees of wealth and power. I believe that for all the caſtles which I have ſeen beyond the *Tweed*, the ruins yet remaining of ſome one of thoſe which the *Engliſh* built in *Wales*, would ſupply materials.

Theſe caſtles afford another evidence that the fictions of romantick chivalry had for their baſis the real manners of the feudal times, when every lord of a ſeignory lived in his hold lawleſs and unaccountable, with all the licentiouſneſs and inſolence of unconteſted ſuperiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain, would, probably, have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution at the gate, introduced to a petty monarch, fierce with habitual hoſtility, and vigilant with ignorant ſuſpicion; who, according to his general temper, or accidental humour, would have ſeated a ſtranger as his gueſt at the table, or as a ſpy confined him in the dungeon.

Lochbuy means the *Yellow Lake*, which is the name given to an inlet of the ſea, upon which the caſtle of Mr. *Maclean* ſtands. The reaſon of the appellation we did not learn.

We were now to leave the *Hebrides*, where we had ſpent ſome weeks with ſufficient amuſement, and where we had amplified our thoughts with new ſcenes of nature, and new modes of life. More time would have given us a more diſtinct view, but it was neceſſary that Mr. *Boſwell* ſhould return before the courts of juſtice were opened; and it was not proper to live too long upon hoſpitality, however liberally imparted.

Of theſe iſlands it muſt be confeſſed, that they have not many allurements, but to the mere lover of naked nature.

The

The inhabitants are thin, provisions are scarce, and desolation and penury give little pleasure.

The people collectively considered are not few, though their numbers are small in proportion to the space which they occupy. *Mull* is said to contain six thousand, and *Sky* fifteen thousand. Of the computation respecting *Mull*, I can give no account; but when I doubted the truth of the numbers attributed to *Sky*, one of the ministers exhibited such facts as conquered my incredulity.

Of the proportion, which the product of any region bears to the people, an estimate is commonly made according to the pecuniary price of the necessaries of life; a principle of judgment which is never certain, because it supposes, what is far from truth, that the value of money is always the same, and so measures an unknown quantity by an uncertain standard. It is competent enough when the markets of the same country, at different times, and those times not too distant, are to be compared; but of very little use for the purpose of making one nation acquainted with the state of another. Provisions, though plentiful, are sold in places of great pecuniary opulence for nominal prices, to which, however scarce, where gold and silver are yet scarcer, they can never be raised.

In the *Western Islands* there is so little internal commerce, that hardly any thing has a known or settled rate. The price of things brought in, or carried out, is to be considered as that of a foreign market; and even this there is some difficulty in discovering, because their denominations of quantity are different from ours; and when there is ignorance on both sides, no appeal can be made to a common measure.

This, however, is not the only impediment. The *Scots*, with a vigilance of jealousy which never goes to sleep, always suspect that an *Englishman* despises them for their poverty, and to convince him that they are not less rich than their neighbours, are sure to tell him a price higher than the true. When *Lesley*, two hundred years ago, related so punctiliously, that a hundred hen eggs, new laid, were sold in the islands for a penny, he supposed that no inference could possibly follow, but that eggs were in great abundance. Posterity has since grown wiser; and having learned that nominal and real value may differ, they now tell no such stories, lest the foreigner should happen to collect, not that eggs are many, but that pence are few.

Money

Money and wealth have by the uſe of commercial language been ſo long confounded, that they are commonly ſuppoſed to be the ſame; and this prejudice has ſpread ſo widely in *Scotland*, that I know not whether I found man or woman, whom I interrogated concerning payments of money, that could ſurmount the illiberal deſire of deceiving me, by repreſenting every thing as dearer than it is.

From *Lochbuy* we rode a very few miles to the ſide of *Mull*, which faces *Scotland*, where, having taken leave of our kind protector, Sir *Allan*, we embarked in a boat, in which the ſeat provided for our accommodation was a heap of rough bruſhwood; and on the twenty-ſecond of *October* repoſed at a tolerable inn on the main land.

On the next day we began our journey ſouthwards. The weather was tempeſtuous. For half the day the ground was rough, and our horſes were ſtill ſmall. Had they required much reſtraint, we might have been reduced to difficulties; for I think we had amongſt us but one bridle. We fed the poor animals liberally, and they performed their journey well. In the latter part of the day we came to a firm and ſmooth road, made by the ſoldiers, on which we travelled with great ſecurity, buſied with contemplating the ſcene about us. The night came on while we had yet a great part of the way to go, though not ſo dark, but that we could diſcern the cataracts which poured down the hills on one ſide, and fell into one general channel that ran with great violence on the other. The wind was loud, the rain was heavy, and the whiſtling of the blaſt, the fall of the ſhower, the ruſh of the cataracts, and the roar of the torrent, made a nobler chorus of the rough muſick of nature than it had ever been my chance to hear before. The ſtreams, which ran croſs the way from the hills to the main current, were ſo frequent, that after a while I began to count them; and, in ten miles, reckoned fifty-five, probably miſſing ſome, and having let ſome paſs before they forced themſelves upon my notice. At laſt we came to *Inverary*, where we found an inn, not only commodious, but magnificent.

The difficulties of peregrination were now at an end. Mr. *Boſwell* had the honour of being known to the duke of *Argyle*, by whom we were very kindly entertained at his ſplendid ſeat, and ſupplied with conveniences for ſurveying his ſpacious park and riſing foreſts.

After two days ſtay at *Inverary* we proceeded ſouthward over *Glencroe*, a black and dreary region now made eaſily paſſable by a military road, which riſes from either end of the *glen* by an acclivity not dangerouſly ſteep, but ſufficiently laborious. In the middle, at the top of the hill, is a ſeat with this inſcription, *Reſt, and be thankful.* Stones were placed to mark the diſtances, which the inhabitants have taken away, reſolved, they ſaid, *to have no new miles.*

In this rainy ſeaſon the hills ſtreamed with water-falls, which, croſſing the way, formed currents on the other ſide, that ran in contrary directions as they fell to the north or ſouth of the ſummit. Being, by the favour of the Duke, well mounted, I went up and down the hill with great convenience.

From *Glencroe* we paſſed through a pleaſant country to the banks of *Loch Lomond*, and were received at the houſe of Sir *James Colquhoun*, who is owner of almoſt all the thirty iſlands of the loch, which we went in a boat next morning to ſurvey. The heavineſs of the rain ſhortened our voyage, but we landed on one iſland planted with yew, and ſtocked with deer, and on another containing perhaps not more than half an acre, remarkable for the ruins of an old caſtle, on which the oſprey builds her annual neſt. Had *Loch Lomond* been in a happier climate, it would have been the boaſt of wealth and vanity to own one of the little ſpots which it incloſes, and to have employed upon it all the arts of embelliſhment. But as it is, the iſlets, which court the gazer at a diſtance, diſguſt him at his approach, when he finds, inſtead of ſoft lawns and ſhady thickets, nothing more than uncultivated ruggedneſs.

Where the loch diſcharges itſelf into a river called the *Leven*, we paſſed a night with Mr. *Smollet*, a relation of doctor *Smollet*, to whoſe memory he has raiſed an obeliſk on the bank near the houſe in which he was born. The civility and reſpect which we found at every place, it is ungrateful to omit, and tedious to repeat. Here we were met by a poſt-chaiſe, that conveyed us to *Glaſgow*.

To deſcribe a city ſo much frequented as *Glaſgow*, is unneceſſary. The proſperity of its commerce appears by the greatneſs of many private houſes, and a general appearance of wealth. It is the only epiſcopal city whoſe cathedral was left ſtanding in the rage of Reformation. It is now divided into many ſeparate places of worſhip, which taken all together, compoſe a great pile, that had been ſome centuries

turies in building, but was never finiſhed; for the change of religion intercepted its progreſs, before the croſs iſle was added, which ſeems eſſential to a *Gothick* cathedral.

The college has not had a ſufficient ſhare of the increaſing magnificence of the place. The ſeſſion was begun; for it commences on the tenth of *October*, and continues to the tenth of *June*, but the ſtudents appeared not numerous, being, I ſuppoſe, not yet returned from their ſeveral homes. The diviſion of the academical year into one ſeſſion, and one receſs, ſeems to me better accommodated to the preſent ſtate of life, than that variegation of time by terms and vacations, derived from diſtant centuries, in which it was probably convenient, and ſtill continued in the *Engliſh* univerſities. So many ſolid months as the *Scotch* ſcheme of education joins together, allow and encourage a plan for each part of the year; but with us, he that has ſettled himſelf to ſtudy in the college is ſoon tempted into the country, and he that has adjuſted his life in the country, is ſummoned back to his college.

Yet when I have allowed to the univerſities of *Scotland* a more rational diſtribution of time, I have given them, ſo far as my inquiries have informed me, all that they can claim. The ſtudents, for the moſt part, go thither boys, and depart before they are men; they carry with them little fundamental knowledge, and therefore the ſuperſtructure cannot be lofty. The grammar-ſchools are not generally well ſupplied; for the character of a ſchool-maſter being there leſs honourable than in *England*, is ſeldom accepted by men who are capable to adorn it, and where the ſchool has been deficient, the college can effect little.

Men bred in the univerſities of *Scotland* cannot be expected to be often decorated with the ſplendours of ornamental erudition, but they obtain a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance, not inadequate to the purpoſes of common life, which is, I believe, very widely diffuſed among them, and which, countenanced in general by a national combination ſo invidious, that their friends cannot defend it, and actuated in particulars by a ſpirit of enterpriſe, ſo vigorous, that their enemies are conſtrained to praiſe it, enables them to find, or to make their way to employment, riches, and diſtinction.

From *Glaſgow* we directed our courſe to *Auchinleck*, an eſtate devolved, through a long ſeries of anceſtors, to Mr. *Boſwell*'s father, the preſent poſſeſſor. In our way we found ſeveral

ſeveral places remarkable enough in themſelves, but already deſcribed by thoſe who viewed them at more leiſure, or with much more ſkill; and ſtopped two days at Mr. *Campbell*'s, a gentleman married to Mr. *Boſwell*'s ſiſter.

Auchinleck, which ſignifies a *ſtony field*, ſeems not now to have any particular claim to its denomination. It is a diſtrict generally level, and ſufficiently fertile, but like all the weſtern ſide of *Scotland*, incommoded by very frequent rain. It was with the reſt of the country, generally naked, till the preſent poſſeſſor finding, by the growth of ſome ſtately trees near his old caſtle, that the ground was favourable enough to timber, adorned it very diligently with annual plantations.

Lord *Auchinleck*, who is one of the judges of *Scotland*, and therefore not wholly at leiſure for domeſtick buſineſs or pleaſure, has yet found time to make improvements in his patrimony. He has built a houſe of hewn ſtone, very ſtately and durable, and has advanced the value of his lands with great tenderneſs to his tenants.

I was, however, leſs delighted with the elegance of the modern manſion, than with the ſullen dignity of the old caſtle. I clambered with Mr. *Boſwell* among the ruins, which afford ſtriking images of ancient life. It is, like other caſtles, built upon a point of rock, and was, I believe, anciently ſurrounded with a moat. There is another rock near it, to which the draw-bridge, when it was let down, is ſaid to have reached. Here, in the ages of tumult and rapine, the laird was ſurpriſed and killed by the neighbouring chief, who perhaps might have extinguiſhed the family, had he not in a few days been ſeized and hanged, together with his ſons, by *Douglas*, who came with his forces to the relief of *Auchinleck*.

At no great diſtance from the houſe runs a pleaſing brook, by a red rock, out of which has been hewn a very agreeable and commodious ſummer-houſe, at leſs expence, as lord *Auchinleck* told me, than would have been required to build a room of the ſame dimenſions. The rock ſeems to have no more dampneſs than any other wall. Such opportunities of variety it is judicious not to neglect.

We now returned to *Edinburgh*, where I paſſed ſome days with men of learning, whoſe names want no advancement from my commemoration, or with women of elegance, which perhaps diſclaims a pedant's praiſe.

The

The converſation of the *Scots* grows every day leſs unpleaſing to the *Engliſh*; their peculiarities wear faſt away; their dialect is likely to become in half a century provincial, and ruſtick, even to themſelves. The great, the learned, the ambitious, and the vain, all cultivate the *Engliſh* phraſe, and the *Engliſh* pronunciation, and in ſplendid companies *Scotch* is not much heard, except now and then from an old lady.

There is one ſubject of philoſophical curioſity to be found in *Edinburgh*, which no other city has to ſhew; a college of the deaf and dumb, who are taught to ſpeak, to read, to write, and to practiſe arithmetick, by a gentleman, whoſe name is *Braidwood*. The number which attends him is, I think, about twelve; which he brings together into a little ſchool, and inſtructs according to their ſeveral degrees of proficiency.

I do not mean to mention the inſtruction of the deaf as new. Having been firſt practiſed upon the ſon of a conſtable of *Spain*, it was afterwards cultivated with much emulation in *England*, by *Wallis* and *Holder*, and was lately profeſſed by Mr. *Baker*, who once flattered me with hopes of ſeeing his method publiſhed. How far any former teachers have ſucceeded, it is not eaſy to know; the improvement of Mr. *Braidwood*'s pupils is wonderful. They not only ſpeak, write, and underſtand what is written, but if he that ſpeaks looks towards them and modifies his organs by diſtinct and full utterance, they know ſo well what is ſpoken, that it is an expreſſion ſcarcely figurative to ſay, they hear with the eye. That any have attained to the power mentioned by *Burnet*, of feeling ſounds, by laying a hand on the ſpeaker's mouth, I know not; but I have ſeen ſo much, that I can believe more; a ſingle word, or a ſhort ſentence, I think, may poſſibly be ſo diſtinguiſhed.

It will readily be ſuppoſed by thoſe that conſider this ſubject, that Mr. *Braidwood*'s ſcholars ſpell accurately. Orthography is vitiated among ſuch as learn firſt to ſpeak, and then to write, by imperfect notions of the relation between letters and vocal utterance; but to thoſe ſtudents every character is of equal importance; for letters are to them not ſymbols of names, but of things; when they write they do not repreſent a ſound, but delineate a form.

This ſchool I viſited, and found ſome of the ſcholars waiting for their maſter, whom they are ſaid to receive at his entrance with ſmiling countenances and ſparkling eyes, delighted

lighted with the hope of new ideas. One of the young ladies had her ſlate before her, on which I wrote a queſtion conſiſting of three figures, to be multiplied by two figures. She looked upon it, and quivering her fingers in a manner which I thought very pretty, but of which I know not whether it was art or play, multiplied the ſum regularly in two lines, obſerving the decimal place; but did not add the two lines together, probably diſdaining ſo eaſy an operation. I pointed at the place where the ſum total ſhould ſtand, and ſhe noted it with ſuch expedition, as ſeemed to ſhew that ſhe had it only to write.

It was pleaſing to ſee one of the moſt deſperate of human calamities capable of ſo much help: whatever enlarges hope, will exalt courage; after having ſeen the deaf taught arithmetick, who would be afraid to cultivate the *Hebrides?*

Such are the things which this journey has given me an opportunity of ſeeing, and ſuch are the reflections which that ſight has raiſed. Having paſſed my time almoſt wholly in cities, I may have been ſurpriſed by modes of life and appearances of nature, that are familiar to men of wider ſurvey and more varied converſation. Novelty and ignorance muſt always be reciprocal, and I cannot but be conſcious that my thoughts on national manners, are the thoughts of one who has ſeen but little.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.